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MEMOIRS

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DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS ON STEEL

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

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CONTEMPORARY Memoirs are neither more nor less than well-filled galleries, adorned on one side with choice portraits, and lighted on the other by windows overlooking the past; he, therefore, who constructs and furnishes these galleries should be especially attentive to the resemblance of his personages, to the selection of his portraits, and to opening the fullest possible view upon the events he has witnessed. By this means we enter completely into his life, which will sometimes, perhaps frequently, be destitute of pleasure, and, above all, of happiness; but it can never be divested of interest.

During the three months succeeding my marriage no day passed that Junot did not introduce to me several of his friends, and a multitude of acquaintances. I was accustomed to see much company at my mother's. Her society was numerous, but it sank into insignificance compared with ours. This perpetual distraction was at first extremely fatiguing; and my mother, who came to

6 2

install me in my new dignity of mistress of my house, giving me credit for the manner in which I acquitted myself of my arduous functions, added, that for her part, as a spectator only, one of these *soirées* more than satisfied her, and had its arrangement fallen on her it would have cost her a week's illness.

For some time I was of her opinion, but before a month had elapsed I was sensible of a growing inclination for company; and in a short time, aided by a disposition to view all things on the brightest side, and a lively interest in seeking out, and associating with a visible form, all circumstances relating to the life and character of men whose names had long struck my ears in society and my eyes in the journals, I began to feel real pleasure in my new situation. Junot, to whom I imparted my change of sentiment, sincerely congratulated me upon it, and promised to assist me whenever my researches should require his aid.

There were at that time few open houses at Paris, the privilege being confined to the ministers and authorities; and even they received only large and formal parties. I was anxious to effect a reformation in this respect, and once expressed my wish to the First Consul, when he was mentioning his own desire to see a more free communication between the society of Paris and the members of the Government.

"Accomplish that, and you will be a charming little woman," said General Bonaparte. "If you make the attempt you will succeed, for you know what it is to hold a drawing-room. Let Citizen Cambacérès see that for this purpose it is not sufficient merely to give a dinner."

The Consul Cambacérès received company every Tuesday and Saturday, and for the first six months of the year IX. no other house could stand a comparison with the Hôtel Cambacérès;[1] it was soon, however, not only imitated, but excelled. The principal members of

[1] This splendid house was situated in the Rue de Provence, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, and had a very fine garden.

his household were Messieurs de Lavollée and Monvel, secretaries, and Messieurs de Chateauneuf and d'Aigrefeuille, who had no appointed functions, but voluntarily acted as chamberlains, and the moment a lady was announced one of these gentlemen ran to the door to receive and conduct her to a chair.

I had a great friendship for Cambacérès, which neither absence nor distance ever impaired; yet I must acknowledge that notwithstanding the host's peculiar elegance and superior powers of pleasing, and notwithstanding even that friendly welcome and perfect politeness which, under the influence of the master's example, extended itself to the very lowest domestic of the household, no sooner had you passed the gate of the Hôtel de Cambacérès than the very air seemed impregnated with ennui, sleep took possession of the eyelids, and a sort of lethargy suspended every faculty as completely as in the temple of Morpheus.

The dinner party never exceeded five-and-twenty, and of these the proportion of ladies was small; there were never indeed more than two of such consideration from the offices of their husbands, as that their pretensions to precedence might have occasioned jealousies. There was an excellent cook; and the carving fell to the department of the *maître d'hôtel*, Cambacérès himself never doing the honours, except of a dish of rare game. This was a great innovation in the etiquette of French society, but I found it agreeable; I cannot, however, say as much for his custom of entertaining the guests nearest to him with an enumeration of all his maladies of the day; assuring us he was too ill to eat, yet always concluding with making an excellent meal. He had always great conversational powers, and the incidents of his narratives acquired novelty and grace from the turn of his language. His evening drawing-room was crowded with judges, registrars, and other officers of all the courts in France, who seemed already to anticipate the future arch-chancellor; he bore, indeed, even at that period the character of the ablest civilian in the country.

The Third Consul, too, had already entered upon his future department, the financial and administrative; and he also had his two evenings appropriated weekly. How many original figures have passed before my eyes in these two houses! How often, when my eager scrutiny has been awakened by the announcement of a name which had figured conspicuously in the Revolution, have I been disappointed by an insignificant or repulsive exterior! how often, seated beside such a one the whole dinner-time, which with Cambacérès was never short, I have been stupefied by the utter nullity of his ideas! but on communicating my feelings to Cambacérès, he would answer, "This man's reputation was the effect of hazard; opportunity fell in his way, and instinctively he seized it by the forelock."

The conduct of Cambacérès during the Revolution has been much talked of, and I do not pretend to excuse it. I hate the sanguinary years with which his name is connected, and everything that recalls them; but, difficult as the task may be, I would fain see him exempted from the censures which attach to the men of that period. Napoleon did not approve of the events of 1793, but he excused the famous vote of Cambacérès by the reflection that the thing once done—that is to say, the king once condemned—the interests of France, and especially of Paris, demanded the immediate consummation of that terrible drama.

He disapproved of the sentence, which he characterised as a resolution unjustly adopted towards a man who was guilty only of the crimes of others; and I never heard him pronounce the name of Louis XVI. without the additional epithet of "*the unfortunate king.*"

I record his opinion here, because I conceive that on a matter so momentous, and which so nearly concerns his own destiny, since it still, at thirty-eight years' distance, influences that of France, must be of indescribable interest to us.

But while I highly respect the general opinions of Napoleon because the vastness of his genius imposes

admiration and docility on subjects above the level of my feeble comprehension, there are circumstances in which I must hold my own judgment free to follow the guidance of my heart; and I cannot surrender it to his when he alleges the necessity of accelerating an event so deplorable.

All political considerations are in this case set apart; I will admit none. Young enthusiasts, such as Valazé, Vergniaud, Fonfrède, might be misled by a pure fanaticism, a love of holy liberty, into sanctioning with their voice the condemnation of Louis XVI.; they dreamt of a Utopia, and thought to obtain it by a sacrifice, a holocaust, over which they groaned even while offering it; but that others, awake to the realities of life, should abuse their sacred right of exercising the power implanted in man, to the irretrievable ruin of a fellow-creature, this is what afflicts me; for I cannot overlook this consideration in my estimate of a man whom I regard, and in whom, without partiality, I have recognised great and noble qualities. Why did he tarnish them by a single hour of his life? That hour is said to have cost him bitter remorse; yes, I believe it. I can well believe that in the silent solitude of the night he must have shuddered when three strokes sounded near his bed! they must have recalled that ill-omened night when, rushing to the tribune, he carried the blow home to the head of the victim by demanding the execution of the fatal decree within twenty-four hours. The greatest of criminals is allowed time for preparation, some days, at least some hours' respite; but Louis the Sixteenth's demand was superseded; he could not obtain sixty hours' delay. I am not sufficiently versed in political arguments to understand the absolute necessity of such rigour; I seek not even to bring it to the level of my capacity. I am content to feel that it grieves me; and grieves me the more that it is associated with the remembrance of a man I sincerely loved, and whose prominent part in the scene has not escaped the observation of malevolence.

Cambacérès was originally counsellor in the court of

finances of Languedoc. When the Count de Perigord[1] presided over the states of that province, of which he was commandant in 1786, Cambacérès was in misfortune. M. de Perigord, always benevolent and ready to assist the needy, asked and obtained for the almost indigent counsellor a pension of two hundred francs, and for his father one of two thousand francs, out of the royal lotteries.

The courtesy of Cambacérès was general, but his countrymen from Languedoc he welcomed with a peculiar urbanity, the more invaluable that it had none of that varnish of fashionable politeness, too often a deceitful beacon, beguiling its victims to shipwreck, while they fancy themselves sailing on a friendly sea. Many Languedocians went direct to the Hôtel de Cambacérès on alighting from the diligences; he received them with kindness, examined their petitions, and if he could not assist them, unhesitatingly told them the truth, pointing out at the same time how they might obtain other advantages, and never failed to forward their interests. I may be allowed to call Cambacérès an honest man; for, looking around on all his equals in power, I have never found one of such absolute good faith and probity, to which many others can testify.

His figure was extraordinarily ugly, as well as unique. The slow and regular step, the measured cadence of accentuation, the very look, which was three times as long as another's to arrive at its object,—all was in admirable keeping with the long person, long nose, long chin, and the yellow skin, which betrayed not the smallest symptoms that any matter inclining to sanguine circulated beneath its cellular texture. The same consistency, though probably unstudied, pervaded his dress; and when demurely promenading the galleries of the Palais Royal, then the Palais Egalité, the singular cut and colour of his embroidered coat; his ruffles, at that time so uncommon; his short breeches, silk stockings, shoes polished with

[1] The Count de Perigord, Prince of Chalais, uncle of M. de Talleyrand, and brother of the Archbishop of Paris, of whom I have spoken in the first part of these Memoirs. He was an intimate friend of my mother.

English blacking, and fastened with gold buckles; his old-fashioned wig and queue; and his well-appointed and well-placed three-cornered hat, produced altogether a most fantastic effect.

The members of his household, by their peculiarities of dress, served as accessories to the picture.

He went every evening to the theatre, and seldom failed to make his appearance afterwards with his suite, all in full costume, either in the gardens of the Tuileries or of the Palais Egalité, where everything around exhibited the most ludicrous disparity with this strange group, whose solemn deportment and deliberate and circumspect discourse might serve to personify the disciples of Plato following their master to Sunium. The First Consul was sometimes annoyed that the ridicule attached to his colleague appeared to revert upon him, and I remember once seeing him enraged as he listened to the translation of a passage from the English journals. The Second Consul was caricatured, and from the Second to the First the transition is so easy that the journalist made no scruple of it. The First Consul stamped his foot, and said to Josephine:

"You must interfere in this matter—do you hear? It is only a woman that can tell a man he is ridiculous; if I meddle I shall tell him he is mad."

I know not whether Madame Bonaparte achieved her commission to the Consul Cambacérès; but this I know, that although always highly distinguished for his knowledge, his politeness, and his dinners, he yet always remained that which had so highly discomposed the First Consul.

Cambacérès had a charming niece, the daughter of his nephew, M. Duvidal de Montferrier. I have always wondered that he did not place her at the head of his establishment; but perhaps he was terrified by the aspect of her acolyte, whom it would have been difficult to exclude, for he was the husband, and the most jealous upon earth. Among the events of life difficult to comprehend, there are always some much more intricate than others:

I allude to the marriage of Mademoiselle Rosę de Montferrier with M. Bastarrêche, a banker of Bayonne, afterwards established at Paris in partnership with M. Jubié, the possessor of an immense fortune, but the most frightful of monsters.

It would be impossible faithfully to portray Mademoiselle Rose de Montferrier at the age of eighteen, because, with eyes and profile of corresponding beauty, her principal charms consisted of a nymph-like figure, and a complexion of which no comparison can give an idea. It was superior even to Madame Murat's; it breathed an animation, a warmth of colouring which, without metaphor, reminded one of the flower whose name she bore, and with the delicacy of its tints was combined the velvet of the peach.

Considering the high station of Cambacérès, it was naturally expected that Mademoiselle de Montferrier would make a brilliant match. But long afterwards, even after the death of M. de Bastarrêche, Napoleon could not forgive Cambacérès for consenting to it:—"It is Beauty and the Beast realised," said he.[1] All Paris heard with surprise that the young lady showed no repugnance; and with this news circulated magnificent details of the splendid equipages and wedding-dresses; nothing was talked of but diamonds, pearls, and jewels innumerable given by *Azor*. "*Ah!*" said the First Consul, "*the present makes us forget the future.*"

Before leaving the subject of the Consul Cambacérès, I must relate a little adventure which happened about this time. A Portuguese, named Don Alexander de Souza, had just arrived in Paris, on his road to or from an embassy at Rome, I cannot very precisely recollect which.

This M. de Souza was a very little man, about four feet ten or eleven inches high, and the whole of his delicate person cast in a most diminutive mould: he was not only thin, but absolutely shrivelled; yet he had perfectly the air of a gentleman, and his manners were those of

[1] "*La Belle et la Bête, ou Azor et Zemire,*" an opera much in vogue at Paris.

a person of quality. The authorities received him with something more than the cordiality due to the friend of our enemies, and M. de Souza had nothing to complain of on his passage through Paris. The Second Consul would not let slip such an opportunity to give a sumptuous dinner. All the authorities were invited, and many of his friends; Junot and I were of the number, as were Duroc, Lannes, and Mortier, now Duke of Treviso, and then commandant of the first military division.

I have not before mentioned this excellent man or his wife, all goodness, simplicity, and gentleness. He was Junot's superior as commandant of the division, while Junot was only commandant of Paris; but we lived on the best and most friendly terms; for General Mortier was, and still is, the best and most worthy of men; but at this period he would laugh like a child, and his mirth sometimes compromised the dignity of the general commandant's epaulettes.[1] M. de Souza, on occasion of this dinner, wore a magnificent coat of Segovian cloth, embroidered in gold, with a perfection we cannot attain in France. A frill of fine cambric rose almost imperceptibly at the top of his well-buttoned coat, in the English fashion, and his head displayed a peruke *à la Pitt*, more fully to exemplify that Portugal was not only the very humble servant of England, but equally the submissive slave of her minister.

M. de Souza was seated at table between me and Madame Jolivet, wife of a counsellor of state. All the civilities lavished on the foreign traveller failed to banish the ennui with which this republican land seemed to inspire him. I was obliged to stifle my yawns in answering some trifling questions, and had little hope of a gayer termination of the repast, when an incident, certainly not included in the instructions of Cambacérès to his *maîtres d'hôtel*, gave a new turn to the aspect of affairs.

[1] General, afterwards Marshal, Mortier was killed on the 28th of July, 1835, while riding by the side of Louis Philippe on the Boulevard du Temple opposite the Jardin Turc, by the explosion of the infernal machine invented and fired by Fieschi, with an intent to kill the king and his two sons.

Cambacérès had for some time placed his household on a very respectable footing: his domestics had all the superb livery of the Consuls, and the *maîtres d'hôtel* had exchanged their black dresses for maroon cloth, with wrought gold buttons. There were always two courses at the Second Consul's, and as each course consisted of eighteen or twenty removes, it may be supposed the arm of the *maître d hôtel* intruded pretty frequently between each of the guests; but poor little Souza's stature presented no obstacle; the dishes passed over his head; and on one of these occasions, one of the purveyor's gold buttons being loose, hitched in the little gentleman's wig, and carried it off.

The catastrophe was sudden, and no one knew how it had happened; even the *maître d'hôtel* himself had moved some distance before he discovered his involuntary theft; meanwhile the bewildered eyes of M. de Souza were seeking his wig in the direction of the ceiling, as if he imagined it had really taken wing, and those of the thirty persons around him fixed on his startled figure, caused him an embarrassment which completed the burlesque of his appearance. Yet we should all have behaved decently had he taken the accident in good part; but, wishing to be dignified under his misfortune, he thought, perhaps, to impress vastly by saying, with the utmost seriousness, to the *maître d'hôtel*, who came in all haste to apologise:

"Sir, will you restore me my wig?" And he set to work to replace it; but the discomposure which was evident through all his studied bravery prevented his accurately distinguishing the position of the tuft *à la Pitt*, and the wig, to my inexpressible satisfaction, was put on all askew, so that the tuft just surmounted the right ear, till Madame Jolivet, in a tone of more than usual acerbity (for she was offended at the incivility of her neighbour, who had not addressed a word to her since he had conducted her to her seat), said to him, "Sir, your wig is awry;" and as she spoke she obligingly raised her hand to the head of the little gentleman, who bounded away from her friendly

assistance with a vivacity that had nearly dashed me to the ground. I had avoided looking at either my husband or General Mortier, certain that my suppressed laughter must have burst forth; it became, however, at length uncontrollable, and appeared equally to master the whole company; for no sooner had mine exploded than a mad and inextinguishable peal resounded from every part of the table; but General Mortier's was loudest, and so violent as to oblige him eventually to rise from table. The polite host, on whose imperfect vision all this buffoonery was lost, no sooner understood the matter than he exhausted himself in apologies to M. de Souza, who, while puffing with rage, replied, bowing, that it was of no consequence; and the unfortunate wig, in spite of Madame Jolivet's officious care, remained awry. General Mortier, I am sure, will to this day remember that dinner and the hearty laugh it afforded him.

Having mentioned General Mortier, I must complete the portrait of a friend. General Edward Mortier, at the time I knew him, in 1800, was of about the same age as all the general officers of the army; and this similarity of years is not surprising; all the youth of France, inflamed with the love of their country and the desire of defending her, simultaneously deserted their firesides to enter the service. I can safely affirm that at that moment fifty thousand arms, under the direction of fifty thousand heads —a little exalted, no doubt, but animated by true patriotism —would have offered themselves to oppressed and struggling Poland; but their offer would have been made at the gates of Warsaw. There they would have been, perhaps, in evasion of authority, but at least in a just and holy cause, and, above all, in a cause which was become our own.

These young men left their cherished families and brilliant fortunes, that offered them all the enjoyments of luxury, for hard couches and munition bread, which they were seen carrying on the bayonet, gaily singing the *Marseillaise.* But of all this bright and valorous troop, not a single young man was seen running about Paris exciting the people to revolt, crying in the clubs, breaking

the lamps, committing, in short, the acts of men at once divested of reason and disaffected to public order. I witnessed the whole course of the Revolution, and never, I can aver, have I seen one of the characters in whom she proudly glories pursue the conduct which I now see panegyrised as a model, and practised by individuals who, with names unknown even in their own precinct, fancy themselves leaders of a party, because they sport moustaches, a buttoned coat, and a dagger. All this is pitiable! But Poland has fallen under the far differently operating sword of Russia, while the ready succour of fifty thousand brave Frenchmen would have saved her. "But," it will be said, "we could not pass." What then? we should have forced the passage. When authority becomes unjust, open revolt is far more justifiable than those perpetual commotions which inflict a slow fever on an empire, deprive the labourer of his bread by depriving him of his work, and thus aim a double blow against the throne of our true tree of liberty. How full of misfortune is that state of delirium, of perpetual agitation, incapable of uniformity, still more incapable of consistency in its wishes, and following no prescribed course for the attainment of its object! The political career is soon terminated when intrigue is mistaken for glory and clamour for renown.

I have wandered far from the subject of my former friend, but at this moment I am reading the detail of the recent disasters of Poland, and tears of indignation mingle with those of grief. Nevertheless, this grief and this indignation are not directed against rational beings; they accuse only those who eight months ago might have acted, but who, either from incapacity, egotism, or ambitious interests excited nearer home, have confined themselves to impotent cries, and to speeches as full of verbosity as of nonentity.

When America called Europe to her assistance, our fathers did not answer her demand with empty promises. They went, sword in hand, to her aid. Instead of wearing crape on their hats, raising subscriptions, giving balls,

and feasting at public dinners, while the unfortunate objects of all this display were perishing with famine, our fathers and our brothers carried them their blood ready to shed, arms and ammunition, and the richest carried them their fortunes.[1] There is not an instance of the hottest head of that period (and there were many such) having broken a single lamp, or burnt a single bundle of straw, when the departure of these brave knights was for a moment obstructed. No! they silently escaped, gained a French port, and embarked, leaving no bleeding ruins behind them, and seeing before them ever-verdant laurels, nobly acquired, and flourishing beyond the limits of time or the chances of fate.

Without speaking particularly of M. de la Fayette, for he was not alone, what gratitude have these American campaigners left in the hearts of the people they saved! their wishes at least have followed our cause; but if, in 1775, all our youth had satisfied themselves with uttering only cries under the windows of the king, or before the hotels of the ministers, the Americans, deceived by vain hopes, and abandoned to their own resources, would at this day have been either exterminated, or inhabiting as slaves the wildest retreats of Ireland, there to weep over their unhappy country. Who would they then have accused? M. de Maurepas? M. de Montbarrey? Oh, no! They would have said, "In addressing ourselves to the French nation, and invoking her generous valour to our aid, did we imagine that the incapacity of one minister and the venality of another could have restrained the chivalry of a whole nation? The groaning voice of an oppressed people is louder than such vain considerations. It is a woman attacked in a wood, and demanding succour from every passer-by." Such would have been the reflections of the Americans, and such, I feel assured, will be those of the unfortunate survivors amongst the recent victims. But as it is not my province to write the

[1] My father and brother joined the American war; my brother was then very young; but his heart was not the less penetrated with the noble cause in which he was associated.

history of our present miseries, I resume my pen to trace that of happier days.

As I have already said, General Edward Mortier was in command of the first division; he lodged in a large hotel in the street of the Capuchins, with his wife, his sister-in-law, and an interesting young family. In the same house were Madame César Berthier (whose husband was under the command of General Mortier), General Menard, and another. General Mortier had married a young and charming wife, who inspired me at first sight with friendship and good-will. Without being extremely pretty, or in any other way personally remarkable, she pleased by an expression of mildness, and a general gracefulness which prepossessed at the first glance. A good mother, and fond of her home, from which it was difficult to entice her, her thoughts were chiefly devoted to the domestic happiness of her husband and family. She had an agreeable sister, perhaps even prettier than Madame Mortier, but much less pleasing, as she had more formality and self-love.

In this house we seemed, from the moment of entering, to breathe peace and happiness. I felt myself cheerful as soon as I set my foot upon the staircase; but these sensations would all have vanished had I but mistaken the door and entered the ground-floor, where a clamour prevailed that might have typified the infernal regions. General César Berthier, brother of the Minister of War, might be a very good soldier: I am no judge of such matters. All I can say is, that he had a very genteel and agreeable wife, whom he made miserable with so little reserve, that I speak of it no more openly than he himself did in my presence, whom he scarcely knew. Madame César Berthier was sister of Madame Leopold Berthier; but the manners of the two brothers widely differed. Leopold, with more amenity of language and more disposition to please than César, does not appear to have had much power over the heart of his wife; for she divorced him to marry General Lasalle, the most amusing and bravest of profligate hussars. Leopold had wit, a

qualification very scarce with César; and his stammer and bluntness of language spoiled the little he had. Both ladies were natives of Versailles; their maiden name was d'Aiguillon, but they were no way related to the ducal house of that name. Madame César, when young, must have been very engaging; for she was well shaped, had a little turn-up nose, fair hair, and arms of remarkable beauty. At the time I knew her she was beginning to be marked with an eruption; but she was still young, and on the whole a pretty and elegant woman, fond of the toilet, and successful in its disposition. Her daughter, Madame Bruyère, is a charming woman.

The military reputation of General Mortier has no need of my pen to illustrate it in all its purity; but I would fain instance his conduct in Hanover, which glorious era and many other brilliant moments of his life are attested by the eloquent lines of M. Bignon.

My esteem for General Mortier was first inspired by my husband, who had much regard for him, and held both his civil character and military talents in high respect.

Probity and honour were amongst his conspicuous virtues. Junot, who was restive under authority, and knew how to obey only one man, was sometimes at issue with his superior, which always grieved him. I have often seen him, after writing a letter, repent and immediately disavow it; and constantly, on such occasions, have I been witness of General Mortier's benevolence of character. Though young, he had the advantage of Junot in years, and slight as was the difference, it justified him in offering some fraternal and jesting remonstrances to his junior, and sparing him many an unpleasant collision with the First Consul, provoked by his hot-headedness, which would certainly have been magnified by such men as Bourrienne, Fouché, and some others, who, by their situation about the First Consul, had direct access to his ear to prejudice those who enjoyed his favour. General Mortier's post gave him ample means of mischief, but he never injured a single individual.

Junot, when at Arras in 1803, had commenced writ-

ing some notices, which comprised biographies of several of his friends; and the amiable frankness of his character, his intelligent mind, and especially his depth of observation, would have rendered this little work truly remarkable. I have adopted, and endeavoured to continue it in my journal.

His judgment of Mortier is wholly impartial, nor can its truth be doubted; for military men, like us women, have their mutual little jealousies, their quarrels, their petty passions, which, however, are all under the dominion of the greatest of all—glory.

Mortier was distinguished from the moment of his entrance into the service. He first joined the army of the north, then that of the Rhine; and afterwards, in our day of misfortune, he valiantly seconded Masséna in the defeat of the Austro-Russian army. In the Moretta-Thal, near Schwitz, he had a remarkable engagement, in which he repulsed General Rosenberg, just arrived from Italy with Russian troops to fall upon us; an action which had a direct influence on our fate, and France ought to bear sincere gratitude towards all who belonged to this army of the Danube.

His conquest of the Electorate of Hanover, with an army inferior in number by more than two-thirds to that of the enemy; in short, the convention of Sühlingen, constitutes an honourable monument, which Marshal Mortier raised at once to the glory of his country and to his own. Again, he was in a most perilous situation at Dierstein,[1] on the banks of the Danube, with only five thousand men of the Gazan division. Encountered by the Russian vanguard under the command of Prince Bagration, twenty-five thousand strong, he not only resisted, but forced his passage, and rejoined the main army on the opposite side of the river. At the head of the eighth corps in the next campaign, 1806, he attacked the Elector of Hesse Cassel, and in one day the whole of Westphalia fell into our hands, with the treasure, provisions, and military stores of the enemy. Mortier might

[1] In 1805.

have been enriched by more than glory in this action; but he left to his country the charge of providing him with a recompense. Some weeks afterwards he took possession in the name of France of the Electorate of Hanover, which his sword had conquered two years previously. Here, though as Marshal commanding in chief, and as it were thrice-puissant Pro-Consul, he might have exercised his power as he would—ask the inhabitants! They will tell you, even to this day, that Mortier's conduct was that of an honest soldier. Next came the day of Friedland, to which he valiantly contributed. Then he went to take a command in the Peninsula. The victory of Ocana, in destroying the strongest of the insurgent armies, composed of fifty thousand men, while the French were but twenty-five thousand, was of immense importance to the interest of France, for it decided the invasion of Andalusia. Having penetrated the Sierra Morena he did not entangle himself in its defiles; but, leaving that task to Marshal Victor, he traversed Spanish Estremadura, laid siege to Badajos, carried it at the end of fifty-four days, and made seven thousand prisoners. Returning from thence to Russia at the head of the young guard, he gave new proofs of devotion to his country and its chief. Then came the campaign of 1813. Still in command of the young guard, Mortier's conduct was, like the past, faithful and brave. Lutzen, Kœnigswartha, Bautzen, Hochkirch, Wurtschen, and Reichenbach, saw his efforts, sometimes unsuccessful but never useless.

In the battle of Dresden, again he deserved praise. He defended, step by step, the soil of his country. Overcome by the Prince of Sweden and General Bulow, he fought not the less bravely at Craonne, La Fère, Provins, Nangis, Meaux, Lagny, Saint Mandé, and at length at Paris.

In retiring to his estate at Plessis Lalande, Marshal Mortier has had leisure to meditate on the progressive misfortunes of his country, that country which he had served so gloriously. I have experienced a moment's happiness in retracing so illustrious a life. It has not many parallels.

CHAPTER II.

The Quintidi and the parade at the Tuileries—The young man with the petition—The First Consul and the young man—The Governor of the Bastille and the pension—M. Delatude, and forty years in a dungeon—M. de Sartine and recriminations—Vincennes, the Bastille, and Bicêtre—Santerre—The dynamometer—The maid and the burned village—Rossignol and Ronsin—The revolutionary army and the infernal legions—General Charbonnier and the aide-de-camp—Art thou a good patriot?—*Pumping Oils*—General Vandamme and his sabre exercise—The village *Ultérieur*—The Scheldt a fine road.

ONE Quintidi, at the moment that the First Consul was descending to hold the review in the court of the Tuileries, an event happened sufficiently singular to attract attention and interest. In the dense crowd that surrounded the line was a young man of about fifteen, dressed in a worn but neat black coat, which indicated that its master was above the hireling class. His figure was interesting; he was pale, and his neighbours observed that he trembled violently, often put his hand to his bosom, and appeared very impatient to see the First Consul.

When the drums beat the young man's emotion became so powerful that his breast was seen to swell with the palpitation of his heart. The First Consul descended the stairs, and, as he reached the middle of the vestibule, the young man threw himself before him and presented a paper. The last few months had so teemed with plots and attempts against the life of the First Consul that twenty arms, all strangers to his suite, were instantly stretched forth to seize the boy, who, raising his hand and fixing an imploring look on the First Consul, still held forward his petition.

"Leave the young man—I am going to speak to him," said the First Consul; and advancing towards him: "What do you want, my boy?" demanded he.

The young man could not reply, but falling on his knees, presented his petition. The First Consul read it with an expression of countenance which struck all who surrounded him. His eyes then rested with a look of deep commiseration on the still kneeling young man, to whom he said:

"Rise, my child; we kneel to God alone. Is your mother still in Paris?"

An almost stifled "Yes," escaped the lips of the young petitioner.

"Acquaint her that a pension of twelve hundred francs is awarded her; and will commence six months prior to the present date."

At the sound of these words the poor youth fell again on his knees, raising towards the First Consul his tearful eyes and trembling hands, which endeavoured to seize his; but his emotion was too violent. His extreme paleness increased on hearing the favour granted to his mother; but it speedily gave place to purple. The veins of his forehead swelled till they were ready to burst, his eyes closed, he fell insensible at the feet of the First Consul, and Nature, bringing her own relief, a profuse hemorrhage ensued, and the First Consul was covered with the poor boy's blood.

"A surgeon" cried he, instantly,—"a surgeon!" But joy it is said, is never fatal; the young man recovered his senses, and bursting into tears, seized almost forcibly the hand of the First Consul, and kissed it with transport.

"You are a deity to my family!" exclaimed the youth; "I will pray for you every day of my life."

The First Consul smiled as he pressed the young hand, and pursued his way to the review; but before he mounted his horse he recommended the boy to Junot, and to the Minister of War, and then gave him a friendly salute, saying:

"If you wish to enter the service, apply to the General commanding the city of Paris; he will mention it to the Minister of War, and we will seek to do something for you."

The young man answered only with a low bow, and followed the First Consul to the steps of the portico, He saw the beautiful *Désiré* brought; the general leaping lightly to his saddle, galloped off, and was soon amidst the thronged ranks of his soldiers, followed by a numerous and brilliant suite, who surrounded him as the satellites of a planet constantly revolve around their centre; he saw those grenadiers, still black with the powder of Marengo, with their high leather caps overshadowing their faces; that fine regiment of *chasseurs*, then commanded by Eugène Beauharnais; those gilded uniforms, those horses, that military music; and last of all the magician, who fascinated with his look of fire all who approached the sphere of his influence. . . . The young man cried—

"Yes, I will serve! I will be a soldier, that a ray of that glory may fall on me."

This young man, so unfortunate and so grateful, was the son of Monsieur Delaunay, Governor of the Bastille, massacred the 14th of July 1789.

Junot said to me one day, "I must bring you into conversation with a man of whom you have certainly heard, and whose Memoirs you have, of course, read; M. Delatude,—do you know him?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed; "M. Delatude, and you ask whether I know him? I do not know him personally, but I am well acquainted with his misfortunes, which have so deeply interested me, that I should be delighted to see himself." Two days afterwards Junot told me: "This morning, M. Delatude will breakfast with us; he will bring Madame Lemoine, for he no more moves without her than without his ladder."

It is well known that M. Delatude, when young, wanting to obtain a favour of Madame de Pompadour, thought to excite her gratitude by writing her a letter

with his own signature, announcing that accident had just discovered to him a plot for poisoning the marchioness by means of a box of confectionery, to be conveyed to her that very day. After which, mixing a harmless emetic with the sweetmeats, he despatched them anonymously. M. de Sartine, the Lieutenant-general of Police, was summoned in haste, and fell into great disgrace for having suffered so heinous a plot to be detected by a stranger. Returning enraged to his office he accused his first commissary; he the second; and so on, till all their recriminations ended in a full disclosure of M. Delatude's clever invention. M. de Sartine's vengeance was proportioned, not to the offence, but to the apprehensions he had endured from the favourite's displeasure; and the unfortunate intriguer was thrown into a dungeon at Vincennes, without any judiciary form. At the end of three years he escaped by means of a ladder manufactured from his own linen, was retaken and confined ten years in the Bastille, when he escaped a second time; was again overtaken by the terrible vengeance of the director of the police, and finding a new dungeon at Bicêtre, was there recommended to the extreme rigour of the governor: in short, his captivity for an innocent though unworthy pleasantry lasted thirty-seven years. On his first release, Brunetière had been acquainted with him and had told me this story, but had afterwards lost sight of him to my great regret, for I desired nothing more ardently than to see M. Delatude.

I received him with a respect and tenderness truly sincere; but my enchantment was not proof against an old dotard repeating his oft-told tale with a soporific prolixity, which occasioned me in despair to address Madame Lemoine. She was a retired mercer, who one day picking up a packet in the street St. Denis, found it to be a tablet made of the crumb of bread on which, with a large fish-bone for his pen, the poor sufferer had written in his own blood the history of his imprisonment. Madame de Pompadour and M. de Sartine being both dead, Madame Lemoine, who lost no time in applying to the superin-

tendent of police, had little difficulty in procuring his liberation in consideration of his long detention; she devoted herself wholly to her grateful *protégé*, who designated her always as his delivering angel; and uniting their scanty means (for Delatude enjoyed from funds at Junot's disposal a pension of two hundred francs), they lived together nearly on the terms of father and daughter.

His ladder was a real masterpiece of human patience; it contained a hundred pieces of wood, all cut with a penknife, from the faggots which served him for fuel; and the cord, composed of single threads drawn from his linen, and twisted by himself, was of the thickness of my thumb. On his first flight from Vincennes his ladder was not long enough by fifteen feet, he was therefore obliged to leap, and dislocated his wrist.

Madame Lemoine told us that the First Consul had desired to see M. Delatude, and I pictured to myself how completely he, who could not tolerate much talking from his most intimate friends, would be wearied by the puerile and tedious loquacity of this *affecting victim of despotism*, who had passed forty-one years of his life in various prisons. The visit of M. Delatude left a distressing impression on my mind, for it destroyed a pleasing illusion.

In the course of the same week I experienced a surprise of a different kind, also caused by a person I had never seen, and whose name sounded in my ears like a cry of carnage.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a tall stout man presented himself, of an unobjectionable appearance and countenance. Junot saluted him; but I perceived that his salute was constrained. Our breakfast was over, and we were passing into the drawing-room. The stranger walked forward with a firm and resolute step; "this is an odd person," thought I to myself. Junot offered him coffee, which he refused with, "No, thank you, general, I never take my cup in the morning; as for a small glass, if Mademoiselle will permit——"

"It is my wife," said Junot in a very serious tone.

"Ah! *c'est la citoyenne Junot!*" and the personage began to stare at me with an attention which excited rather merriment than anger; for it was evident that this man, though rude by nature, had no intention of being so. "Ah! it is the *citoyenne Junot! Diable,* colleague, you have not taken your soundings ill."

I whispered to Junot to tell me the name of this *general;* for it seemed that he had at least pretensions to that title. "No," replied Junot, "you must guess it; it is a name prodigiously well known."

Meanwhile the tall man was conversing with Junot's first aide-de-camp, M. Laborde; but I could gather nothing from the absurdities, solecisms, and ill-arranged sentences which were passing between them.

An instrument lay on the table, invented and constructed by Reigner, the mechanical armourer, for measuring the human strength; by pressing with the two hands two bands of leather which confine a semicircular plate of brass, engraved with a scale, and furnished with a needle, which is made to move in proportion to the force of the pressure, and indicates by the number to which it points the strength of the individual. Junot took it up, and pressing it, made the needle run so rapidly and forcibly, that it nearly struck the opposite extremity of the dynamometer, indicating a very unusual strength of wrist. The strange general then took up the instrument, but instead of using, examined it, and then said, laughing:

"Stay! that resembles those implements I took with me when I went down yonder to the west with Ronsin and Rossignol. I had also a learned aide-de-camp, a mathematician, with me.

"Well, when the Convention appointed me to command the republican army, I refused, because I know myself, and know that I am not strong in the article of manœuvres; I refused, but what of that? What the Convention chose, it chose. I was obliged to take the command of one of the invincible columns. Ronsin commanded another; and poor Rossignol, he had a third,

Well, I told you just now I had a learned aide-de-camp. He declared to the Convention that all the instruments, of which he gave me a list, would be required for this campaign; and they gave me them all. Two little waggons were filled with them.

"Away I carried them; my aide-de-camp, Platière,[1] made use of them, and then I sold them;" and he ended with a loud laugh; but my laughter stopped short. This speech had made him known. It was Santerre! Santerre the brewer, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who was, on the 11th of August 1792, appointed commandant of the Parisienne National Guard, who had the immediate custody of the Royal Family in the Temple, and who commanded the troops on the 21st of January 1793; he was first sent into La Vendée to command a corps with those two wretches whom he had named in my hearing. I had heard from inhabitants of Saumur, Montagne, and other neighbouring towns, frightful details of all that Santerre had done in La Vendée. Though his name is known as associated with the great political tragedy, yet it figures in few lines of history, and on one or two pages so stained with blood as to destroy the possibility of distinguishing those actions in which he figures. I knew much of him, but was, I confess, far from imagining that this man would himself assume the narrator, to afford me new light on the horrors committed in La Vendée by what were called the *Infernal Legions*, commanded by himself, Ronsin, and Rossignol. He required no hint to assure us, himself, that he had written to the Ministry of War, and at the same time to the authorities, advising them to send waggons loaded with combustibles into La Vendée to consume all the woods and coppices, and even all furze, heath, and broom, by fire, so as to cut off the retreat of the Vendeans.

"It is a terrible conception to be tolerated by reason," said Junot, when this man was gone; "and yet perhaps humanity itself would have followed that course, in order to put an end in six months to evils which lasted forty.

[1] Nephew of Roland the minister, whose name was Roland de la Platière.

It would at least have been more humane than letting loose upon them, like bloodhounds, the capitulated garrisons of Mayence and Valenciennes, and afterwards those *Infernal Legions*, led by the dregs of the most abject Jacobins."

I asked him why he would not tell me Santerre's name.

"Faith, because I did not care to introduce to you so creditable an acquaintance. I am not best pleased with his visits, and accordingly they are not very frequent. He is an amphibious creature; he is neither military, civil, citizen, nor artisan; he abandoned his own profession, and all the professions at whose doors he has knocked have refused him admission. Republican general as I. am, it is not possible for me to give my hand in the middle of the Tuileries gardens to Santerre, *the Revolutionary general*,[1] which means general commanding the Revolutionary army, where the guillotine marched always in readiness, like a piece of artillery, with the match alight. I do not like such characters," said Junot, "I am a republican by taste and principle; but I have a horror of the blood, the massacres, the confiscations, which constituted that frightful system of horror under which France groaned for several years. Santerre is a wretch, and he is under a sort of surveillance from the Staff of Paris, which obliges him to present himself, I believe, once a fortnight. Well! this man, I am sure, says now that I am haughty, and have not fraternised with him; no, certainly I have not, because I cannot esteem him."

I inquired whether he was brave; several officers, who had arrived since his departure, answered no; that is, that his reputation was extremely doubtful.

Santerre once wrote to the Commune of Paris: "Learn that I have burned all the mills, with one single exception, and this narrowly escaped; I fortunately learned before setting it on fire that it belonged to a patriot."

[1] Lannes, Bessières, and several other generals of Napoleon were known to entertain similar views.

In a hamlet near Savenay he met with a young girl, who pleased him, and he told her so. Her instant answer was, that she was a Vendean, and he not only a Blue, but a chief of the Blues, and that consequently there existed between them obstacles which could never be removed. The girl had a grandfather, sixty-five years of age. The chief of the Blues had the village again ransacked, and finally burned; he then carried off the young girl and her unhappy grandfather, who died in a state of idiocy from grief! Poor old man, and poor France!

At this period of my life no day passed that I did not see Napoleon, at least, unless my mother was very ill, and she was then better. It was easy for me to seek a conversation with him upon what I had seen, nor was he backward in questioning me of all that interested me, so that he was not long in ignorance of Santerre's visit. "How is that?" said Napoleon; "I thought he had been dead these four years. Well, what say you of him? Is he not handsome and engaging? These are the honest men who would fain see the happy days of 1793 restored. M. Santerre would find it delightful to obtain the epaulettes of lieutenant-general as he did those of brigadier-general, by leading to the scaffold men less worthless than himself. Did you know Rossignol?" I had never seen him; but in the course of a quarter of an hour I was perfectly acquainted with him, for his own question brought to the First Consul's recollection accumulated details respecting this man, Ronsin, and Charpentier, which were really curious; and Junot afterwards filled up their outlines for me.

"He is one of the most remarkable evidences that we can oppose to all that the manifestoes have said against us," observed the First Consul, when the name of Charpentier was mentioned. "That man commanded an army—that of the Rhine, at a time when we had everything to fear; all our frontiers were exposed, like a dismantled town after an assault, yet perhaps no victories have been more splendid than those then gained by young soldiers, in absolute want of bread, shoes, money, and of

clothing, and under generals such as Charbonnier, Santerre, Ronsin, and Rossignol. Rossignol, speaking of *Les Echelles* in Savoy, said one day in a committee of public safety, with perfect seriousness:

"'I can easily understand that my infantry could pass, because my men, however loaded, can mount a *ladder;* but for my cavalry and artillery, though a thousand devils should interfere, they could not teach a horse to climb a *ladder.*'"

On the subject of General Charbonnier no one was more amusing than M. Dietrich, the lively young officer I met at the Opera the evening of the infernal machine. He had served on the staff in Holland, when Vandamme, happily for the army, was also there. It was one morning ascertained that the English had landed. M. Dietrich was instantly sent to the headquarters of the general-in-chief; this was General Charbonnier, who, though it was but little after nine, was found at table and already half intoxicated.

"General," said he to the unprepared commander, "the English have landed—your orders are urgently wanted; be pleased to honour me with them, and I will instantly set out again."

The booby of a pretended warrior looked at him with eyes somewhat unsettled, and inquired:

"Art thou a good patriot?"

"Yes, my general."

"Well! seat yourself there; breakfast, and send the English to the devil."

M. Dietrich was then but eighteen, full of gaiety and mirth; and certainly his mirth could not want a better occasion; but he feared General Vandamme, who, he very well knew, was capable of shortening him by the head had he failed in any part of his duty. Aware of the critical nature of his situation, he endeavoured, while the general-in-chief employed himself in swallowing some dozens of Ostend oysters, to persuade him into giving orders for the regiments to march; but finding all his efforts unavailing, he was at length resolving to return to

the chief of the staff, when Charbonnier, who like all drunkards, had one fixed notion, recalled him.

"Stay there," said he; "I am going to speak to you —take a glass."

"Thank you, general, but it is too early; I am neither hungry nor thirsty."

"What! too early! I am wrong, then, in drinking and getting my breakfast? Well, thou art but a silly prattler. Take a glass, I tell you."

M. Dietrich accordingly drank his health, in hopes of coaxing him and being permitted to retire, but the latter was more easily proposed than executed.

"So," said the general, "you are a good patriot!"

"Yes, general, a very good patriot; but, unhappily, so insignificant a point is not the present question. A serious object has brought me here. General Vandamme is expecting me, and is meanwhile exposed to the enemy's fire." There had been some fighting, and an hour's suspension of arms had been agreed on, to await M. Dietrich's return. Vandamme was one of the bravest men in the world, but fiery and passionate, and quite capable of surprising and killing General Charbonnier. The young officer's head was filled with these reflections; he had no hope but in the general's speedily rising from table, and that a cup of coffee might sober him. Suddenly he heard the cannon, and a brisk fire of musketry; and starting up, he exclaimed:

"Do you hear? do you hear? In the name of Heaven, general, call one of your officers, and send orders!"

"What is the matter now? Leave me alone, you and your —— Republic. Leave me alone to finish my breakfast, as becomes a general-in-chief."

"But, general——"

"Ah! this is too much; I repeat to you, once for all, leave me in peace."

"But, general, you are exposing the army to the greatest danger."

"Bhrrr!"—and he began to sing.

"General Vandamme's division cannot possibly hold out without support. It will be compelled to yield the ground! Where would you have it take refuge if obliged to fly?"

"Ah! they in flight!—they! No, no!—and if they should, leave them alone; the fools know the roads well enough."

At that moment the quick gallop of a horse was heard; and in less than a minute General Vandamme was in the room, and his sabre whizzing round the ears of Charbonnier.

A nobler figure than that of General Vandamme at this period cannot well be imagined; his finely-formed head, his regular features, his beautiful curly hair, his glistening eyes, which, when angry, seemed to flash fire, his exquisitely-turned hand, altogether opposed a perfect contrast to the ignoble appearance of Charbonnier. Vandamme, justly incensed, stood before his brutalised chief, making his sword fly round his head, and recommending him to prepare for instant death.

"This is thy last hour, wretch! How! is thy soul base enough to deliver up thy comrades to be massacred by the enemy, and that enemy the English? Let everything be instantly in order; let the troops march; or rather stay here and sleep thyself sober; the army has no need of thee to conquer." And pushing Charbonnier from him with a violence that flung him to the farther end of the room, he went away with Dietrich, and both jumping on their horses, rushed into the midst of the fire just as the artillery opened.

Vandamme's valour in circumstances doubly critical from the stupidity or treason of Charbonnier was eminently conspicuous. The incapacity of one might have destroyed the army, but the courage and conduct of the other saved it. This was the first attempted descent of the English, before the arrival of Brune in Holland. Charbonnier, after the departure of Vandamme, began to grow gradually sober. The cannonading was so incessant that he could not doubt the whole army was engaged. In the midst of his intemperance, and of that thick cloud which blocked

up every avenue to his brain, he yet retained some portion of that bravery which made him originally remarkable, and had procured for him the appointment of a military pro-consul. He plunged his head into water, and mounting his horse, hastened to the battle; but all was already retrieved by General Vandamme.

Afterwards, when peace and order had revisited us, the First Consul awarded to each his due. Charbonnier returned to the rank of a chief of battalion, and had the command of a garrison. It was this same Charbonnier, who, receiving one day despatches from the Convention, which directed him to wait ulterior orders (*des ordres ultérieurs*), spent a whole week in seeking on the map the village *Ultérieur.*

Another time when he was giving very particular orders for the passage of cavalry from Antwerp, the commissary, who had attentively followed Charbonnier's finger on the map, ventured to ask him where the road was.

"What!" said the general; "do not you see this road?"

"I see nothing, general."

"How!" and he stamped, for he was passionate,—"How! not see that road, it is large enough however, it is superb. I am sure it is more than a hundred feet wide."

I can well believe that, for it was the Scheldt.

CHAPTER III.

M. Charles and reflected reputations—Indispensable antecedents—Madame Bonaparte at the Serbelloni Palace—Espionage of Madame Leclerc—Bonaparte's eyes, and the Palace of the Hall of the Throne—Arrest of Mons. Charles at Milan—Conversation with Pauline Bonaparte—Reciprocal affliction and consolation—Madame Bonaparte's first residence at Malmaison—Madame La Générale—Sister Rosalie and the almoner of the army of Egypt—The master in the master's absence—Madame Bonaparte's divorce advised by Gohier—Return from the army of Egypt, and banishment of M. Charles—Bonaparte and Duroc on the Boulevards, and unexpected encounter—Junot's friendship for M. Charles—The true friends of Junot.

AMONGST the friends introduced to me by Junot were some whose names especially attracted my attention; for instance, Monsieur Charles, born at Romans, of an obscure family, who entered the army at the commencement of the Revolution, in a troop of cavalry formed at Besançon, and was a lieutenant, when being ordered into Italy, he was attached as assistant to the Adjutant-General Leclerc at Milan; and when the latter, on his marriage with Pauline Bonaparte, was made a brigadier-general, Charles was also promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed aide-de-camp to the general.

Just at this time Madame Bonaparte (Josephine) arrived at Milan, and lodged at the Serbelloni Palace, where she had an establishment as a sovereign.

M. Charles was introduced to her in common with all the officers of the army, and as she belonged to the establishment of General Bonaparte's brother-in-law he obtained more than common attention.

Napoleon, almost always absent from home, was either occupied in the town of Milan or on journeys in

the neighbourhood; he therefore did not see anything that transpired there but what fell immediately beneath his own eye; his sister, Madame Leclerc, was not like him; she was unoccupied, but desired some sort of employment, and therefore commenced a strict observance of the conduct of a sister-in-law whom she hated, such an occupation being as good as any other; but I believe she deceived herself, for although she was not long in ascertaining that M. Charles and Madame Bonaparte were in close communication, and that this intimacy occupied much of their thoughts, she found that this attachment might be, but was not in fact; anything more than a tender friendship.

M. Charles was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; small, well-made, with good features, a dark clear complexion, and hair black as jet; he was altogether attractive, although a little deficient in the fine polish of elegant society. He wore a superb hussar's uniform covered with gold lace, and breakfasted at the Serbelloni Palace whenever Napoleon left it, and no one in the army or in the town of Milan was a stranger to the lively interest Madame Bonaparte testified for him.

It reached at length the general-in-chief. Through whom? Probably his own eyes! So it might certainly be presumed; for those penetrating eyes constituted the sole police of the throne room at the Tuileries: and such was their clearness and precision that the darkest corner of the hall would scarcely avail to escape their piercing inquisition. Be this as it may, at the headquarters of the army of Italy it was suddenly rumoured that M. Charles had been arrested by order of the general-in-chief, and would certainly be shot. This is not an imaginary episode, like that, for example, of making a person speak at Messouh-Diah, who never was there. What I report is fact. I do not answer for the cause of General Bonaparte's displeasure against M. Charles; I am narrating only, and though, like Werther, I should narrate the same thing for the tenth time, I could say no more than I do, that M. Charles was arrested against the

will, and perhaps on account of *Madame la Générale-en-chef*, a proceeding very grievous to them both, at least so it may be presumed. Madame Leclerc, who was known to be *goodness itself*, said to me, "In short, conceive Laurette, that my sister-in-law had nearly died of vexation; and we certainly do not die of vexation from merely parting with our friends. There must be more than friendship concerned in this matter. For my part, I have comforted my brother, who was very unhappy. He was aware of it all when he came to Paris, before he set out for Egypt. Poor brother!"

And the kind sister pitied him most liberally for the unhappiness which she herself had probably caused him. Madame Leclerc was a droll character to study. She has been well sketched and well painted; but so strange was her character, that no one has ever succeeded in making a finished picture of her.

M. Charles was obliged to quit the army of Italy, and, returning to Paris, the interest of Madame Bonaparte procured him a partnership in the mercantile house of Louis Bodin; there he made a great fortune, which was afterwards impaired. He kept a good house, and associated with the bankers, the only class which held regular receptions at the time of Madame Bonaparte's return from Italy, and her husband's departure for Egypt. It was then she purchased Malmaison, and established herself there, as the lady of a castle might have done in days of yore, while her lord and master set forward to deliver the tomb of Christ. Then, as now, there was always a page, an equerry, a nephew, a bachelor in short, and sometimes even (whisper it only in the ear) a good abbé. Ask little John de Saintré, who took charge of the bereaved wife, while the husband grieved after his own fashion under some palm tree, within view of the holy sanctuary, as poor Fourès can bear witness. The result of all these afflictions and consolations was that no one wept while they lasted; it was only on awaking that cries and tears were brought into exercise. It would seem that in such occurrences both men and women are

like children, who, after giving themselves a tap against a table or door, would continue their play, insensible of any pain, did not their mothers, ever on the watch to cry wolf, rush forward, snatch up the child, and make him so thoroughly ashamed of not having cried that he instantly enters upon his functions with a vehemence that might deafen the very saints.

Madame Bonaparte was established at Malmaison, and there passed the greater part of her time.

A friend of my mother, who was inhabiting Ruelle, used to tell us that she saw *Madame la Générale*, the name she was known by in the village, walking very late in the garden. "By moonlight," said Rosalie, "and when, leaning on the arm of her son, her white dress and flowing veil are contrasted with his dingy attire of black or blue, the effect is quite fantastic. They might be taken for phantoms. Poor woman! she is then thinking, perhaps, of her first husband, who fell a victim to the revolutionary executioners! Thinking also of him by whom, through the mercy of Providence, her loss is repaired, and of whom a cannon-ball may in a moment deprive her. How does he manage, down yonder, to hear mass amidst all those Turks, Mademoiselle Laure?" asked the pious girl. "Why, I suppose he has an almoner," answered I; and at that time I really believed it.

Madame Bonaparte sometimes came to Paris to visit Barras, Madame Tallien, and Madame Gohier, to whom she was very partial; sometimes she would also see her mother and brothers-in-law, but not often, for she did not like them; the war, however, though certainly mutual, was not opened on their side. She was then in direct hostility with Joseph, the mildest and best of men, and at enmity with Madame Bonaparte the mother, and Madame Lucien, an angel of goodness and perfection. I know not what caused the animosity that had arisen between them, but I was sufficiently acquainted with Madame Lætitia and Madame Christine to answer for them.

Malmaison, at the time I am speaking of, was a

pretty country house with agreeable environs, as a residence, but very inconvenient and most unwholesome. Brunetière, who was somehow mixed up in the affair, told me that Madame Bonaparte had made this acquisition as a child buys a new doll that strikes her fancy, without considering whether it will long amuse her. The park was small, sloping on all sides, and resembled a pretty English garden. It was enclosed, excepting the length of the lawn in front of the chateau, with a wall stretching along the road of St. Germain; the lawn was bordered with a ha-ha, on the brink of which stood a small flight of iron steps, affording a resting-place and a view over the road, which could also be seen from the park. The fine plantations that now surround the château, and all its out-offices, were not then in existence.

M. Charles inhabited Malmaison in the quality of master; friends, we know, have privileges. Gohier, who was always thrown into a brown study by the recollection of the 18th Brumaire, but was otherwise an honest and sensible man, strongly persuaded Josephine to a decided step.

"Divorce," said he, when all in tears she refused the advice he gave her to break off a connection which compromised her in the eyes of the world,—"Divorce; you tell me it is only friendship that exists between M. Charles and yourself; but if that friendship is so influential that it impels you to violate the observances of the world, I shall say to you, as if it were love, divorce; because friendship so exclusive of all other sentiments will stand in lieu of all others. Believe me, all this will cause you regret." Gohier was right; he saw the matter in its true light, but Josephine would not listen.

When, after his return from Egypt, Bonaparte was on the point of himself effecting what Gohier had some months previously advised should be done prudently and quietly, Josephine screamed, wept, and was in despair. She would not hear of a divorce when he was at a distance, much less could she endure it when the resplendency of his unfading glory enlightened all Europe with

its rays; but in consenting to surrender his proposal, he exacted, as an absolute condition, the banishment of M. Charles, and her promise never to see him more.

Napoleon detested M. Charles; he never mentioned him, or suffered him to be named in his presence. But I know some incidents on this subject which have excessively surprised me, for I did not believe him susceptible of so much emotion.

One morning when he was walking out with Duroc to survey the works of the bridge of Austerlitz, which was then building, suddenly a cabriolet dashed at a rapid pace along the boulevard. Duroc felt the Emperor press his arm for support and rest heavily upon it, and perceived him at the same time grow unusually pale. Duroc would have cried out for assistance, but the Emperor silenced him with, "It is nothing; be quiet!" The cabriolet contained M. Charles, whom Napoleon had not seen so close since he left Italy. What could be the sentiment which agitated him? Was it still love for Josephine? No; he loved her no longer: he was then attached to an enchanting woman, the only one he ever really loved. It could not be a movement of that self-love which makes the desertion of even an indifferent woman a source of suffering, since no one had seen him in presence of his enemy. Yes, *his enemy;* Napoleon considered this man as such, and hated him.

Not so Junot; he had been intimately associated with M. Charles in Italy, and they entertained for each other a mutual and sincere friendship. Junot did not always bestow his regard so well; he was far more easily deceived by appearances than I was on his behalf; frequently granting his friendship where it was betrayed, while he denied it to his true friends. How long did he distress me respecting Duroc! but at length he recovered his reason. Duroc was the best of friends. M. Charles purchased, in the year 1803 or 1804, a property called Casan. His affairs being subsequently much embarrassed it was sold, and he retired to Romans, his native town, where he lived retired and respectably.

CHAPTER IV.

Napoleon's detractors—Sister Rosalie and Antichrist—Superior men, appreciators of Bonaparte—Beurnonville and Kléber's *bon-mot* upon General Bonaparte—Kléber's letters—Bonaparte's eyes turned towards the East—Projects of a great man—Desire of preserving Egypt—Explanation of Bonaparte's return from Egypt—The army of Drusus—The successors of Kléber—General Menou—Junot, Lanusse, and the consequences of a duel—Bonaparte's enmity towards Tallien.

I HAVE already observed, at the commencement of these Memoirs, that I am neither an accuser nor apologist, but relate as I have seen them all the events, the facts, and the incidents of which, for thirty years of my life, I have been a witness: some of them, I am well aware, will clash with the opinions or rather the dictum of certain individuals; I am sorry for it, but the path I have marked out for myself neither changes its direction nor its impulse. I am only provoked by absurdities, even more ridiculous than offensive. But how is it possible to be moderate while I listen to the yelping, croaking, hissing, and groaning of pigmies, against the memory of a man so far exalted above their level that they must strain their necks almost to dislocation even to survey the height on which he stands? It is to reduce him to their own standard that they seek to lessen and degrade him. I can conceive many reasons for Napoleon's not being beloved. Let him then be called the Attila of his age, the devastator of the world, or even, according to my poor sister Rosalie, the Antichrist; for all these epithets many occurrences of his life may afford justification. But that beings perfectly unknown, whose names have not emerged from the night of oblivion, thrusting their

heads through the windows of their obscurity, should from thence exclaim, "Bonaparte! what then has he effected? the misfortune of France, that is all! What is there beyond this so extraordinary in him?"

Poor creatures! It is not your unmeaning words that can form the estimate by which such a man may be measured. You do not comprehend him; leave him to his glory, and content yourselves with your nonentity. Does his glory fatigue you? Do not trouble yourselves to seek it: it surrounds you, encompasses you on all sides; it is reflected in a thousand ways from those very masses of ruins which you are daily raking up to serve you as materials for the erection of a new edifice. Everywhere you encounter that glory, for Napoleon is associated with France.

Look at the *broderies* and the silks of Lyons; the cotton manufactories of Rouen; the cannon foundry at Douai; the lace from Brussels; the muskets of Saint Etienne; the cambrics of Valenciennes; the muslins of Saint Quentin; the silks and gloves, and at Paris that immense commerce that extends itself to every object of luxury.

One particular, not surprising to me, but to which I would call attention, is, that all the first-rate talents of the day have avoided either thinking or speaking ill of Napoleon. They are sensible of the ridicule of those minds which are not sufficiently capacious to embrace his character. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, the Abbé de la Mennais, all these men have passed judgment on the colossus; they have seen and blamed his faults, but have recognised his great qualities: these learned men have not spared their criticism, mingled with approbation. Kléber, though his enemy, yet profoundly knew and admired him, because his fine genius was capable of appreciating greatness.

When Bonaparte was general-in-chief in Italy, other generals, jealous of that young head so skilfully useful to his country, could not assemble but they must discuss, with reflections not over-charitable, the military opera-

tions of the young general, who, as some said, after having announced his intention of conquering Italy, like another Hannibal, was now gone, like him, to take his sleep at Capua. This was in allusion to his retiring on Piedmont after having threatened Lombardy. Kléber, who had talent enough to understand this manœuvre, and who, being yet a stranger to Napoleon, was not then at variance with him, which, it may be observed, he uniformly was with the general commanding him, rendered full justice to Bonaparte's abilities, both military and civil; and on these occasions always defended him against the mediocrity which attacked him, with that vigour and generosity inspired by a concurrence of talent and of courage.

Above four-and-twenty original letters of Kléber are in my possession. These letters are remarkable for their clearness and precision, and particularly for the admirable skill displayed by their writer at the very time when the English considered him ruined and without resource. Junot bore Kléber that animosity which he entertained towards all who disliked Napoleon; yet he appreciated him to the full extent of his merit, for, having served under his orders in the Syrian expedition, he had had opportunities of observing his masculine and superior mind.

We have seen the time when to censure Napoleon was the fashion, not only as regards his faults but even the glorious years of his life. His flight from Egypt was characterised as *an unworthy exploit;* but these persons attacked his reputation merely because it was great.

From the time that I attained the age of reason and the capacity of understanding Bonaparte, from the day that my youthful ears became familiar with his plans and projects, I have always seen and understood that his most ardent desire was that of controlling a revolution, and effecting a great movement in the East. When the Egyptian expedition was eventually resolved on he was its chief promoter. Is the Directory supposed to have originated the glorious conception of planting the tricoloured flag on

the summit of the Pyramids? No—it was Bonaparte. The Directory, anxious to be quit of him, as of Hoche when they sent him to Ireland, acceded to all Napoleon's demands, with the secret conviction that he could never return from those pestilential shores. Bonaparte was haunted by visions of the East. He would sometimes dilate on this subject for three hours without intermission, and often uttered the greatest follies with inconceivable seriousness. He frequently conversed on the subject of the East with our friend the Rear-Admiral Magon, questioning him upon India; he could not be better pleased than in satisfying his inquiries. Napoleon would listen with avidity, watching the rear-admiral's countenance, and seeming to snatch the words from his lips. Sometimes he would exclaim:

"It is there—it is in India we must attack the English power. It is there we must strike her! The Russians will not allow us a passage to Persia; well, then, we must get there by another road. I know that road, and I will take it!"

Originally, Turkey was the scene of his projects; but his ideas were afterwards very differently pointed, and embraced a practicable plan. When the Egyptian expedition was at last decided on, Napoleon said to Junot and to some others of his intimate officers—

"I am going to repair, if possible, the misfortune of our ravaged or lost colonies. Egypt will be a magnificent compensation; and the acquisition of that beautiful country for France shall be the object of this expedition."

Such were his predominant views during the passage, on his arrival, and while he resided there. How much did he suffer when he saw his fleet consumed, and all the means of internal safety endangered by that loss!

As I am now at the period of the return of the army from Egypt, I shall continue my narrative, and produce my proofs.

If many men, such as my husband, my brother-in-law, Duroc, Berthier, Lannes, Bessières, and some others, who, like them, knew the thoughts of Napoleon, had to

answer those who pretend to talk of his flight, their task would be easy. That man must himself have very unworthy and incompetent conceptions—must be susceptible of very pitiful passions and very contracted sentiments, who can impute to another the motives which have been attributed to him for leaving Egypt; for suppositions have at last been resorted to for deciding so important a point; and where a case evidently is incapable of proof it must be argued from probabilities.

Now, what is the language of probability? First, that General Bonaparte returned to Europe to fetch succours which the Directory had long refused him. Secondly, that General Bonaparte, informed of the cruel situation of France, listening to the ambition which four years of unintermitting triumphs had awakened, set out for Europe in order to seize the reigns of power for himself, while snatching them from hands which were weighing down his country under a sceptre of iron.

Here are two versions: the one ostensible, the other disguised. I think the judgment should determine on the last, for I am willing to be reasonable.

As soon as General Bonaparte learned through Sir Sydney Smith the real state of affairs in Europe; that the Russians were heaping with French corpses the beautiful fields of Italy, the theatres of so many victories, and which he had left verdant with the laurels planted by his soldiers; that anarchy was about to open the gates of France to foreigners; that our provinces, ravaged by robbers, were on the point of perishing by the yet more terrible disaster of a forced loan: when he looked around him and saw that the safety of his army equally depended on the reinforcements which he had in vain expected from Europe, his resolution was taken; he determined to encounter a thousand dangers to come and demand of the Directory an explanation of the miseries of the country, and of the absolute neglect to which the army of the East was condemned. Such were the thoughts of Napoleon; and if at the instant of setting his foot in the vessel which reconducted him to France, they were found in alliance

with that of being one day her ruler, his glory had already placed him on a pinnacle whence his glance might survey the heights of power without himself being taxed with presumption.

Incalculable were the dangers which beset his return to France. The English, the Turks, the Arabs, even the Russians; but above all, those Corsairs who infest the Mediterranean, presented altogether as many impediments as there were waves to impede the vessel. He dared them all; and what fate was reserved for him? Captivity on all sides; perhaps slavery and death not far distant. With what terrible destiny then did Egypt threaten him, that he should be a fugitive? He had just obtained a signal victory; and the conqueror of Aboukir, assuming a more formidable aspect with respect to the inhabitants of Egypt, had the means of enforcing contributions hitherto withheld, but which the first summons would now produce. It is also said that, on the 20th of March 1799, Bonaparte had received official news from Europe announcing the continental war. This is stated in a book generally of superior accuracy, but I am obliged to contradict it in the present instance;[1] General Bonaparte received no news at the time stated. The last which reached him was from Genoa, despatched ten months before by the French Consul in the Ligurian Republic. This determination was therefore fixed by the news he received from the English. The only circumstance for which he deserves censure is, having carried with him three men of more weight than millions of soldiers, Lannes, Murat, and Marmont, and Berthier may be added to the number. His own name was powerfully influential on the temperament of the soldiers. Yet Kléber, Desaix, Regnier, Rampon, Friant, Davoust, Lanusse, Damas, Dugua, Menou, and a multitude of other distinguished generals, were still left, and possessed a perfect knowledge of the country, so that they were competent to conduct with ability the army that remained.

Bonaparte's ardent passion for the retention of Egypt

[1] The Memoirs of M. Montgaillard.

is so well known to all who were with him, that it appears to me impossible for the most perverted mind to see his return to Europe in any other light than as a struggle for the preservation of that colony, which in his very dreams formed a nucleus for the incessant discharge of shafts against England. Was his project of forming a junction with an army of thirty thousand Druses near Mount Lebanon nothing? and that of conquering those parts of Egypt that were inhabited by tribes easily guided, uniting those tribes with his Druses, and attempting to penetrate into Persia, was this nothing?[1]

One day, speaking of Egypt, he made use of an expression which I then thought very extraordinary, and I jokingly reminded him of it three days before his coronation.

"It is vexatious," said he, "to have been prevented meeting my Druses; *I missed my fortune.*"

General Menou had been long in the service before the breaking out of the revolution; had served in India, and had acquired in his travels a love of the marvellous sufficiently amusing, but which prevented all reliance on his tales. It is a singular coincidence that this same general, the Marquis de Menou, who turned Turk in 1801, presided over the Constituent Assembly on the 19th of June 1790, when those throngs were introduced, calling themselves Arabians, Chaldeans, Syrians, Americans, Poles, Prussians, etc. etc., and he very gravely replied to the oration of the Arabs: "Gentlemen, it was Arabia which gave the first lesson of philosophy to Europe: France now discharges the debt by giving you lessons of liberty." When commanding the republican troops, he was defeated at Saumur by La Rochejaquelin and Lescure. On the 14th of October he commanded in Paris, but resigned.

[1] In the War Department were deposited some masks, made, it is said, in 1801. According to one version, they were designed to protect the soldier from excessive cold; according to another, they were intended to preserve the men, their eyes especially, from the very fine sand with which the deserts between Russia and Persia are covered, as the Emperor proposed prosecuting his enterprise in that direction, after making peace with Alexander on the Neva, as he had already done on the Niemen.

Of an adventurous disposition, though no longer young, he joined the Egyptian expedition by his own desire. By the assassination of Kléber after the battle of Heliopolis, he, as senior, succeeded to the command. His administration was able, but, like that of the generals of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry, distinguished by the charm of the supper, and the shame of the army. Abercrombie, with 18,000 Englishmen, landed at this same strand of Aboukir, and Menou lost the battle of Canopus, and with it the possession of Egypt. Shut up in Alexandria, and cut off from all communication with the rest of his army, he had not even the consolation of effecting the capitulation of Cairo, a charge which devolved upon Belliard: the definitive capitulation at length received his signature, and, returning to Europe, he was well received by Napoleon, who appointed him Administrator-General of Piedmont.

One day, soon after the arrival of General Vial, the envoy of General *Abdalla* Menou, the First Consul being in his closet with Berthier, Junot, and Bourrienne, who were busily unsealing the numerous fumigated packets brought by General Vial, the First Consul hinted his intention of changing the general-in-chief of the Eastern army; he spoke of Menou, lauded his pleasing manners in a drawing-room, his agreeable manner of telling a story; "But," added he, "all that is useless at the head of an army; and Kléber, with his cynical sayings and his rough exterior, was far better suited to the army of Egypt in its present situation." The generals then in Egypt came under consideration, and when Berthier named some of them he shook his head; at length he resumed the conversation after a long silence, and as if talking to himself:

"Regnier?—Damas?—Friant?—No, none of these.—Belliard?—He is a child, though a brave one.—Old Leclerc?—No.—Well! after all, Abdalla Joseph Menou serves our turn best yonder, Berthier; but we must give him an able chief of the staff, or rather second in command, and here we have a choice."

This suggested an idea to Junot. "General," said he, "you know what you are about, but I know whom I should choose." The First Consul turned on him an interrogative look.—"General Lanusse."

"Oh! oh! you do not bear malice?"

"Why should I, my general? I fought Lanusse for a foolish gaming quarrel, which, besides, was but a pretext. I thought he was not attached to you, that he partook the sentiments of General Damas."

"Oh! as to him he does not like me, indeed!—Well, I have a great mind to appoint him."

"General Damas, my general?"

"Yes. Lanusse has talent and courage, but Damas is not behind him in either, and as a general officer he is of quite a different calibre: besides Lanusse has confounded democratical notions, and is in correspondence, as well as his brother, with a man so immoral as to compromise even his acquaintances: think of the effect M. Tallien's friendly support must produce. I do not like M. Tallien. I hate that man; he is wicked himself, and a corrupter of others. The two Lanusses are both gamesters, and they have learned it of him. But Damas, he is an Aristides."

This was true. Damas was one of those virtuous and extraordinary men whom nature but rarely moulds.

He died only two or three years ago, in the Rue du Saint Père, Faubourg St. Germain, in the bosom of his numerous family; his obsequies denoted indigence, and borrowed all their solemnity from the presence of a group of generals, his former brethren-in-arms. General Edward Colbert, his aide-de-camp in Egypt, pronounced his funeral oration, in which he loudly professed his attachment to his former general.

CHAPTER V.

Lucien's embassy to Madrid—Bonaparte's orders relative to Egypt—Lucien's letter to General Menou—The most interesting of our colonies—A faithful friend of the Republic—Reduction of Egypt, and tardy mission—Sicily—Naples and M. Alquier—The sister of the Queen of the French—Mesdames de France at the Palace of Caserta—M. Goubaud, the Roman Painter—The Princesses and the tricoloured cravat—The painter of the Emperor's and King of Rome's cabinet—Remarkable picture.

ABOUT this time, Lucien having accomplished the principal object of his embassy in Spain, turned his attention to his brother's orders respecting Egypt, and sent my brother-in-law, M. Geouffre, on a mission to General Menou; he had at first selected for that service M. Clement, first adjutant of the consular guard, and embarked him at Barcelona; but the secret had not been well kept; the English were apprised of the hour of sailing, and M. Clement, with his written instructions, fell into their hands.

Lucien was satisfied of my brother-in-law's entire devotion to him, and felt, moreover, assured that with his address, experience, and knowledge of the world, he would not suffer his mission to miscarry, even though he should be taken by the English, who lay in wait at the entrance of every port to take every vessel that ventured from shore. The following is M. Geouffre's letter of credence:—

"*Spanish Embassy.* Liberty. Fraternity. Equality.

"Madrid, 4th Thermidor, IXth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"*The Ambassador of the French Republic in Spain, to the General Menou, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East.*

"The First Consul wishing, My dear General, to convey some important despatches to you, I committed them to Citizen Clement, a superior officer of the consular guard, whom I despatched from Barcelona the 14th Ventose last. I took advantage of his departure to address to you the letter of which a copy is hereto annexed. But the vessel which transported him having been seized by the English within sight of Alexandria, I could not by that medium acquaint you with the lively interest I feel in your success, and the zeal here manifested in seconding it. In order to repair the unfortunate result of Citizen Clement's voyage, I send to you Citizen Geouffre, one of the private secretaries of my embassy, who will inform you with what solicitude the Government attends to everything that can ameliorate the condition of our brave army.

"Within four months I have transmitted to you, *from the ports of Spain alone*, FIFTEEN vessels, laden with provisions and munitions of war. The ports of France and Italy have equally been engaged in multiplying your resources. A squadron consisting of five vessels, and commanded by Rear-Admiral Ganteaume, should by this time have furnished you with new means of defence. Considerable armaments are already in preparation to fly to your assistance. Your wants are the Consul's first thought, and not a moment is sacrificed when an opportunity offers of requiting your generous efforts for the preservation of the most interesting of our colonies.

"The pacific attitude of Europe must assure you, my dear general, that the success of these measures will ultimately answer our expectations, whatever obstacles

England may oppose to us. We have already bereft her of all her continental allies. The peace of Luneville, the articles of which I transmit, while it has spared Austria the disgrace of seeing our standards float on the walls of Vienna, has gained us powerful friends in Germany, and leaves none but our maritime foes to destroy. The Holy See and the kingdom of Naples have likewise united their interests with ours. Nearly all the ports of Italy are closed against British ships, and the Consul, desirous of securing the just supremacy of France in that country, has just conferred the crown of Etruria on the infant Don Louis, son-in-law of the King of Spain, THE MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND OF THE REPUBLIC.[1] A French army encamped under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, at this moment menaces the southern provinces of Lusitania; but the first successes of the Spanish arms against that power speedily led to pacific overtures. Everything justifies the presumption that Portugal is about to ally herself with France.

"Such is the aspect of the political affairs of Europe; such is the brilliant situation of our country, my dear general. France, Spain, and Batavia have created new fleets, and will in concert call England to account for all the evils which for twelve years she has inflicted on mankind. In defiance of her ingenuity in intercepting your correspondence with us, all Europe has resounded with your triumphs; the death of Abercrombie opened our eyes upon his defeat. We are conscious of your wisdom, and of the valour of the brave troops you command. We know that you are fortified by their confidence; and in spite of the most pressing necessities, in spite of the dangers which encompassed them, we despaired not of their constancy. They are Frenchmen, and the enemy they contend with is England. Against such an enemy the companions of Menou can only come forth victorious.

"Citizen Geouffre will afford you all the private details you can desire respecting the changes and proceedings of our interior administration, our political relations with the

[1] This last phrase is particularly marked in the original.

northern powers, and the results which may be expected from the coalition of these powers against England. The desire of distinguishing himself by some brilliant action is the principal motive which attracts the Citizen Geouffre to your quarter of the world; he will soon obtain your good opinion, and I can guarantee his zeal. He served in France as adjutant-general; you can employ him in the same capacity. Grant him the means, the possible opportunity of distinguishing himself. All posts occupied by Frenchmen are, I know, posts of honour; but a preference in those of danger is a pledge of favour which I ask on his behalf.

"I have, besides, commissioned him to give increased and better combined activity to the commercial relations between Egypt and France; he will submit to you the instructions I have given him on this subject, that they may obtain your approbation, without which he will undertake nothing. Should you have any satisfactory intelligence to convey to the First Consul I shall be gratified by your making him the bearer. You may rely on his zeal, his discretion, and his desire to please you.

"Accept, my dear general, the full expression of my sentiments, and of the very affectionate consideration with which I am penetrated for you.

"LUCIEN BONAPARTE."

This letter M. Geouffre concealed in the lining of his waistcoat, the other despatches were secured from discovery in the best way possible, and his most important communications for the general-in-chief were verbal. The French ambassador obtained an order from the King of Spain for the arming of an American vessel; my brother-in-law embarked in the disguise of a sailor, and as far as Malta the voyage was favourable. There he was informed of Menou's capitulation; but not being able absolutely to rely on his authority, determined, as the safest course, to seek some Italian port, and attaching two of his brother sailors to his fortunes they took

flight in a small boat, and landed on the Sicilian coast, which they found entirely deserted, the inhabitants being frightened away by the frequent invasions of Algerine corsairs. The sanitary laws of Sicily were that year excessively severe, under the apprehension not only of the plague, but also of the yellow fever, which was raging violently in Spain. As the operations of these laws would have subjected him to extreme inconvenience and delay, M. de Geouffre took every possible precaution to avoid observation, and found an asylum for the night in an old chapel, whose ruins gave melancholy evidence of the devastation committed by the pirates. The next morning a priest who was passing the ruined chapel on his road to Palermo undertook at my brother-in-law's request the delivery of two letters from him; one to the Spanish Consul, who also fulfilled the functions of the French Consulate; and the other to the Governor of Palermo, in both of which, with a very slight and excusable departure from truth, he represented himself as attached to the Spanish embassy. The next day the priest returned with favourable answers, and M. Geouffre, with his two sailors, whom he amply recompensed, and the priest who served him by the road both as interpreter and paymaster, arrived at Palermo, where he was most graciously received by the Spanish Consul, and procured through his means every facility for his progress to Naples. From that place he embarked in a small felucca, and landed at the foot of the mole, certain of finding at the house of the French ambassador, Alquier, whom Lucien Bonaparte had succeeded at Madrid, every accommodation he could desire. With Alquier no secrecy was necessary on the subject of his Egyptian mission, and they lamented together its ill success, and the important loss the nation had sustained. The French ambassador presented my brother-in-law at the Neapolitan court, then in all its brilliancy, and preparing for the double nuptials of the Prince of Asturias with a Neapolitan princess, sister of the present Queen of the French, and of the Infanta Donna Marianna with the Prince Royal of Naples. The Princess of Asturias I had

the honour of being particularly acquainted with, and was much distinguished by her; her memory is very dear to me.

After a short stay in the beautiful and harmonious Parthenope, which still mourned the divine Cimarosa, my brother-in-law returned to Spain, having derived no other advantage from an expedition that endangered both his liberty and life than that of having seen Naples and its enchanting bay.

How intimate is the association of ideas! Parthenope has recalled to my mind a story that occurred in that same Italy and very near Naples; it relates to Madame Adelaide and Madame Victoire, and happened at this period.

Mesdames de France inhabited the Castle of Caserta, a royal country-house belonging to the court of Naples.

Their court was still tolerably numerous, and to divert the tedium its younger members must otherwise have contracted from their recluse mode of life, the Princesses frequently had little balls, composed only of their own suite. A single violin formed the orchestra, under the direction of M. Chazote, governor of the young Count de Chastellux. It seems he was not very clever, and that Collinet would not have been likely to engage him as his second; for he inhumanly mangled the most common airs, such as the *monaco*, *les deux çoqs*, and other new dances. The dissonance was once so insupportable to the well-practised ear of Madame Adelaide, that, starting from her seat, she took the violin from M. Chazote's hands, and her royal highness played through the whole country-dance with a taste and precision which equally called forth the gratitude and amazement of the dancers, for nearly all of them were ignorant that she could handle the instrument. Madame Adelaide appeared as well amused with fingering her bow as the dancers in following it; for no sooner had she concluded the country-dance she had carried off from poor M. Chazote, whom she told to "go and dance," than she turned her instrument, and issued the word of command, "To your

places." But the Duchess de Narbonne, who perhaps thought the princess was forgetting her dignity, majestically crossed the room, and remonstrated with such firmness that the excellent princess surrendered her own amusement and that which she was conferring. A spectator has assured me that nothing could be more picturesque and graceful than Madame Adelaide, in her stiff Gothic dress, playing so unusual a feminine instrument; at a little distance Madame Victoire, who could never laugh, even in the salons of Versailles, was now cold, serious, and severely melancholy, appearing to look with a reproving eye on her sister; while the young Louise de Narbonne, the ornament of the court, as she would have been of Versailles, and the two Countesses de Chastellux, all three young, pretty, and dressed with the simplicity becoming their age, formed a striking contrast with the starched exiles of the old court.

M. Goubaud, the young Roman painter of the household of the princesses, made an exquisite sketch of this little scene.

Youth loves smartness, and is coquettish in males as well as females. This young M. Goubaud, who was in high favour both with Mesdames de France and Madame de Narbonne herself, who was never prodigal of her favour, was then a pretty boy of eighteen or twenty. One day he went out to attend one of those fairs or village *fêtes* whose aspect is always precious to a creative imagination, ready to seize all subjects presented by Nature. How much more precious in Italy, where all is grace, all perfection, in contour and feature, and when set off by the costume of the Neapolitan peasant! Everything here is a subject for a painter; and what a subject!—the sea and Vesuvius for the background.

Goubaud, while eyeing the pretty girls, paid no attention to the most courteous, and running after the most timid, suddenly spied an immense silk handkerchief with a broad border of lively and glaring colours. The *fête*, the peasant-girls, all disappear before the flattering idea, that that very night, or on the morrow at farthest, he

shall outshine the whole household of Mesdames in this large and many-coloured cravat. He purchased it, and returned to Caserta as enraptured with his bargain as if he had bought the Pope's tiara, which, be it said *en passant*, was not then at Rome.

The next day was Sunday, and it was the custom of the house for the princesses to pass to mass through the ranks of their assembled household, inclining their heads, speaking to the women, smiling at the men, and, in spite of their perfect goodness, the wearisome code of etiquette had followed them across the Alps and carried its mortal poison to Caserta. Goubaud, decked like a bridegroom, and proud as a peacock, had placed himself opposite to an open window, where he might appear in all the plenitude of his beauty. The usher of the chambers, opening the folding-doors, announced Madame Victoire and Madame Adelaide. Madame Victoire, whose habitually calm countenance seldom endured the fatigue of any pointed expression, on perceiving the young Roman appeared perfectly astonished. She paused a moment, seemed about to speak; then, apparently unwilling to compromise her dignity, she recovered her composure, and passed on without noticing the confident and smiling salute of the good youth. He now waited Madame Adelaide, who was far more beloved than her sister; but she not only passed like Madame Victoire without speaking to the young painter, but darted on him an indignant glance which distressed him. The Duchess de Narbonne, who followed, fixed on Goubaud a piercing look, which seemed to say, "What! have you such audacity?" The young artist mentally reviewed every act of his that could possibly have given offence, and finally comforted himself with the reflection that the displeasure of his patronesses was undeserved.

The return from mass was equally solemn, and the whole establishment modelling their conduct after that of the princesses, seemed to shun Goubaud as if he had just imported the yellow fever from Cadiz.

The young artist, who had a grateful and susceptible

heart, retired to his study and gave himself up to melancholy reflections; scarcely had he entered when a messenger from Madame de Narbonne brought him a very brief and precise order to quit Caserta that very day.

His patience now deserted him, and anger for a moment superseded grief; but his eyes falling on the magnificent view which unfolded before him all the magic images of beauty, surrounding a dwelling in which, welcomed as a friend, as a beloved child, he had passed the happiest days of his life, "I should be mad," thought he, "to retire without inquiring the cause of my disgrace;" and he immediately requested a parting audience of Madame de Narbonne, who granted it on the instant; but as he entered, panting for breath, "What!" cried she in a fury and without giving him time to speak,—"what! you have the boldness, the impudence, to present yourself before me in your odious cravat?"

Goubaud was confounded.

"My cravat, *Madame la Duchesse!*——"

"Yes, sir, your cravat. Is not exile a sufficient misfortune? Must Adelaide and Victoire of France, the daughters of Louis XV., be persecuted in that exile, insulted even with the sight of a tricoloured flag?"

"*Ah! mon Dieu!*" cried Goubaud, and the immense corners of his cravat striking his eyes, he snatched it from his neck and stood dismayed, as if really criminal; the cravat was as perfect a tricolour as the flag which now waves over the Château of the Tuileries. The poor youth held in his hands the accusing witness, and believed it had been placed there by some mischievous demon who had fascinated his eyes.

Born and bred in Italy, and in retirement, he had never seen the tricoloured flag, nor even thought of it but as associated with the misfortunes of those kind and beneficent princesses for whom he would have laid down his life.

He had little difficulty in explaining the innocence of his intentions to the good-natured duchess, who undertook to plead his pardon with his benefactress. She

soon returned from her compassionate mission to relieve the anxious expectant by an assurance of free pardon; presenting him at the same time, from the royal ladies, a packet containing a dozen superb white cravats, and ordering for the altar of the chapel a painting of the Assumption of the Virgin, which the grateful artist commenced without the loss of an hour, and in a few days his study was again visited by the princesses, "to cement the pardon," as Mademoiselle Adelaide expressed herself.

This same Goubaud was afterwards cabinet painter to the Emperor Napoleon, and in 1813 was appointed painter to the King of Rome and the children of France; and he has recently finished a splendid picture of the captive Napoleon. If you would see a work, the result of a pencil under the guidance of the heart, go and see this portrait. Go and behold the hero in solitude, fearless of observation, weeping over his distant country, over his son whom he will never more see, over all his friends estranged, over so many miseries accumulated on one head, that hatred herself, seeking revenge, would have proved impotent, unequal to such superlative success. Go view him on that rock beaten by the winds, his arms crossed over that breast which encloses a heart still beating for France. Above him the atmosphere is desert; *the eagle is chased from it.* On the ground vipers are dividing the bleeding limbs of the eaglets. This picture was in the last exhibition.

CHAPTER VI.

Malmaison—Its park—Bonaparte's project—Mademoiselle Julien—The mountain and the river—Interior of the chateau—Simplicity—Apartment of Mademoiselle Hortense—Manner of life at Malmaison—Female breakfasts—The Consul's tent, love of air, and the fire in summer—Facility of Madame Bonaparte in granting her protection—Madame Savary and Madame Lannes—Madame d'Houdetot and M. de Céré—Unexpected favour, mission, delay, and disgrace—The memorial and the bill.

As Malmaison is now like a lady stripped of all her ornaments, and even of her vestments, I shall endeavour to recall her to the memory of those who, like me, were of her acquaintance while she was still herself.

The park was enchanting, notwithstanding its close proximity to the barren mountain on the left. The river, though running far below, imparted strength and luxuriance to its vegetation; and nothing could be greener, more fresh, or umbrageous, than the field from which it was separated only by a ha-ha, and that part of the park itself which is bounded by the road. The extent of the park did not exceed a hundred acres; and Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt, endeavoured to persuade Mademoiselle Julien, a rich old maid of the village of Ruelle, as an act of good neighbourship, to sell him, at her own price, an adjoining garden, or small park, by which addition Malmaison would have been placed on so respectable a footing that he need no longer have blushed to compare it with the magnificent estate of his brother Joseph. The First Consul had a small private garden, separated only by a bridge from his private cabinet. It was here that he took the air, when labour rendered moderate exercise necessary to him; for at that time, and for two years succeeding,

he allowed himself no repose but what nature imperatively required. The bridge was covered in and arranged like a little tent; here his table was carried, and he would employ himself with State papers, saying that he felt his ideas become more elevated and expansive in the air than when seated beside a stove and shut out from communication with the sky.

Yet he could not endure the smallest degree of cold; had fires lighted in July, and wondered that others did not suffer like himself from the first breath of a north wind.

Our life at Malmaison, at the time of my marriage, resembled that usually led when much company is assembled together at a château in the country. Our apartments consisted of a chamber, a boudoir, and a room for the chambermaid, all very simply furnished. That occupied by Mademoiselle Hortense differed from the others only by a folding-door; and this apartment was not assigned her till after her marriage. All opened on a long and very narrow paved corridor, looking to the court.

We chose our own hour of rising; and till breakfast our time was at our own disposal. At eleven the ladies all met for breakfast in a small low salon of the right wing, opening to the court; but, as in Paris, gentlemen were never admitted to the party, unless occasionally, Joseph, Louis, or one of the family. Breakfast was followed by conversation or the reading of the journals; and some one always arrived from Paris to have *an audience;* for already Madame Bonaparte gave audiences, contrary to the express orders of the First Consul; and patronised petitions, though his anger at her interference had already caused her abundance of tears; but when a beautiful pearl necklace, or bracelet of rubies was offered, through the hands of Bourrienne, or of any other friend, the elegance of a present so wholly unconnected with the matters in hand suppressed all curious speculations into the nature of the mine which produced it.

The First Consul was never visible till dinner-time. At five or six in the morning he descended to his cabinet,

and was there occupied with Bourrienne, or with the ministers, generals, and counsellors of State, till the dinner-hour of six, when the party was generally joined by some invited guests. All the suite of the First Consul were at this time enlarging his household by marriage; Colonel Savary had just married a relation of Madame Bonaparte (an unhoped-for happiness to a man whose life knew no other impulse than the desire of advancement); his wife was pretty, but had bad teeth.

Madame Lannes was really handsome, and in high favour at Malmaison, of which she was every way worthy; gentle, unconscious of envy, and never sacrificing to a jest the peace or reputation of another. In person, she might have formed a model for the most beautiful Madonnas of Raphael or Correggio; such was the symmetry of her features, the calmness of her countenance, the serenity of her smile. I first saw her at a ball, where she scarcely danced, although her figure was light and elegant. In the dignified station to which fate exalted her after the death of her husband, the Duchess de Montebello's conduct was perfectly irreproachable; and she was ever ready to oblige or serve others as far as was consistent with the severity of the Emperor, who would inevitably have discouraged and opposed any affair recommended by a woman, and with the apathy of the Empress, who, on quitting her early home, had not, as assuredly the Archduke Charles would have advised her, created for herself a new one. But to return to Josephine and her morning audiences. This was the only time that the surveillance of the First Consul left her at liberty, and he then committed the duty to Bourrienne, who tells us "he would have deemed it disgraceful to act as a spy on the wife of his friend," and therefore contented himself with concealing from the First Consul such acquisitions of jewellery, etc., as made no claim on the public finances. I must, however, do Madame Bonaparte the justice to say that she saw nothing of all these intrigues, but confined herself to writing a few lines to Berthier, who had much more consideration for her than any of the other ministers; so

little interest indeed had she with them, that importunity alone could not give any weight to her requests; the influence of Mademoiselle Hortense, had she exerted it, would have been far more effective.

But if Madame Bonaparte's credit with the authorities was at a low ebb, her reputation for it was also impugned by her own proceedings; for example, amongst her most attached friends was Madame Houdetot, and her interposition was for once successful in recommending that lady's brother, M. de Céré, to the First Consul's favour, in which sense, good manners, and a pleasing address rapidly advanced him. He was becoming a familiar on the establishment, when he was sent on a mission, and a certain day fixed for his return, after which he was to receive the appointment of aid-de-camp. But alas! youth is heedless, and M. de Céré exceeded his appointment by a whole fortnight. Napoleon, doubly incensed by the neglect of his orders, and by his own error of judgment, a circumstance not very common, would listen to no solicitations for pardon, and peremptorily prohibited the young man's reappearance before him; while Madame Bonaparte observed that "a volcanic head, leading into follies for want of reflection, should not be associated with the indolence of a creole."

After many months had elapsed, determined on a new effort to recover his lost ground, he solicited, through the medium of his sister, and of Savary, who was also his friend, an audience of Madame Bonaparte, and to his great joy was desired to repair on the morrow to Malmaison, furnished with a very clear and explicit memorial, which Josephine promised to forward. Arriving at the château, he found Madame, as usual, gracious and enchanting; she told him that the First Consul, already predisposed by her, would easily overlook an irregularity which M. de Céré promised to obliterate by future good conduct, and concluded by receiving his memorial, and recommending him to come himself in a few days for the answer.

The poor young man, intoxicated with the success of

his overtures, failed not to demand by anticipation the congratulations of his friends; but not yet taught reflection, he discovered, before retiring to rest, that the memorial was still in his pocket, and he had left as its substitute in the hands of his patroness a long bill from his tailor. In despair at an incident which threatened annihilation to all his new-raised hopes, he passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning was again on the road to Malmaison, determined, as his last chance, to explain the whole affair to Madame Bonaparte. His consternation may be imagined when, advancing with outstretched hand to meet him, she anticipated his explanation with:

"How happy I am! I have delivered your memorial to the First Consul, and we read it together; it was admirably drawn up," added she, with an approving smile, "and made a great impression upon him. He told me Berthier should report it, and within a fortnight all will be settled. I assure you, my dear, this success, for I consider the affair as concluded, made me the whole of yesterday the happiest woman in the world."

If the actual memorial had not been at that moment in his pocket he would have persuaded himself it was really in the hands of the First Consul, and that his unhappy carelessness was all a dream.

From this instance it may be inferred that Madame Bonaparte, though perfectly good-natured, and with the utmost disposition to oblige, could not be entirely depended upon in the management of any affair. She was desirous to confer a favour, but this desire yielded to the smallest apprehension of the First Consul's displeasure.

Bonaparte was very partial to Malmaison, and insisted on all the visitors being entirely at their ease; it was always he who opposed the restraints of etiquette, which already Madame Bonaparte liked, and would fain have introduced, although as burdensome to herself as others.

CHAPTER VII.

The Wednesdays at Malmaison—The stage company at Malmaison—Bonaparte treated like a boy—Dinners in the park—Party at barriers, and the First Consul without his coat—Fright of Madame Bonaparte—Rapp, Eugène, and the veteran soldier recognised by the First Consul—Voluntary engagement—Curious and touching scene—Panic terror at Malmaison—The inhabitants in dishabille.

EVERY Wednesday there was a grand dinner at Malmaison, the Second Consul was always of the party, with the ministers, the counsellors of State, some particularly esteemed generals, and a few ladies of unspotted reputation; for Napoleon was then rigorous in the choice of Madame Bonaparte's society. We acted plays in the evening, and the part of the abigails fell to my lot. Madame Savary was also of our company; Junot was our best actor, and Bourrienne, Eugène Beauharnais, and Lauriston, had talent. It was no trifle to play before not only an audience of three hundred persons, but the First Consul in particular; for my part I should have preferred doubling the number, could he have been by that means excluded. It was singular enough that I, certainly the most free with him of the whole establishment, and the most ready to answer his pleasantries; I, in short, who already gave indications of the woman who, according to his own confession of St. Helena, treated him as a boy (*en petit garçon*), the day that he addressed to my ears words to which it did not become me to listen; I could not endure his criticisms, just or unjust, on my performance, however convinced that he was mistaken, and that I best understood my own business with the assistance of Dugazon, my prompter.

The dinner-hour, as I have before said, was six; and when the weather was fine the First Consul ordered the table to be laid in the park on the left of the lawn; the dinner was soon despatched, and he found it wearisomely protracted if we sat more than half an hour.

When he was in good humour, the weather fine, and he had a few minutes' leisure from the labour which at that time was killing him, he would play at barriers with us. He cheated us at *reversis*,[1] would throw us down, or come upon us without crying *barre!* but these tricks were only calculated to raise a laugh. His coat was on such occasions laid aside, and he ran like a hare, or rather like the gazelle, which he would feed with a boxful of tobacco, and tell her to run after us, and the tormenting animal tore our clothes, and sometimes our legs.

One fine day after dinner he exclaimed, "Let us play at barriers!" Off went his coat, and the next moment the conqueror of the world was racing like a schoolboy. The park at Malmaison was not then as complete as it now is, although the most shameful vandalism has spared no efforts to extinguish the remembrances attached even to a few herbs. Fools! to imagine their power could destroy such a dwelling of its all-powerful magic. It was separated only by a ha-ha from an open field, afterwards purchased for a plantation, and the curious could observe from this field all that passed in the park. Madame Bonaparte had been leaning with Madame Lavalette on the iron railing which overlooked the ha-ha, when advancing a few steps they were alarmed by the sight of two men, of rough manners, shabby dress, and very suspicious appearance, who were eyeing the First Consul, and whispering to one another. I had ceased playing, and at this moment approached Madame Bonaparte, who took my arm, and sent Madame Lavalette to seek her husband or Eugène, but charged her to be careful that the First Consul did not discover her errand, for he detested all precautions. She met Rapp, who required no stimulating

[1] A game of cards still in vogue with the dowagers of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

where but the shadow of danger threatened his general; in a few seconds he was beside the men, and, accosting them somewhat roughly, demanded their reason for standing there frightening ladies, and threatened them with arrest: they stoutly defended their right to look at their general, who, they were certain, would not drive them away; and appealed to Eugène, who coming up at that moment to see what was the matter, recognised one of the intruders for an old chasseur of his regiment. The veteran explained in his humorous and military phrase that the loss of his arm having disabled him for further service, his brother wished to be accepted as his substitute; and to arrange this affair they were come in search of their commander, when the sight of the First Consul at full play had arrested their steps; and, having finished this explanation, they turned away.

Bonaparte, with his eyes which saw without looking, and his ears which heard without listening, had from the first word been in possession of a key to the whole scene: he remembered the old quartermaster of his chasseurs, who, at Montebello, or Marengo, had lost an arm while defending the life of a wounded officer. The First Consul had himself caused him to be carried off the field, and as the veteran had since been presented to him on a parade he recalled his features. "Oh! oh!" said he, "there are the *Invalides* in retreat. Good day, my boy! Well! you are come to see me then? Come! face about; march once more at the command of your general; conduct him, Eugène."

And passing his arm around Josephine's waist he led her to the entrance of the château, where we met the two brothers, Eugène, and Rapp. The old chasseur presented his brother to the First Consul, reminding him at the same time that no legal obligations demanded his services.—"It is a voluntary engagement, my general," said he, "and you are his recruiting-captain."

"Since I am the recruiting-captain," said the First Consul, "the recruit must drink my health and that of the Republic; Eugène, take charge of your soldier, my boy; you will pledge him in my name."

The old chasseur watched the departing steps of his general, and, when they disappeared from his sight, burst into tears.

"Come, come, my old comrade, a little more self-command," said Eugène; "why, the deuce, you are like a woman!"

"Ah! talking of women, a pretty mess I have made!" said the maimed veteran; "why I have spoken to the *Générale Consule*, as if I were speaking to Nanny and Peggy. And yet she seems all goodness, yonder brave *Citoyenne*."

Whenever the First Consul played at barriers we all walked, and both cards and chess were superseded. This evening, therefore, he retired to his cabinet, and we saw no more of him. Madame Bonaparte had been so frightened by the sight of the men that nothing could rally her spirits. Eugène, Bessières, and Junot were all returned to Paris, and no one remaining to hearten her we spent the evening in enumerating and recounting all the attempts made within the last year against the life of the First Consul.

His wife loved him; the influence of gratitude on a good heart had bound her to him; she cried, and embracing me, said, "The figure of this man has made such a terrible impression on me that I am certain I shall not sleep to-night. And Bonaparte, if he hears me complain, he is angry. He never has anything to fear, according to his own account."

We all retired to our chambers with that susceptibility of nerve that pervades a party of children who have been listening to ghost stories; and midnight had not struck before the whole château, buried in sleep, might have resembled that of Beauty in the Sleeping wood, if the moonbeams had not been occasionally seen to glimmer on the arms of those faithful guards, those *chasseurs à cheval*, who silently paraded the park, watching over the safety of him who was the safety of all. Suddenly, a report of firearms was heard from the ditch of the château, and instantly, before we could recover our respiration,

suspended by fear, every one was on foot. The First Consul was already in the corridor, in his dressing-gown, holding a taper, and crying with his powerful and sonorous voice, "Do not be frightened; there is nothing the matter."

He was as calm as if his sleep had not been disturbed: this I can answer for, because, by a singularity inexplicable to myself, my whole attention was occupied in examining his countenance; he was tranquil without indifference, but he was evidently a thousand cubits above the apprehension of any common danger. His destiny was not fulfilled, and he knew it.

The alarm arose from the carbine of one of the chasseurs having gone off in consequence of his horse stumbling on a mole-hill.

When the First Consul heard the report of his aide-de-camp he laughed, and called through a little door at the foot of the grand staircase:

"Josephine, dry your eyes; a mole has done all the mischief; no great wonder, for it is an ugly animal. As for the chasseur, two days' arrest, to teach him and his horse not to pass again over my lawn. As I suppose he has had a fine fright himself, his punishment shall not last longer. Good-night, ladies; go to bed again, and sleep well." In passing by my door he added, "Felice notte, Signora Loulou, dolci riposo." — "Felicissimo riposo, Signor Generale."

CHAPTER VIII.

Influence of the weather on the First Consul—The lord of the château—Imperious requisitions of the First Consul—The ravine and the calash—Useless tears of Madame Bonaparte—Concession of the First Consul in my favour—Bonaparte's ill-humour and irascibility—Madame Bonaparte's journey to Plombières—Madame Louis Bonaparte replacing her mother at Malmaison—Madame Bessières—*Reversis* and the *hearts*—*The fish*—The little Bièvre—The court and the cage—The First Consul reading his despatches in my chamber—Five o'clock in the morning—Admirable maxims on the duties of a chief magistrate—Seeing everything with one's own eyes, and the petition of a widow—Pretty writing and declaration—Amorous assignations turned over to the Minister of Police—Six in the morning—Visit of the next day—A gazette—Mademoiselle Abel and the Prince of Wirtemberg—The Archduke Charles—A compliment from Bonaparte—Breakfast at Butard—Night of distress—Carrying off the key and the door double locked—Fresh visit of the First Consul—The master-key—Embarrassing situation and cruel perplexity—Arrival of Junot at Malmaison—Monge, and the First Consul's gaiety—A game of chess with Bonaparte—Junot's mistaken suspicion—Indescribable situation—Junot asleep, and the First Consul at my door—Incredible scene—Bonaparte and myself in a calash—The lie given in form, and without any consequences—Explanation—My mother's letter shown to the First Consul—End of a painful scene, and my departure for Paris—Return of Madame Bonaparte, and visit to Malmaison—The anniversary and singular memory of the First Consul.

AIR and exercise were necessary to Napoleon's existence, and the privation of them, from rain or any other cause, chafed his temper, and made him not only disagreeable but really ill, so that his humour at dinner was a pretty good index to the state of the weather. Alas! I can but too easily perceive that he sank under the double misery of a scorching sun and a compulsory seclusion. The quintessence of barbarity was exhausted in the conduct of that monster in human shape delegated by England to St. Helena.

The First Consul was soon tired of retracing his own

steps through the park at Malmaison, which was not sufficiently extensive to admit of his riding as he might have done at Morfontaine; and he often regretted not having an equally fine estate. Mademoiselle Julien decidedly refusing to sell, he sought elsewhere the means of enlarging his park; and entertained at one time the singular notion of purchasing the Island Channorrier, which is very considerable, well planted, containing fine lawns, and situated in the middle of the Seine. When Josephine pointed out the impracticability of his scheme, he replied:

"At Morfontaine the lakes are on the other side of the road; a subterranean passage may easily be made, and by buying all the tract between the road and the river, and planting it as an English garden, it seems to me that it might be done."

M. de Channorrier, however, refused to sell his island, and Napoleon purchased the woods of Butard, which made a delightful addition to his park; and so enchanted was he with his new acquisition that on the second or third day afterwards he insisted on taking us all there, that Madame Bonaparte might inspect the pavilion, which he was disposed to make a rendezvous for the chase. Josephine was suffering under one of those dreadful headaches which so often tortured her, poor woman! and for which there was no other remedy than sleep.

"Come, come! go with us," said the First Consul, "the air will do you good. It is the sovereign remedy for all pains."

Madame Bonaparte dared no longer refuse; she sent for a hat and shawl; and she, Madame Lavalette, and I mounted an open carriage. Napoleon preceded us, with Bourrienne; the aide-de-camp on duty had not been summoned for this excursion, with which the First Consul was as much delighted as a boy enjoying a holiday. He was on horseback, and sometimes galloped before us, then came back and took his wife's hand; as a child running before its mother returns to embrace her and then renews its race.

No words can describe the terrors of Madame Bonaparte in a carriage, and it is as difficult to express my own impatience, when I see a want of compassion for such weaknesses; they are troublesome, it is true, but are fruits of education, and no fault on the part of their victims, on whom they inflict a sort of martyrdom. Napoleon was not of my mind; he had no pity for his wife, and made no allowances for her.

As this was the first time of our going to Butard, the postillion did not know his way, and the road we followed brought us to a rivulet with banks so steep as to render the passage difficult for a carriage. The moment Madame Bonaparte descried this precipice, as she called it, she forbade him to proceed a step further. The pricker, knowing her fears, answered, when interrogated, that the passage might really be dangerous.

"See there!" cried she; "I will not go to Butard this way. Go and tell the First Consul that I am returning to the château, unless he knows some other road;" and ordering the postillion to turn his horses we retraced our way, but had not driven many yards before the First Consul rejoined us.

"What is the matter?" said he, with that expression of countenance peculiar to himself when anything displeased him; "what is this new caprice about? Return from whence you came," added he, slightly touching the shoulders of the postillion with his hunting-whip; and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off again. We found him beside the fatal rivulet, examining its pretty high banks, but as he had just crossed it on horseback, every one else must pass it too.

This little scene was the model of many I have since witnessed.

"Come," said Napoleon to the little lad who drove the carriage, "a good plunge, then draw in the reins, and you are over."

Madame Bonaparte uttered a piercing shriek, to which the forest re-echoed. "You shall never keep me in the carriage. Let me out!—Bonaparte!—I entreat you in

mercy!—Let me out!" Weeping, and clasping her hands, she was truly an object of pity. Napoleon looked at her, but far from relenting; he shrugged his shoulders, and roughly commanded her to be silent. "It is absolute childishness; you shall pass, and in the carriage. Come, did you hear me?" said he, swearing to the postillion.

I saw it was time to interfere for myself, not without hope that the diversion might convince him of his error. I was pregnant, and unwilling to trust the life of my infant to the chances of this passage.

"General!" said I to the Consul, beckoning the pricker to come and open the door for me; "I am responsible for another life; I cannot stay here. The shock will be violent, and may not only injure but kill me," said I, smiling; "and you do not wish that, do you, general?"

"I," cried he, "do you the smallest harm! You! Alight; you are in the right, a jolt might do you much harm." And approaching the carriage, he himself assisted me to descend, for he had dismounted from his horse at the commencement of the scene. Encouraged by the kind and more than benevolent expression of his countenance, I ventured, perhaps ridiculously enough, to say, as he supported me to alight:

"And a jolt may be very injurious to Madame Bonaporte, general, for if she were as I am——"

The First Consul looked at me with an air so amusingly stupefied, that, instead of jumping down, I stood on the footstep, laughing like a young fool as I was; and all at once he responded to my laugh in a tone so shrill and clear that it made us start. At length I jumped down, and Napoleon, who had instantly resumed his former gravity, reproved me for the imprudence of such an exertion. Then, as if fearful he had not been bitter enough in testifying his discontent towards his wife:

"Put up the footstep and let the carriage proceed," said he, with a tone which admitted of no reply. Madame Bonaparte was so pale, and suffered so acutely, that I could not avoid saying to Napoleon:

"General, you appear cruel, and yet you are not so. Madame Bonaparte is ill, she is in a fever: I conjure you, suffer her to alight!" He looked on me with an expression which made my blood curdle.

"Madame Junot, I never loved remonstrances even when a child; ask La Signora Lætitia and Madame Permon, and consider whether I am likely to be tamed since." Then perceiving that his words, and still more his look and tone, almost frightened me, he added, "Well, come, let me help you over *this formidable stream, this frightful precipice.*"

When we had crossed, Napoleon saw that the carriage did not stir, for Josephine, crying as if her execution was preparing, entreated the postillion to stay another minute, as a condemned criminal would beg a reprieve.

"Very well, sir," said the First Consul; "do you choose to obey my orders?"

And this time it was not lightly that he applied a stroke of his whip to the postillion's back, who instantly whipping both his horses made them take the plunge, and the carriage crossed the rivulet, but with such difficulty that one of the springs was broken and a pin loosened. Madame Bonaparte was still worse used; her whole frame was disordered with pain, fear, and rage, and conscious that such passions give an interesting expression only to young faces she wrapped herself in a large muslin veil, and we were sensible only of her sobs till our arrival at Butard; when her husband, incensed at finding her still in tears, pulled her almost brutally out of the carriage, and dragging her to a short distance in the wood we could hear him scolding the more angrily as he had set out prepared for a joyous excursion. It would appear that Josephine had other reproaches to make him than concerned the passage of the rivulet, for I heard Napoleon answer her:

"You are a simpleton, and if you repeat such a word I shall say a wicked simpleton, because you do not think what you are saying. And you know that I have a mortal antipathy to all these jealousies that have not

common-sense in them. You will end by putting it into my head. Come! embrace me and hold your tongue; you are ugly when you cry: I have told you so before."

Our return was melancholy, in spite of the reconciliation. Madame Bonaparte let fall a few honeyed words upon my special favour in being permitted to quit the carriage.

This leads me naturally to a circumstance which occurred the following year, and the remembrance of which has served me as an explanatory index to many mysteries which must otherwise have been as incomprehensible as the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Madame Bonaparte was gone to Plombières without her daughter, who remained behind to do the honours, and sanction our stay at Malmaison. The plays were acted every Wednesday; we had hunting-parties, and the evenings were spent in laughing and chatting. Madame Louis Bonaparte, who was just married, was the most engaging of brides as she had been of girls, and Madame Bessières formed a very agreeable addition to our select society; she was gentle and witty, sensible and good. Never did I see the First Consul so agreeable as during that fortnight; he was amiable, constantly good-humoured and joyous, amused himself with making me recite Italian verses, and then we played at *reversis*, at which we laughed incessantly.

The First Consul was sure to have all the hearts in his tricks, and when any one tried to force Quinola, not a single heart could be found in the other three hands, so that he carried off all the stakes, crying:

"I have all the fish!—all the fish! Who will buy all the fish in the house?"

At other times he played chess, and as he was not expert at the game, he had recourse to stratagem as at *reversis*. The game could never be finished because there were always found two bishops commanding either the white or the black squares. He was the first to laugh at these contrivances, but was annoyed if they were too seriously noticed; and as he never played for money they

were a subject for joke rather than for resentment. Thus we led a merry life, and the summer slipped pleasantly away; yet some of us wished to return home. I was particularly desirous to be mistress of my own house though only seventeen, and to see my husband's recent gift to me, the produce of his wedding portion from the First Consul; this was the estate of the little Bièvre. I wished also to visit my mother and friends, whom I had not seen for some months; but we were obliged to abandon our projects; we had not even the possibility of going to Ruelle, for our carriages and horses were at Paris; we saw our husbands, to be sure, every day, and might have returned with them, for it must not be supposed that we were prisoners; yet the Consular court was already a cage, the bars of which were indeed veiled with flowers,—nevertheless, it was a cage. Eventually, the flowers became more scarce, but the bars were gilt.

One morning I was in a profound sleep, when suddenly I was awoke by a slight noise near me, and perceived the First Consul beside my bed. Thinking myself in a dream, I rubbed my eyes, which produced a laugh from him.

"It is really I," said he; "why so astonished?"

One minute had sufficed to wake me entirely, and by way of answer I extended my hand smiling towards the open window, which the extreme heat had obliged me to leave open. The sky was still of that deep-blue which succeeds the first hour of dawn. The sombre green of the trees showed that the sun was scarcely risen. I looked at my watch, and found it was not yet five o'clock.

"Really!" said he, when I showed it to him; "no later than that? so much the better, we are going to chat," and taking an arm-chair, he placed it at the foot of my bed, seated himself, crossed his legs, and established himself there as he used to do, five years earlier, in my mother's easy-chair at the Hôtel de la Tranquillité. He held in his hand a thick packet of letters, on which was written in large characters, "For the First Consul, for himself; for him alone, personally:" in short, every form of secrecy and

security was adopted, and successfully, for the First Consul reserved for himself alone the letters subscribed with those words; and when I told him that such an employment must be troublesome to him, and he should refer it to some confidential person, he answered me, "By and by, perhaps; at present it is impossible. I must answer all. At the commencement of the return of order I must not be ignorant of any want, any complaint." These are his own words.

"But," said I, pointing to a large letter, which by its bad writing, and the awkward position of the seal, showed that its author was not much accustomed to epistolary labours, "this letter probably contains only a request which might have been made through the intervention of a secretary." Napoleon opened the letter, and read from one end to the other, three long pages, filled with very indifferent writing. When he had finished he said to me, "Well, this letter itself proves that I do right in seeing with my own eyes. Here, read it."

It was from a woman whose son had been killed in Egypt. She was the widow of a soldier who died in the service, and having no means of subsistence she had written, she said, more than ten letters to the minister of war, the First Consul and his secretary, and had received no answer.

"You see it is necessary I should myself see all that is especially recommended to my attention." And he rose to fetch a pen from a table, made a sort of mark, probably agreed upon between Bourrienne and himself, and again sat down as if in his cabinet. "Ah! here is a trap," said he, taking off one, two, three, four envelopes, each highly scented with essence of roses, and inscribed in a pretty handwriting, with the talismanic words, *for the First Consul only.* He came at length to the last envelope, and a laugh soon burst from him, of which I, who knew the rareness of such a hilarity, expected no common explanation.

"It is a declaration," said he, "not of war, but of love. It is a beautiful lady, who has loved me, she says, from

the day she beheld me present the treaty of Campo Formio to the Directory. And if I wish to see her, I have only to give orders to the sentinel at the iron gate, on the side of Bougival, to let a woman pass dressed in white, and giving the word *Napoleon!* and that [looking at the date], faith! this very evening."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried I; you will not be so imprudent?" He looked attentively at me; then said, "What is it to you if I do? What harm can it do me?"

"What is it to me! What harm can it do you! Really, general, those are strange questions. May not this woman be bribed by your enemies? The snare, you will say, is too palpable. For all that it may be perilous; and you ask me what does your imprudence signify to me!"

Napoleon looked at me again, and then began to laugh: "I said it in joke; do you think me so simple, so stupid, as to nibble at such a bait? I am receiving such letters every day, with meetings appointed sometimes at the Tuileries, sometimes at the Luxembourg, but the only answer I make to such worthy missives is that which they deserve;" and stepping again towards the table, he wrote a few words, referring it to the minister of police.

"The deuce, there is six o'clock!" he exclaimed, hearing a timepiece strike, and approaching the bed he collected his papers, pinched my foot through the bed-clothes, and smiling with the graciousness which sometimes brightened his countenance he went away singing, with that squalling voice, so strongly contrasted with the fine sonorous accent of his speech—

> "Non, non, *s'il* est impossible
> D'avoir un plus aimable enfant.
> Un plus aimable? Ah! si vraiment," etc.[1]

It was his favourite air. Madame Dugazon, in the character of Camilla, must have made a great impression on him, for this was the only song he repeated; but, from the first day of singing it, he said *s'il est impossible* (the *s*

[1] "Oh! no, there surely never breathed
A sweeter child; I could not wish
To meet with one more charming. Ah! if only," etc.

being superfluous). Junot who heard him say it at Toulon, could never cure him of the habit; he never sang this song. however, unless in excellent humour. I thought no more of this visit; and neither I nor my waiting-maid took any notice of the quantity of envelopes he had left on the ground.

About nine in the evening the First Consul drew near me, and whispered, "I am going to the Bougival Gate." "I do not believe a word of it," said I in the same tone. "You know too well the irreparable loss to France should any evil befall you. If you say another such word I will tell Madame Hortense, or Junot."

"You are a little simpleton," said he, pinching my ear; then threatening me with his finger: "If you think of telling one word of what I have said to you, I shall not only be displeased but pained." "The last consideration would suffice, general." He gazed at me: "The mother's head, the mother's head, absolutely!"—I made no answer; and, perceiving that I kept silence, after waiting some minutes, he passed to the billiard-room.

The following morning I was again awakened in surprise by the same knock at my maid's chamber-door, and the First Consul entered, as before, with a packet of letters and papers in his hand. He again begged my pardon for waking me three hours too early, but added:

"Why do you sleep with your window open? It is fatal for women who, like you, have teeth of pearl. You must not risk the loss of your teeth; they resemble your mother's, and are real little pearls." And he began to read the journals, making marks under several lines with his nails. He sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and muttered a few words, which I did not hear. He was reading, I think, a foreign gazette, written in French; from a question he put to me, I think his subject was the Prince of Wirtemberg, eldest son of the duke, and now King of Wirtemberg. This young prince had been found in Paris, almost in disguise, with a young lady of good birth, whom he had not run away with, but seduced. The ear of the duke, it appears, was not easily gained, and

Mademoiselle Abel could not obtain the only reparation which can be offered to a credulous girl. Junot had been concerned in finding the young people. Having no interest in the story, I had but a confused knowledge of it, but what I heard was not to the credit of the young prince. His countrymen, it appears, did not judge more favourably, for the article was vehement.

"Have you seen this young lady?" asked the First Consul. I replied in the negative. "Ah! I remember, when I wished Junot to take her home, that you might take charge of her, he leaped several feet high. And the young Duke?" said he.—I had not seen him either, or did not remember to have met him, and was quite unacquainted with his person. "He is one of those young fools who think themselves privileged in all things *because they are princes*," said the First Consul; "he has behaved ill in this affair, and the father of the girl, being known as a diplomatist, should have insisted more strongly on the reparation." Then striking the journal with the back of his hand: "Here is a man who will never incur a syllable of reproach! the Archduke Charles. That man has a soul of the heroic ages, a heart of the golden times. He is a virtuous man; and that word includes everything, when spoken of a prince."

Napoleon had certainly at this period ideas of sovereign ambition, at least I thought so; but I also believe that the fire which still at intervals sparkled from his soul in a republican idea was real: it was a dwindling flame, but would certainly have still burned on if the members of the State had themselves defended the liberty of the Republic.

After running through some journals and letters, the First Consul again pinched my foot through the bedclothes, and descended to his cabinet, muttering a few false notes. I called my waiting-woman, who had not been long in my service, and without explanation prohibited her ever opening the door to any one who might knock so early in the morning.—"But, Madame, if it be the First Consul?"—"I will not be awakened so early by the First Consul or any one else. Do as I bid you."

The day resembled others, except that in the evening we took an airing towards Butard. As we passed near the spot which had so alarmed Madame Bonaparte the First Consul praised my courage.

"Nay," said I; "I think I was rather cowardly to alight."—"That was a precaution for your situation, and does you credit; I saw, nevertheless, that you had no fear."

Perhaps it never happened to Napoleon to pay so long a compliment twice in his life, and it so surprised me that I could not answer; but it reached other ears than mine, and the surprise was not for me alone.—"I should like to give you a breakfast here the day after to-morrow," said the First Consul, when we were in the Pavilion; "we will have a little hunting before and after; it will do me good, and amuse us all. The day after to-morrow, Tuesday, I give you all the rendezvous here, at ten."

Entering my apartment, I gave my orders to the waiting-maid, and went to bed much wearied, without knowing why. I was low; I wished to see my friends; that home so happy, so animated, the charm of my life, was not for me at Malmaison. I was treated with kindness, but I lived amongst strangers. Besides, I scarcely saw my husband, and that conjugal home which the lapse of time perpetually robs of some portion of its warmth, till reason and friendship replace for ever the bright days of love, this home was, with Junot and I, in all its spring of happiness. I knew I was necessary to my husband, and was yet too young to guess that this necessity would not be eternal. I spent the night in tears; I would have given years of my life—that life, yet in its morning, and whose day promised such beauty and brilliancy, to the familiar spirit who would have transported me to the side of my mother and husband. At length I fell asleep, like children when their eyes are fatigued with weeping. But my sleep was agitated, and the first light of morning scarcely penetrated my Venetian blinds before I awoke, fancying I had heard a noise near my door; but, on listening, I heard nothing. Suddenly it occurred to me

that I ought to take the key, for my maid would certainly not dare to refuse the First Consul, and I was determined these morning visits should not be repeated. I saw no harm in them, but knew enough of the world to avoid the construction that might be put upon them. I rose, therefore, very gently, and crossing my maid's room, was not a little surprised to find the door as unsecured as when we went to bed; the key was outside, and the bolt unfastened. For a moment I was enraged, but, restraining myself, gently opened the door, withdrew the key, double-turned the lock, and, carrying the key with me, returned to my bed, without the power of sleeping; my watch was at hand, and I followed the motion of the fingers until, as they pointed to six, I heard the First Consul's foot in the corridor. He stopped at the door and knocked, but much less loudly than the preceding days. After waiting a moment he knocked again, and this time awoke my maid, who told him I had taken the key. He made no answer, and went away.

When the sound of his steps died away on the stairs leading to his cabinet, I respired as if a heavy burden was removed from my chest, and fell again into tears. I looked on the First Consul as a brother, or perhaps rather as a father, since my sentiments towards him were always founded on a deep admiration. He was the protector and support of my husband; and Junot himself had the tenderest affection for him: in what light would he view this gross distrust which deprived him of a moment's distraction in conversing with a child he had known from her birth! But having taken my resolution, I became more tranquil; and desiring my maid to shut the door from her room, I was again in a sound sleep, when the door opened violently and I saw the First Consul.

"Are you afraid of being assassinated, then?" said he, with a sharpness that relieved me of all fear; for when any attempt is made to curb me I grow restive, and he might read in my countenance that I was more offended than repentant. I told him, that having risen very early, I had taken the key out of my maid's room, choosing my

chamber to be entered only by my own door. Napoleon fixed on me his eyes of the falcon and eagle together, and made no reply: a foolish timidity prevented my telling him my resolution; and I bitterly repented it.

"To-morrow is the hunting-party at Butard," said he; "you have not forgotten it since last night, have you? We set out early; and, that you may be ready, I shall come myself to wake you; and as you are not amongst a horde of Tartars, do not barricade yourself again as you have done. You see that your precaution against an old friend has not prevented his reaching you. Adieu!" and away he went; but this time without singing. I looked at my watch, and found it nine o'clock, which distracted me; for at that hour all the chambermaids were about in the house, and it was impossible but some of them must have seen him go in or out. "But how did he get in?" I asked myself.

I called Mademoiselle Caroline, and asked her why she had departed from my orders. She told me that the First Consul had opened the door with a master key; and that she dared not hinder his entering my room.

Hereupon I reflected on the course I should pursue. My first suggestion was to demand a carriage of Madame Louis Bonaparte; but what reason could I assign? Ten years later I should have gone to the stables, and ordered a carriage; but at seventeen, a timidity, not of character, but of manners, deterred me. I dressed myself, therefore, and went to breakfast, with a positive determination of will, but great irresolution as to the manner of executing it. Duroc, who would have been my adviser, my friend, and, above all, my means of acting, was absent in Lorraine; and never was I in so much need of his friendship. There was not an individual in the château whom I deemed capable of comprehending my situation. Madame Louis Bonaparte was kind, sensible, and sufficiently acquainted with the world to grant what was due to its observances; but an all-powerful consideration arrested me as I was rising to consult her. I fell back almost stunned, and uncertain what course to adopt. I was

determined to return to Paris, and knew that by writing at once to Junot that I was ill and wished to return home my carriage would arrive in the course of the next day; but it was the same day, Monday, that I resolved to go, not Tuesday, and still less Wednesday. Then again, I was unwilling to appear uncivil to Madame Louis Bonaparte, or to wound the First Consul's feelings.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I exclaimed, dropping my head on my hands; "what can I do?" At the same moment I felt myself pressed in a gentle embrace, and a well-known voice inquired: "What is the matter, then, my Laura?"—It was my husband; I threw myself into his arms, folded my own around him, embraced him, kissed his hair and his hands, and so eagerly caressed him that my cheek was scratched by one of his epaulettes, and the blood flowed.—"What is the matter, then?" repeated Junot, stanching the blood and drying my tears. "What is the matter, my poor little one? Look at me, then: do not you know four days have elapsed since I saw you?" —"My love, I want to go away—to return to Paris."— "Oh, you may be assured that as soon as Madame Bonaparte returns I will take you with me."—"And why not now?"—"Now! before her return? nay, you do not think of it, my darling?"

I insisted no further, for my plan was now arranged. Junot, who though, with all the other acting authorities, was prohibited from sleeping out of Paris, frequently visited Malmaison, sometimes after dinner, sometimes in the morning; but, in either case, departed not till we had retired for the night.

This day Junot arrived and stayed to dinner by the First Consul's desire, communicated through the aide-de-camp on duty. When we assembled in the dining-room the First Consul was in high spirits, joked all dinner-time with Monsieur Monge, and made him explain more than ten times over the nature of trade-winds, with which he was himself perfectly well acquainted; but the worthy man had so singular a mode of arranging his hands when speaking, and of running post in his narrative, that

he was very amusing, and would have been ridiculous had he not united the most excellent heart with his great knowledge. After dinner billiards were introduced as usual; I played a game of chess with the First Consul; and at the usual hour we all separated,—some to their rest, and others to return to Paris. I prevented Junot's accompanying Bessières by telling him I had a commission to give him for my mother; and, as I must write, it would be necessary to return to my chamber.

When there, my earnest and persevering supplications that Junot would carry me home with him inspired him at last with the idea that some one had offended me, and his unbounded rage and resentment against the supposed defaulter absolutely terrified me; but, reassured on this head, no arguments, no entreaties could prevail with him "to carry me off," as he said, "in the night, like a heroine of romance." I am now sensible that he could not sanction so ridiculous an act, but I was then very young. Our discussion had been very long, and at half after twelve, finding Junot resolute, there remained no other expedient than that of persuading him to stay. Here I was much more strongly armed, and after some resistance he said with a smile: "Happily, there are no longer arrests to fear, but you will procure me a scolding;" and he remained.

I double-locked my maid's door, carefully drew the bolts, and took away the key; my own door I left simply shut, with the key outside, and all thus disposed I went to bed, very foolishly convinced that I had adopted the best means of making the First Consul understand that since he was pleased to honour me with his visits, I should prefer any other hour for receiving them to that which he had chosen.

As the village clock was striking five, I awoke; all was quiet in the château, as in the middle of the night. The weather was beautifully serene, and the fine foliage of the park plantations gently undulated in the wind, while a golden ray already tinted the upper branches. All this silence and repose formed so striking a contrast with my own

mental uneasiness that I could not avoid starting when my eye fell on Junot sleeping by my side. His sleep was tranquil; yet was there something at once imposing and picturesque in that fine and manly figure, that countenance embrowned by the suns of Africa, that youthful forehead already ploughed with scars, those marked features, and that fair head encircled with a Turkish turban of red and brown, which had accidentally fallen in his way overnight, and been adopted as a nightcap. He was not strikingly handsome, but it could not be denied that he was good-looking.

The half hour had just struck when I heard the First Consul's steps resound in our corridor. My heart beat violently; I could have wished Junot at Paris, or concealed; but at that moment a sleeping movement partly opened his shirt, and displayed two wounds received at the battle of Castiglione; a little further, just below the heart, was that given him by Lanusse, when in defence of his beloved general he drew his sword against a brave brother-in-arms. "Ah!" thought I; "I fear nothing: there is an impenetrable buckler," and resting my head on my pillow, I awaited the event. The door opened noisily. "What! still asleep, Madame Junot, on a hunting-day! I told you that——" The First Consul as he spoke advanced, and now stood at the foot of the bed, where, drawing aside the curtain, he stood motionless at the sight of his faithful and devoted friend. I am almost sure he at first believed it a vision. Junot, on the other hand, scarcely awake, leaning on one elbow, looked at the First Consul with an air of astonishment that would have diverted a less interested spectator; but his countenance expressed no symptoms of displeasure.

"Why, general! what are you doing in a lady's chamber at this hour?" He uttered these words in a tone of perfect good-humour. "I came to awake Madame Junot for the chase," replied the First Consul in the same tone; "but," after a prolonged glance at me, which is still present to my memory notwithstanding the thirty years that have since intervened,—"but I find her provided

with an alarum still earlier than myself. I might scold, for you are contraband here, M. Junot."—"My general," said Junot, "if ever a fault deserved pardon, it is mine. Had you seen that little syren last night exercising all her magic for more than an hour to seduce me, I think you would pardon me."

The First Consul smiled, but his smile was evidently forced. "I absolve you, then, entirely. It is Madame Junot that shall be punished," and he laughed that laugh *which laughs not.* "To prove that I am not angry, I permit you to accompany us to the chase. Have you a horse?"—"No, general, I came in a carriage."—"Well! Jardin shall find you one, and I allow you to lecture me at your leisure" (because he was a bad huntsman). "Adieu, Madame Junot; come, get up and be diligent," and he left us.

"Faith!" said Junot, jumping up in his bed, "*that is an admirable man!* What goodness! Instead of scolding, instead of sending me sneaking back to my duty in Paris! Confess, my Laura, that he is not only an astonishing being, but above the sphere of human nature."

When we were all ready and assembled on the stone bridge in the garden, several carriages and saddle-horses were brought. A small phaeton led the way; the First Consul seated himself in it, and beckoning to me, said: "Madame Junot, will you honour me with your company?"

These words were accompanied with a smile whose expression did not please me; I got in without reply; the door was shut, and the little light carriage inclining to the right followed an alley that led to one of the iron gates of the park. I knew the First Consul would only remain in the carriage from the château to the rendezvous, where he was to mount his horse; but the drive appeared to me very long, and I would have given anything to escape from my confinement.

When we were at some distance from the château, the First Consul, who till then had been watching the horsemen as they passed us to go to the rendezvous, turned

towards me, and crossing his arms, said, "You think yourself very clever." I made no reply, and he repeated: "You think yourself very clever; do you not?"

As his tone was now positively interrogative, I answered with firmness, "I do not give myself credit for extraordinary sense, but I think I am not a simpleton."—"A simpleton, no; but a fool." I was silent. "Can you explain the reason why you made your husband stay?"—"The explanation is clear and brief, general. I love Junot; we are married, and I thought there was no scandal in a husband remaining with his wife."—"You knew I had prohibited it, and you knew, too, that my orders ought to be obeyed."

"They do not concern me. When the Consuls signify their will as to the degree of intimacy that shall subsist between a married couple, and the number of days and hours that should be allotted to their interviews, then I shall think of submitting; till then, I confess, general, my good pleasure shall be my only law."

Here I was growing uncivil, for I was angry, and probably my manner put him out of humour too, for he resumed with asperity, and a sort of irony: "You had no other reason, then, but love for your husband in making him stay?"—"No, general."—"You have told a lie there."—"General——"—"Yes, you have told a lie," repeated he in an irritated tone; "I understand the motive of your proceeding. You have a distrust of me, which you ought not to have. Ah! you have no answer," said he, in a tone of triumph.

"And if I have been impelled by a different motive from the distrust you speak of, general—if I have perceived that your visit at such an hour in the chamber of a young woman of my age might compromise me strangely in the eyes of the other inhabitants of this house?" I shall never forget Napoleon's expression of countenance at this moment; it displayed a rapid succession of sentiments, none of them evil.

"If that be true," said he at last, "why did you not tell me your uneasiness? Have I not shown you friend-

ship enough, naughty child, within the last week to obtain your confidence!"

"There I was perhaps in fault. I should have considered that you had known me a child, general; that my relations love you; that you were once tenderly attached to my mother" (he looked on the other side of the road); "and, above all, that there was another and a stronger reason which should have encouraged me to tell you what I thought of this visit on the second or the third day; this is that I am the wife of Junot—of the man who loves you best in the world. This morning when I heard your step when you were about to enter my chamber, I confess I had some fear of your resentment; but looking at the scars upon his bosom, received partly for your glory, I assured myself that you would never be the cause of suffering to the noble and excellent heart which beats, perhaps more strongly for you than for me, in the scarred bosom of Junot."

"You are reading me almost a homily. Who talks of afflicting Junot? Why not have spoken to me?"—"And how was I to do so? When yesterday morning you employed a method that might be called unworthy, to enter my apartment, after my conduct should have shown you, general, that the morning visit which you had the goodness to make me was viewed by me in its true light, as unbecoming; you entered only for a minute, and in a humour certainly not inviting confidence. I was left then to my own resources, and my judgment has perhaps erred."

"Is there none of your mother's advice in all this?"—"My mother, general! how could my mother direct me? My poor mother! I have not seen her this month."—"You can write;" and Napoleon's searching glance seemed to surround me with its scrutiny. "General, I have not written to my mother that I was not in safety under your roof; it would have given her too much pain."

"Madame Junot, you have known me long enough to be assured that you will not obtain the continuance of my friendship by speaking in the manner you are now doing;

there is nothing wanting to your proceedings but that you should have communicated to Junot the device you have so happily imagined." And again I met the same investigating look.

"I shall not reply to that challenge, general," replied I, with impatience I could not disguise; "if you grant me neither sense nor judgment, allow me at least a heart that would not wantonly wound one whom I know, and whom you know also."—"Again!" and he struck the frame of the carriage with his clenched fist;—"again! hold your tongue!"

"No, general, I shall not; I shall continue what I would have the honour of saying to you. I entreat you to believe that neither my mother, my husband, nor any one of my friends, has been informed of what has passed within the last week. I must add that, imputing no ill intentions to you, it would have been absurd on my part to complain of a mark of friendship, because it might compromise me; but I thought proper to put a stop to it at whatever price; and, in so doing, my youth has no doubt led me into error, since I have displeased you. I am sorry for it; but that is all I can say."

We had nearly arrived; the dogs, the horns, all the clamour of the chase were audible. The First Consul's countenance assumed a less sombre hue than it had worn during my long speech. "And you give me your word of honour that Junot knows nothing of all this foolish affair."—"Good Heaven! general, how can you conceive such an idea, knowing Junot as you do? He is an Othello in the violence of his passions; an African in heat of blood; his feeble French reason would not have had strength enough to judge sanely of all this; and——" I stopped. "Well! what then? Come, do not make these pauses in speaking; nothing is more silly."—"Well, general, if I had told Junot what has passed this week, neither he nor I would have been here this morning; you know Junot well enough for that, do you not?"

Napoleon, in his turn, made no answer; but played with his fingers on the frame of the carriage: at last,

turning towards me: "You will not believe, then, that I meant you no harm?"—"On the contrary, general, I am so convinced that you had no ill intention towards me, that I can assure you neither my attachment for you, an attachment dating from infancy, nor the admiration which I feel even more strongly than others, is at all lessened by it; and there is my hand as the pledge of my words."

I cannot express or explain the movement of his forehead, his look, and half smile, as gently shaking his head, he refused my hand. I was hurt at the refusal.

"We are at variance, then," said I, "because it has pleased you to follow a course in which all the blame is on your side, and you will *let the beard grow, and wear the dagger*,[1] because you have given me pain."

For a minute his eyes were fixed on the road; then turning suddenly to me, he extended his little hand, after having ungloved it: "Be assured of my friendship, Madame Junot; you might, had you chosen, have strengthened it; but early education is not easily eradicated. It inculcates sentiments, and those with which you have been inspired for me are not friendly: you do not like me, and I am sure——"

"I take the liberty of interrupting you, general, to request that you will not talk thus. You afflict me; and so much the more as your arguments and inferences are both false. Tell me that you do not believe them; it would be too painful to me to leave you in such a persuasion."

The First Consul was looking at the dogs which the pricker was leading in couples, and he turned so suddenly round as to derange the motion of the carriage. "You are going?"—"On our return from the hunt, general, I have induced Junot to take me home, and here is a letter that, as you will perceive, would have determined me, independently of the incidents of the last few days" (I said this with a smile), "to go to my mother."

It was from my mother, urging my return to her, and I had received it while dressing that morning. "If the

[1] These are the customs of Corsica, when any one is offended, or fancies himself offended, who thereby announces himself as an avenger.

First Consul, or Madame Louis Bonaparte, should raise difficulties," added she, "show them my letter, and beg they will not detain a daughter from her very sick mother."

The First Consul casting his eyes over it, shrugged up his shoulders, and smiled with a sort of disdain which pained me. "And when do you return here?" asked he with a tone of derision that might have offended a person better disposed than I was, and accordingly I answered with asperity: "Whenever I am wanted, for my part, general; but you may dispose of my apartment, I shall never again occupy it."

"As you will. For the rest, you are right to go this morning; after all this foolish affair, you and I should not meet with much satisfaction at present. You are quite right. Jardin! my horse." And opening the door himself, he jumped out of the carriage, mounted his horse, and galloped off.

On our return to the château, I told Madame Louis that my mother's health imperiously demanded my presence in Paris, and that I intended to return with Junot. She understood me, and I even believe she entirely understood my motives. She wished to detain me to dinner, but Junot's absence the preceding night required an earlier return, and, declining the invitation, we dined at Paris with my mother.

I visited Malmaison some time after Madame Bonaparte's return from Plombières, where she had passed the season, that is to say, six weeks. The First Consul was tolerably cordial, but I could perceive that he still cherished the notion, equally eccentric and injurious, that I had been prompted in all that had passed during the last week of my stay. It gave me pain; but knowing no human means of defeating this prepossession, I left the task to time,[1] without changing the line of conduct I had marked out for myself.

[1] I know to a certainty that, at this time, *false reports* envenomed all the words of my mother to the First Consul's ears, and I am nearly sure that this story came to the knowledge of persons who would make a pernicious use of it towards us both. The First Consul long retained a rancour, which he certainly would not have felt had it not been both instilled and carefully nourished.

A year afterwards I dined one day at Malmaison, while residing at Bièvre; satisfied with my charming home, I left it as little as possible, and always returned the same evening. That day I ordered my carriage at ten, but, as I was preparing for departure, a sudden storm came on, of such terrific violence as to injure the trees in the park. Madame Bonaparte protested against allowing me to go through such a tempest, and said that *my chamber* should be prepared. In answer to my persevering excuses, she promised me both linen and a waiting-maid, and urged the danger of crossing the woods at so late an hour. "I fear nothing, Madame," I answered, "I have four men with me. Permit me, then, to take leave of you."

The First Consul was occupied, meanwhile, in pulling the fire about with the tongs, and apparently paying no attention to the conversation, though I could perceive a smile on his countenance. At last, as Madame Bonaparte insisted still more strongly on my staying, he said from his place, without resigning the tongs or turning his head: "Torment her no more, Josephine; I know her, she will not stay."

CHAPTER IX.

The new era—The manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick—The two years of Bonaparte's government—Paris in 1801—The theatres—My boxes—The first representation of *Pinto*—M. Carion de Nisas, and *The Death of Montmorency*—Vanhove and Louis XIII.'s snuff-box—Tortures of the inquisition—Partiality for the Theatre Feydeau, and the performances of Elleviou—The Italian Opera—The Duke de Mouchi's duets with Junot—Cimarosa—The *Théâtre Montansier*—The masquerade, a comic scene—The return of spring and removal to Malmaison.

WE have now reached an age of prodigies, perhaps even more astonishing than the victories which followed the period I am about to describe. France, which a few months preceding had been at war with all Europe, repulsed by her sister nations from the family circle in which she had hitherto so nobly filled the place of an elder,—France, in a few months, had recovered her power and station. She resumed the rank of which they had endeavoured to deprive her, and owed it solely to her sons. France, that inexhaustible mine of talents and courage, within the soil of which the pestiferous breath of false doctrines had failed to destroy the seeds of all good, flourished anew under the cares of a skilful and honourable Government. The time no longer existed when senseless enemies, dreaming at once over her weakness and divisions, issued manifestoes *menacing with death every Frenchman who dared to defend himself.*[1]

France no longer feared the fate of that unhappy Poland, whose blood-stained provinces had been divided with a unanimity of tyranny which would doubtless have

[1] See the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, of the 25th of July 1792.

presided also over the division of France, if the man, whom the voice of destiny recalled from the African shores to save us had in his perilous voyage encountered captivity or death. Scarce had he touched our soil when Bonaparte seized the helm of the sinking vessel. Directing the manœuvres with the powerful voice of genius, he compelled the obedience of the crew; the vessel sails under his flag, and we are saved. What he effected in two years cannot be conceived! At that moment peace was about to be concluded with two great powers of the North; La Vendée was pacified; the finances, so lately in the last stage of decline, had resumed an active credit; everything assumed an aspect of consolidation, and our strength grew out of our glory;—all this proves the greatness of the Government under which we placed ourselves two years ago. Our haughty rival will shortly come to conclude a peace with us; already the King of England, as a first step towards a conciliation, renounces his titles of King of France and King of Corsica.[1] The world is asking peace, and Napoleon grants it with the same generous grandeur with which he conquers. From this period the greatness of France must advance; we are rapidly marching towards that famous era before which past centuries bow down and future centuries recede; for they cannot equal it.

But these days of glory were short! True—they were short; but in glory, as in love, an entire life may be condensed into a short moment.

While Moreau beat the Austrians at all points in Germany, while the imperial family, alarmed at his progress, packed up its treasures at Vienna and prepared to take refuge in Moravia; while Brune defeated Marshal Bellegarde in Italy, compelled Verona to capitulate, and developed all the qualities of a great general, the First Consul exhibited such lively and hearty joy in receiving the news of all these victories that it became manifest he would sooner or later give to France the first rank on the list of nations.

[1] It was at the period when Paoli brought the English into Corsica that the King of England assumed the title above alluded to.

But my concern is with the state of Paris at this epoch; and I will attempt to represent it—city of enchantments, as it then was! One of the advantages attached to Junot's situation was a box at each of the theatres. I confess I was truly grateful for the gratification I thus enjoyed. It afforded me also the means of bestowing pleasure, which was always to me one of the greatest I could enjoy, and in good truth it was not sparingly accorded to me. Tickets for morning and evening representations were eagerly asked, and I received, at a much later period, no less than eleven requisitions for the loan of my box at the *Comédie Française* for the second representation of *The Templars.* I had opportunities of being generous seven or eight times a day: I accorded them in the belief that so doing I should secure, if not real friends, at least a sort of amicable relation with my numerous acquaintances which might survive the obligation. I was young when these ideas occupied my mind.

I went frequently to the theatre; a pleasure with which I had hitherto been so little acquainted that I had visited the Opera but once and the French comedy three times: at the first representation of *Pinto*, the most glorious of disturbances past, present, or to come; that of *Montmorency* by Carion de Nisas; and the *début* of Lafont, which was so stormy that I verily thought the theatre of the French comedy must have been built with unusual strength to resist such attacks.

Pinto, fine as is the subject of the Braganza conspiracy, of which Lemercier was fully capable of taking the utmost advantage, did not suit the taste of that era of clipping scissors and decisive words, which demanded: "Take away that phrase."—"Why?"—"Because I do not choose that it should stand there."—"What is the objection to it?"—"I will not allow it."—"But surely there is some reason against it—is it unsuitable?"—"Not at all; but no matter, it must be removed."

In speaking of my mother's acquaintances I was in error in omitting the most witty, perhaps, of the circle,

M. Carion de Nisas. I know few minds of more various powers, more agreeable, gay, and inoffensive, and withal more *piquant;* but notwithstanding his great dramatic talent he was unfortunate in his theatrical productions. I shall never forget the state of mind he was in at the first representation of *The Death of Montmorency*, which I believe killed him more effectually than the *Connétable* was killed, and that owing to circumstances altogether foreign to his work.

The tragedy contained some fine verses and interesting situations; the Cardinal's political views, and the entire scene in which he develops his plans for the aggrandisement of France, are strikingly beautiful, and the inconsistencies of the piece might have passed unperceived if it had been performed with less incongruity; but its misfortune was complete. Talma, who played Montmorency, was the only one of the *corps dramatique* that seemed to possess common-sense. Baptiste the elder, Madame Petit-Vanhove, and more especially Vanhove the father, were all out of their element. But Vanhove was admirably placed for producing laughter, which completed the despair of M. de Nisas. It is well known, or perhaps so happy an incident may have escaped the public memory, that Vanhove the elder had the trifling fault of getting tipsy, not to say actually drunk, on the night of a first representation especially. As he was a wretched performer habitually, it might be hoped that wine would produce a happy effect upon him; but not at all, he was so much the worse. The day of the first representation of *The Death of Montmorency*, notwithstanding the most careful supervision of his daughter, and Talma who was his son-in-law *in petto*, he drank a little to give him courage, as he said; but by the evening, when it was necessary to assume something of a royal air, his spirit was found mounted a little degree beyond courage. Although the habit of taking snuff is by no means charged on Louis XIII., the great personage he was destined to represent, there was no such thing as persuading him to give up a round case containing a

pound of snuff, which he called his snuff-box. His daughter, already dressed for the part of Anne of Austria, used every possible argument to prevent his appearing upon the stage with this piece of contraband goods. He was thoroughly tipsy, and had taken up a phrase from which there was no driving him.

"Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff, and I will lay down my arms: prove it to me."—"But, my father——" said Madame Petit-Vanhove.—"Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff."

And he so stuffed his unfortunate nose that it was scarcely possible to hear his voice, while the fumes of the snuff further increased his drunkenness; and so completely did he parody some of his part that laughter prevailed over both hisses and applauses. M. de Nisas came occasionally to our box, which enabled me to make some observation of a torment of which I should otherwise have had no conception. At one period he was ready to expire; pale, with suspended respiration, and his forehead steeped in perspiration; in fact, it was impossible to laugh—that would have killed him outright. He looked without seeing, and seemed to have but one sense in which all the others were sunk. What a terrible punishment! I cannot imagine how any one can voluntarily submit to such torture! I think I should be more at my ease in the water-trench of the holy tribunal.[1]

Setting aside the partiality of friendship, it contained some fine passages; amongst others, I remember the following, which was given with much effect: Montmorency, condemned to death, is about to be rescued by the soldiers and the people; his sister, his wife, and the queen who loves him, are listening with the utmost

[1] In the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonising. The patient lay extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head, his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat, and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood from the small vessels which had burst.

anxiety to the issue of the attempt; the Cardinal is relating it, and concludes with these words: "In reply to the mutineers, I threw them his head."

The situation at this instant is admirable, and reminds one of Iphigenia. The piece, however, failed, and failed utterly, which proves that a man of genius may write a bad tragedy; and I fear this happens not unfrequently.

The *Feydeau* was one of the theatres at which I passed my evenings with the greatest pleasure; it boasted at that time a degree of perfection which it has never recovered. It possessed several admirable performers, and the chief among them was Elleviou—a treasure, not only for his own excellence, but because the other actors in performing with him were emulous of rising to his height; its orchestra was complete, and its charming pieces were played with perfection.

The charm which our native music—gay, brilliant, and expressive—has for our French ears, added to one's pleasure in the Italian Opera, which was established at Paris in the year 1801. The company occupied at first a small theatre, called the Olympic Salon, in the Rue Chantereine. This theatre, not much larger than a salon for private representations, drew together the best society of Paris. Its open boxes, between high pillars, required full dress, an obligation sufficiently agreeable to ladies; and I remember to have seen the first tier of boxes entirely occupied by very elegantly-dressed women, almost all young; and, what was still more remarkable, all of my acquaintance, except the inmates of two boxes.

My mother, who found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music, never failed to take her place in my box on the night of the Opera Bouffe. The Duke of Mouchy frequently accompanied her. He was then, and has ever since been, an excellent *dilettanti*. He was passionately fond of Italian music, and sung charmingly in the bouffe style. I have often accompanied him and my husband in that duo of *The Clandestine Marriage*—"Se fiato," etc. Neither of them ever failed in note or measure; and the harmony of intonation and

expression was perfect. The duke had a superb voice, a full and sonorous baritone, which it was delightful to hear; Junot was far behind him, and had no other merit than correctness and time. His voice was harsh, because, *to the right about face*, and *by fours to the left*, will not form a supple voice, even if it has the good fortune to remain correct; and my lessons were not sufficiently vigorous to make him an accomplished musician.

The mention of the Italian Opera naturally leads to a short notice of the king of harmony. Cimarosa was scarcely fifty years old at his death. He was born at Naples, and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where the works of the incomparable Durante formed his chief study. He left the Conservatoire young and agreeable, and, according to the then prevailing fashion amongst struggling composers, had to make choice of a house of patronage. He was acquainted with Madame Ballante, whose immense fortune gave her the means of patronising the arts. She received the young musician, and soon found how honourable to herself would prove the protection she extended to him. Madame Ballante had a daughter who did not listen with impunity to his ravishing notes; she loved him passionately, and the mother permitted his addresses; they were married, but after a brief but happy union, she died, leaving Cimarosa a son. He was in despair; his mother-in-law, Madame Ballante, had educated and adopted a young orphan, whom she bestowed on Cimarosa, saying: "My friend, she is my second daughter!" Alas! his tender heart was not destined for happiness: his second wife also died young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

Cimarosa, besides extreme goodness of heart, possessed much talent and considerable information, independently of the peculiar faculty which the torch of genius communicated to his soul. He sang in perfection, and accompanied his voice with brilliant execution. My brother, who was enchanted with his compositions, as those who have a soul for music must always be, once spent a whole morning with him in musical essays; Cimarosa at the

piano, my brother accompanying with his harp. Cimarosa gave a theme, which Albert took up and varied; the author then sang it in various keys and movements, as a barcarole, canzonet, polacca, romance, etc., and this delightful contest lasted three hours. "The most agreeable hours," my brother has often observed, "which in my life I have ever passed in this manner." He was a charming companion, gay, fond of a laugh, and possessing in the highest degree that generosity which is always inherent in an artist of true talent. How many unfortunate emigrants has not Cimarosa relieved! When at Paris, his beautiful *Finale del Matrimonio, Pria che spunti,* or *Quelle pupille tenere,* were applauded with rapture approaching to frenzy; it was not known that the profits of these immortal productions were devoted to the comfort of our happy countrymen. But he lived under a Government incapable of appreciating him, and, instead of a wreath in the name of the country, persecutions and chains were the reward of his humanity; persecutions, which, it is well known, hastened his end. He attempted, but in vain, to struggle against royal terrorism; more skilful than the republican, its cruelty was even more active and permanent. This, it is true, could not easily be, but the horrors committed at Naples are not known to the public, and the eye which could penetrate amidst that multitude of assassinations, legal robberies, and religious persecutions to which Naples was at this time a prey, would turn aside in disgust.

Madame Ballante was equally a victim to the trouble which distracted that beautiful country; she lost all her fortune, and Cimarosa had the consolation of receiving her at his home. "You are the mistress of my house," said he; "is not everything I possess your property? are you not my mother?" Cimarosa died on the 10th of January 1801; his name will be as immortal as his works.

But to return to Paris. The Opera was always the admiration of Europe, but has greatly improved since the period of which I am now writing. Another theatre was at that time much frequented—the *Théâtre de Montansier;*

Tiercelin, Vertepré, Brunet, and Bosquier-Gavaudan, attracted thither all the lovers of frank and hearty gaiety; its receipts exceeded those of the Opera by fourteen or fifteen thousand francs per annum.

For some weeks I had experienced so ardent a desire to see a masquerade that I began to feel absolutely unhappy in finding the carnival drawing to a close without having joined in this amusement, just then reintroduced by the First Consul, who had himself attended them. I determined, then, to ask my mother to take me to one; but my first word brought an answer that put a stop to all my hopes in that quarter. "In the first place," said she, "it wearies me beyond everything; in the next, I do not choose that you should go to gape for four hours in a room full of dust and the odour of rancid oil." —"I gape!" cried I, "gape at a masked ball! which every one asserts to be the most diverting of all amusements!"—"You do not know what you are talking of," replied my mother; "but, if you are obstinate, go with your husband; your marriage is still sufficiently recent to permit you to be seen together, even if you should be recognised."

At this moment my aunt Comnéna came in. She had been some time at Paris, and, while waiting the arrival of the rest of her family, lived with my mother. She was still a young woman, gay, because she was happy, and taking pleasure in everything. She was, if possible, even more charming then than she is now; at the present time all around her suffer in seeing her suffer.

As soon as she heard of my want of a *chaperone*, she offered to accompany me to the ball at the Opera, and so enchantingly that I could not refrain from jumping up to embrace her, while I returned a thousand thanks. "It is understood, then," said she, "I shall dine with you; we will mask to the teeth, and give ample provocation to many people who will never suspect us of being at the ball to-night."

Now it is quite necessary to explain the cause of the extreme avidity with which the masked ball was attended

This very innocent pastime, be it understood, had been suppressed from the commencement of the Revolution, because it was unknown to the Romans and Athenians. Here, however, was a slight mistake; for at Rome tradition shows that if masquerades did not actually exist, there was, at least, a sufficient approach to them to authorise ours. At length the generation which was passing away wished to divert itself once more under a mask; and the generation which was looking up demanded cheerfulness; with one voice, then, the masquerade was called for. Two only had yet been given.

Junot laughed at my desire to go to this ball, and said the same thing as my mother: "Ah! my poor Laurette, how you will be overpowered with *ennui!*"—"Ah!" exclaimed I, scarce able to restrain my tears, "you are all leagued against my pleasure; why should I be wearied where every one else is amused?"

"Let them say on, niece, we will be amused too; and at two o'clock in the morning your husband shall see whether you are wearied, and repent of his impertinence."—"Agreed," cried Junot, "I wish for nothing better; we shall see."

We dined very gaily, and passed a delightful evening; my aunt was always communicative, open, sincere, and possessed excellent spirits. My delight, however, was very great when midnight arrived; I summoned my maid, and my aunt and I were ready in an instant. While I was looking in the glass to see how my domino became me, I started and gave a piercing cry on perceiving behind me a great black phantom, with large brilliant eyes and a negro face.

"Oh, Heavens, how you frightened me!" I exclaimed, while Junot embraced me, laughing heartily. "Oh! oh! is this your courage? how will you bear, then, to find yourself amongst two thousand such masks?" I looked at him, and was still frightened, his great black figure was anything but agreeable. "But why have you made yourself such an object?"—"Why? was it not agreed that I should give an arm to you and my aunt?"—"What

of that?"—"What of that? would you have me promenade the salon of the Opera with my face uncovered? a pretty concern we should make of this masked ball! No, I devote myself for your pleasure to-night; let us take our masks and be gone."

I did not wait a second order; but the horses went too slowly to please me; I thought we should never reach this much desired Opera-house. At length we entered as the clock struck one, Junot giving us each an arm. On first stepping into the room and casting my eyes round me, the effect of the novel and strange scene upon me was like that of walking the deck of a ship. My head was giddy; I grasped Junot's arm with all my strength; my aunt made me sit down. This indisposition was the effect of the sudden light and excessive heat; the degree in the room was at least 100.

When I had recovered myself, "Now," said Junot, "how do you propose to proceed? You are to amuse yourself according to your taste, and you are to be very much amused, you know; you should speak to some of your acquaintances."—"I see none," said I. My aunt laughed, for some persons that she recognised were passing every minute; and she began to predict that I should speak to no one all night. "Come," said Junot, "take courage."

My heart beat and my cheeks burned, as though I was about to commit some bad action, but summoning resolution, I addressed myself to M. Victor de Laigle, whom I was in the habit of meeting at my mother's, and, indeed, at the entertainments of all my friends; I approached him, and in an accent which I intended to be witty, said to him: "Good evening, how do you do?"

"He took my hand, eyed my figure, examined my feet, and then muttered: "Hem—hem—not much amiss —Well! but have you nothing to say to a man beyond inquiries after his health?" He retained my hand a moment longer, then dropping it, turned on his heel, saying: "What a stupid mask!"

What I felt at this moment it would be impossible to

describe, to hear myself called stupid by an acquaintance! It confused me beyond all conception, and I stood rooted to the spot and actually stupefied. M. Victor de Laigle was by this time at the opposite end of the room, laughing and jesting with other masks, and no doubt saying: "I have just escaped from the stupidest little mask, yonder, that I ever encountered."

It was in vain that Junot and my aunt reasoned with me; nothing could console me for having been called stupid in personal conversation. "But you must agree," said Junot, "that you deserved it; was ever such a thing heard of as asking a man how he is, in company, by way of conversation?"—"What would you have had me say?"

"Faith, I can't tell: anything but that." And in truth he was in the right; it was scarcely possible to be more foolish than I was this night. I never mentioned this little scene to M. Victor de Laigle, and he is still ignorant of it, unless Junot charitably informed him who it was who was so anxious about his health at the masquerade. The result of this wearisome night, from which I expected so much pleasure, was to give me a disgust for masked balls, which for years I could not get over; nor, indeed, have I ever taken pleasure in them. Happily for me, this period of masked balls was nearly over, and the advance of spring made us gladly exchange our smoky toilets for the beautiful retirement of Malmaison.

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CHAPTER X.

The Private Theatre of Malmaison—Esther at Madame Campan's—Representation of *The Barber of Seville*—Madame Louis Bonaparte as Rosina—Eugène Beauharnais and M. Didelot—M. de Bourrienne an excellent actor—Rivalry between the companies of Neuilly and Malmaison—Lucien-Zamora, and Eliza-Alzira—Mme. Murat—*Lovers' Follies*—My despair and the tight boots—The officer in white satin slippers—The theatrical sabre and a real wound—The First Consul director of the stage—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte's three countenances—Comic acting of Cambacérès—Isabey and the First Consul—General Lallemand—Michau's tragi-comic adventure during the Revolution.

IT would be difficult to name an occupation combining sensations so diametrically opposed as those experienced by amateur actors. Every one who has trodden the boards of a private theatre will agree with me that no circumstances of their lives afford reminiscences more abounding in pleasure, gaiety, and joyous mirth than the rehearsals, and everything, in short, that is merely preparatory. But in candour they must equally admit that the actual scenic representation is absolute torture. I have experienced both, and can speak from practical knowledge. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais's success at Madame Campan's in the representations of Esther and other pieces, in which Mesdemoiselles Auguier and Mademoiselle Pannelier, as well as herself, gave proofs of remarkable talent, naturally induced her to bring the theatre of Malmaison into use. Eugène Beauharnais was a perfect actor. I may, without partiality, say that Junot had superior talent; M. Didelot was an admirable Crispin; I acquitted myself tolerably in my parts; and General Lauriston was a noble Almaviva, or any other lover in court dress.

But the cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne; he played the more dignified characters in real perfection; and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part. Grandménil and Caumont, at that time the supporters of such characters at the *Comédie Française*, could have discovered no flaw in M. de Bourrienne's performance of Bartholo, of Albert in *Lovers' Follies*, of the Miser, or of Harpagène; in *The Florentine* he might, perhaps, even furnish them occasionally with a turn of expression worth seizing and copying.

The First Consul himself was almost the sole manager of our dramatic repertory. It was at first but limited; for we dared not venture on first-rate plays, or undertake parts beyond our capacity. We played *The Heir*, *The Thoughtless Ones*, *The Self-Rivals*, *Defiance and Malice*, and a number of charming little witty pieces, and which certainly have not been equalled since either in good sense or good style. Afterwards we grew bolder; the First Consul himself demanded longer plays. The repertory was all at once increased by fifty pieces, which were put into our hands with a careful distribution of the several parts in conformity with our individual talents. The theatre of Malmaison had at that time an excellent company; latterly it was open to every one, and was no longer endurable.

The first play formerly acted at Malmaison was *The Barber of Seville*, and in saying that this representation was perfect I do not hazard a word that the magic of memory can call in question. We have still many survivors of that merry and delightful period, and I fear no contradiction in asserting again that *The Barber of Seville* was acted at the theatre of Malmaison better than it could now be performed in *any theatre in Paris.*

Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais took the part of Rosina; M. de Bourrienne that of Bartholo; M. Didelot, Figaro; General Lauriston, Almaviva; Eugène, Basile; and General Savary sneezed in perfection in the part of the Sleeper Awakened.

I have just observed that Bourrienne played well because he understood and felt his part. The same may be said of Mademoiselle Hortense. In order to act well we must be able to demonstrate the part to others as soon as we have read it—and this she could do; gaiety, wit, sensibility, delicacy, all that the author Beaumarchais meant to infuse into his Rosina, Madame Louis caught instinctively; she entered into the character of the young and fair Andalusian with all her native grace and elegance. To her fine acting she united a charming figure and an exquisite carriage, especially on the stage. Many years have elapsed since those joyous evenings, but my memory still forcibly recalls the graceful and pleasing image of Mademoiselle Beauharnais, with her profusion of fair ringlets beneath a black velvet hat, ornamented with long pink feathers, and the black dress so admirably fitted to her small and symmetrical shape! I seem yet to see and hear her, and it is a truly sweet and smiling illusion.

Her brother Eugène was equally perfect as Basile, and M. de Bourrienne in the part of Bartholo. General Lauriston succeeded well in the various situations of Almaviva, though some fault was found with those of the soldier and the bachelor. He was not altogether perfect till the grandee of Spain reappeared under the mantle of the bachelor. M. Didelot was excellent in Figaro.

But our success was most remarkable in that point which generally reduces the managers of private theatres to despair, that is to say, the perfect correspondence of the whole piece; the parts were thoroughly learned, and everything went off well. I repeat that the performance of *The Barber of Seville* has never on any stage afforded me the same pleasure I experienced that evening.

Madame Murat sometimes acted at Malmaison. She was very pretty. Her hands and arms were beautiful, and her fair bosom acquired new brilliancy beneath a black velvet bodice, with a gold stomacher; but she had an unfortunate accent, which was particularly fatal to the parts she selected. Her sisterly relation to the First Consul, however, screened this defect from observation,

whereas Madame Louis Bonaparte, had she been but the wife of an aide-de-camp, must have been applauded for the excellence of her acting.

This reminds me of an incident which befell me, partly through the instrumentality of Madame Murat, or at least through her want of acquaintance with the stage. There was a sort of rivalry between Malmaison and Neuilly. Lucien frequently acted both in tragedy and comedy with his eldest sister, Madame Bacciochi. Lucien acquitted himself admirably, and declaimed to perfection. His only failing, and that not altogether dependent on himself, was the modulation of his voice, which was too shrill and in too elevated a key for a tragic tone. But this inconvenience was slight, and Lucien gave great satisfaction as Zamora; I have heard his performance criticised; in my own judgment I did not perceive the defects attributed to him, and I was delighted with him almost throughout the part. Not so with Madame Bacciochi. Her acting was irresistibly laughable. The First Consul found it so, and far from flying into a rage, as M. de Bourrienne represents, he did nothing but laugh during the whole play whenever his sister appeared on the stage, and when we returned to the drawing-room he exclaimed: "I think we have seen Alzira beautifully parodied." He repeated the same thing to Madame Bacciochi herself, who was not best pleased with it.

Plays of all kinds, of three and afterwards of five acts, were performed at Neuilly: we had no fear of tragedy, still less of comedy. Regnard's *Lovers' Follies*, not too perfectly represented, spurred us to emulation. It was got up at Malmaison. Madame Louis was to undertake Agatha, Lisette was assigned to me, Albert to M. de Bourrienne, Erasto to Eugène, and Crispin to M. Didelot.

By this management the piece would have been well managed, but the spirit of mischief intervened. Madame Louis, always good-natured and yielding at the first request, reversed the whole order of things. Madame Murat performed Lisette. Agatha, a part which I did not like, and which was nowise suited to me, fell to my

lot, and as the climax of misfortune, for some reason I do not remember, Eugène could not play Erasto; this was known only two days before the representation, and Junot was obliged in that time to learn the whole part and to act it with only a single rehearsal; but all this was nothing in comparison of what followed.

This unfortunate part of Agatha is very difficult; it requires much judgment. A ray of reason must be always perceptible to the lover, while the guardian, though an acute and sensible man, must believe his young ward a confirmed idiot; then a degree of sentiment must pervade all that chaos of singing, dancing, accident, and battle; in short, it is extremely difficult to play the part well, and Dugazon, who was my instructor and set his heart on my success, had nearly overset my courage by saying to me one day:

"You must not play this part; you will fail as completely as they do at Neuilly."—"Oh! don't say so!" I exclaimed, terrified at the idea. "I have not a doubt of it," he proceeded; "and the more certainly as you are horribly supported. The general, too, has a part that does not suit him. The play will be a total failure."

And thereupon Dugazon began to mimic every one who was to support the dialogue with me, and with such buffoonery that it was impossible to avoid laughing till the tears came. My self-love, however, would not permit me to laugh at his prophecy that the play would prove a failure, and I did all in my power to prevent it; but there was no remedy, and the hour of the tragi-comedy arrived at length.

To form a just conception of the terror (that is the proper word) felt by us *comedians in ordinary* of Malmaison, it should be premised that on the day of our representation, which was generally Wednesday, it was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear, criticise, and banter us without mercy. The Consuls, the ministers, the diplomatic body, counsellors of State, senators, their wives, and all the members of the then

military household of the First Consul, formed our audience. But the most terrible bugbear was the First Consul himself. There he sat in his box, close beside us, his eyes following us and accompanying their course with a smile more or less arch, the justice of which was in truth most formidable.

The morning of the representation of *Lovers' Follies*, Dugazon said to me, after hearing Bourrienne rehearse Albert admirably: "Well, take courage, my pupil, you will save the State. You two may do wonders. Crispin is good, too. As for the general, his part is nothing. Come, carry this off successfully and you will deserve well of the country by foiling a conspiracy."

In the part of Agatha the dress is changed five or six times. I had requested Madame Murat, and Dugazon also had charged her, not to enter the stage to commence the third act without first ascertaining that I had completed my officer's dress under my black domino, as the old grandmother. The two first acts had passed off tolerably, with the exception of a few errors of memory and some little deficiency of spirit; but the piece still marched—it was soon destined to *limp*.

Whether from misunderstanding or forgetfulness, Lisette appeared upon the scene without troubling herself about me. The question whether or no I was ready was, however, deserving of attention, for but a very short scene intervenes between that in which I receive the money from Albert and my return as an officer. It was therefore imperatively necessary that I should be in full costume underneath my great black cloak, and I was accordingly putting on my boots when I heard the first lines of the act; I cried out directly, but in vain; I had not yet come to the end of my troubles. The day was suffocatingly hot: agitation and fear threw me almost into a fever, which did not accelerate matters; the boots would not come on, and while my waiting-maid pulled till she almost broke my leg my ankle began to swell. At length I heard the speech preceding my own, and throwing the boot ten feet off, I hastily assumed my black domino and

entered upon the scene; but my poor head was wandering. I mechanically repeated the words assigned me, but my feet at the moment occupied my whole attention.

In an interval between the couplets I whispered to Junot: "What can I do, I cannot get my boots on?"

"Hey! What?" said he, for he could not hear. I repeated the same thing to Bourrienne, but as I spoke very low and quickly neither of them understood; this little by-play, however, so puzzling to them, began to excite more notice than I wished in other quarters. At last I made my exit, ran to my boots and endeavoured to draw them on—impossible; the foot was still more swelled, and I might as easily have shod the colossus of Rhodes as have driven my feet into either of them. At this moment Dugazon, who was roaming about behind the scenes, arrived to witness my despair. He ran up to me and embracing me, said: "All goes on well, but what the deuce were you looking for under your feet just now?" As my brain at the moment retained but one fixed idea, I answered, staring at him in utter consternation: "I cannot get my boots on!"—"You have not your boots on," said he, swearing,—"you have not your boots on?"

At that moment my husband's valet, who was to bring me a very small sabre that I had ordered, tapped at my room door, and presenting a sword as large as a Mahomet's Damascus blade, told me in his German jargon that my sabre was not ready, but that he had brought me the smallest of the *Chenevat's*, and it was necessary to be cautious in using it, for it would cut like a razor.

"Here is a new trouble!" I exclaimed.

"Eh! do not be uneasy," said Dugazon, capering; "it is all very well. You have a greatcoat; never mind black shoes, keep on your white ones. Agatha is mad: it is no disguise. All those about her know that an access of her malady has just seized her, and that she has assumed a military dress because her head is unsteady. Well, she has forgotten her white shoes! really, upon my honour, this is not amiss."

Saying this, he pushed me on the stage, and it was

fortunate that he did so, for my turn was come, and I should never have had the courage to appear thus as an officer of dragoons in white satin slippers. I took good care not to look towards the First Consul's box; to have seen his smile or frown would have struck me mute.

The result of this fine story is that I played the last scene like a true maniac. But owing to these unlucky boots I forgot the Turkish sabre and its sharpness, and when at the conclusion Agatha flourishes it about the ears of Albert, and then suddenly falls into a swoon, the point of the unfortunate Damascus penetrated my white slipper and made a deep cut in my foot, of which I still bear the scar.

But let me ask, Was any one ever seen to enter a theatre in the dress of a dragoon officer and in white satin slippers?

The First Consul was for six months unmerciful upon those unlucky white slippers. I verily think he would have dragged them into a discussion even upon the bull *Unigenitus.*

I now remember it was the same day that the conversation turning at table on the pleasure of acting in the country, the First Consul said to Cambacérès, who expressed his participation in it: "That this pleasure could consist only in hearsay, for he surely had never taken part in a comedy." Cambacérès seemed piqued, and replied in an accent really amusing when contrasted with his melancholy and severe countenance:

"And why, Citizen First Consul, do you think that I have not gaiety enough to act in comedy?"—"Really, Citizen Cambacérès," replied Napoleon, "I think you have no gaiety at all."

"Well! I have very often acted in comedy, nevertheless, not only at Montpellier but at Béziers, at the house of an old family friend, where for six months in the year the theatre was in activity; and one of the parts in which I was eminently successful was that of Renaud d'Aste."

"And did you sing?" cried Madame Bonaparte, and

all the party laughed; but Cambacérès, no way disconcerted by our hilarity, continued: "And as all characters suited me alike, I played equally well Le Montauciel in *The Deserter.*" This time the laugh was universal. But Cambacérès was not easily turned from an agreeable subject; and having once entered on the history of his scenic adventure, the petty jealousies and intrigues of his company, there was no stopping him under half an hour; the rather, as Napoleon, his elbow on the table, listened with an attention which did not surprise me, because I had observed the interest with which he would attend to our reports of the thousand little incidents that arise during the rehearsal of a play. The First Consul should have been seen in his functions of stage president to be known under an aspect entirely different from all his portraits. "The First Consul at Malmaison, the First Consul at St. Cloud, and the First Consul at the Tuileries," said Mr. Fox to me, "are three men, forming together the *beau idéal* of human greatness; but I could wish to be a painter," added he, "to take his portrait under these three different characters, because I should have three resemblances of the same face with three different countenances."

The statesman was right: I had remarked it before him, and was pleased at hearing my own idea so strikingly expressed by the man whom, of all Englishmen, I at that time most highly appreciated. I also then entertained for the Deliverer of France an admiration bordering on fanaticism. I would have wished to see the world at his feet, and England appeared to me to render him homage in the gratifying speech of Fox, to which I attached more value than really belonged to it. It was, however, perfectly true; and Bonaparte at Malmaison was admirable in extreme simplicity.

One of our best actors was Isabey, perhaps the very best, Queen Hortense excepted. He, however, ceased to form often a member of our *corps comique* rather than *dramatique*, for reasons which were but imperfectly explained.

One day the First Consul, on dismounting from his horse, and traversing the gallery adjoining the centre salon at Malmaison, stopped to examine a portfolio of engravings which had been placed upon a table at the park end of the gallery. Isabey is said to have entered a moment after him from the theatre, and by the opposite door at the end next the court. The First Consul was then slim, and wore the uniform of the *guides* or *horse chasseurs* of the guard,—that beloved uniform, the very sight of which makes the heart beat. Eugène Beauharnais, as I have before observed, was colonel of that fine regiment. Isabey, who had not heard the First Consul return from his ride, seeing a small slender figure at the end of the gallery, dressed in the uniform of the *chasseurs*, and observing the two epaulettes, supposed it to be Eugène, with whom he was extremely intimate, and determined to take him by surprise. Dexterous, light, active, and supple as a cat in his movements, he advanced softly, without the slightest sound, to within a short distance, then taking a spring, leaped at one bound upon the First Consul and alighted a-straddle on his neck. Napoleon imagined the house was falling, or that the *old gentleman* was come to strangle him. Rising up, he disengaged himself by main force from his new-fashioned collar, and threw *poor Isabey* in his turn upon the ground, and presenting to his dismayed view a countenance for which he was certainly little prepared, demanded in a severe tone:

"What is the meaning of this buffoonery?"

"I thought it was Eugène," stammered out the luckless youth.

"And suppose it was Eugène," replied the First Consul, "must you needs break his shoulder bones?" And he walked out of the gallery.

This story, though carefully concealed, was soon bruited about. The First Consul had too much tact not to perceive that his was the ridiculous share of the adventure; Isabey understood it to the full as well, and both would willingly have kept the secret.

But whether the one in the first moment of his terror

related the whole to Eugène himself, or the other in his resentment could not withhold it from Madame Bonaparte, the affair got wind. I know that a short time afterwards its truth was denied. At all events, if it caused the departure of Isabey and his loss to our company, I must call it injustice, and an act of useless injustice; for truly one must be lineally descended, and without any mixture of inferior blood from Timon or Heraclitus, to think of the First Consul escaladed in this fashion, without laughing.

General Lallemand, at that time aide-de-camp to my husband, was one of our best actors. I have seen but few good comedians, and of those very few indeed were his equals.

His talent was natural, but had been improved by the instructions of Michau, from whom he imbibed a portion of that ease and humour which was the principal charm of Michau's own acting.

This excellent man once said to me: "It is always useful to make people laugh," and in illustration of this truth related an anecdote of himself. Passing once quietly along the streets he encountered one of those disorderly mobs that were in the habit of parading Paris in those happy days when the lamp-posts served for hanging up our gallant citizens; they would have made him join their march, but he resisted, and demanded in the name of that liberty, whose scarlet ensign was as usual conspicuous in the foremost group, that he should be suffered to continue his route in pursuance of his own affairs. The discussion was brief, the lamp was shattered, and poor Michau, already stripped of his coat, was on the point of being hoisted in its place, when a fat fellow, with his plump arms bare, and a red and jolly face, rushed into the midst of the banditti and snatched Michau from their grasp, exclaiming:

"What are you about, simpletons,—don't you know 'Punch of the *République?*'" The *Comédie Française* was at that time called the *Théâtre de la République.*

And thanks to his title of Punch, with which his

deliverer, the butcher's boy, had invested him, Michau found himself at liberty, and accepted the apologies which two hundred rascals offered as coolly for their design of hanging him as if they had simply trodden on his toes.

CHAPTER XI.

The fruit of our triumphs, and the peace with Austria—Brilliant festivities at Paris—Revival of trade—The balls of Malmaison—Luxury and elegance—Negotiations at Luneville—General Brune's victories—The Archduke Charles and Marshal Bellegarde—Early history of General Brune—His exploits in Holland and Italy—The Convention of Montfaucon—The battle of Pozzolo—Brune appointed a Marshal of France—His interview with Gustavus IV.—His disgrace—His command in Provence—His tragical death and prophetical verses—Bourrienne's misrepresentations—Madame de Montesson and the lieutenant of hussars—Bonaparte chooses to be informed of everything—Junot's supposed police.

A CONTINUED series of victories of the French arms had at length determined Austria to conclude a treaty of peace; it was signed at Luneville by Count Louis von Cobentzel for the Emperor and Germanic Body on the one part, and by Joseph Bonaparte in the name of the French Republic, which might still call itself one, and more than ever indivisible. All who had been concerned in the Congress came to Paris to share in the magnificent *fêtes* which the First Consul commanded, that the people might have an opportunity of testifying their joy; and that a free circulation of money might revive commerce, and give work to that multitude of individuals who, to the number of a hundred thousand, exist in Paris by the labour of their hands,—a labour which, though chiefly devoted to objects of luxury, produces those commodities which the higher classes, especially in seasons of festivity, can no more do without than the lower can subsist without bread. The *fêtes* given by the Government were a signal not only to Paris but to the whole of France, for balls, dinners, and social assemblages of every kind.

Hence commenced in Paris, at this period, life and gaiety, which ceased not to animate it till the change introduced in 1814. Each succeeding day brought ten invitations for the evening.

The Oriental luxury which the Emperor afterwards introduced into his court was not then known. Madame Bonaparte, who possessed in the highest perfection the art of dressing, set the example of extreme elegance. No sight could be more exhilarating than a ball at Malmaison, composed of the numerous young women connected with the military household which the First Consul had just formed, and who constituted, without having yet received the name, the court of Madame Bonaparte. All were young, many were pretty, and I know but one ugly enough to merit the epithet; when this beautiful group was attired in robes of white crape trimmed with flowers, and their hair ornamented with garlands as fresh as the complexion of their merry faces, smiling with happiness and good-humour, it was a charming and striking spectacle to see the animated dance which derived its zest from their gaiety, in the same room in which the First Consul and the most renowned characters of Europe were promenading. These assemblies required a continual renewal of dress, and the first year of the Consulate constantly saw the revival of that trade in the manufacturing towns of France, which again became an honour to the country. The Government officers, no doubt, made smaller accumulations, or laid out less money on estates; but shopkeepers sold their goods, domestics procured places, and workmen got into employment, through the medium of from eight to ten thousand balls and five or six thousand dinners, which were given in the course of the winter at Paris. From this order of things it followed that the silk mercers sold a million yards of satin or velvet, crape and tulle in proportion, the shoemakers manufactured their shoes, the artificial florist was called to assist at the toilet with his flowers, the hairdresser and dressmaker with their industry, and the perfumer with his gloves, fans, and essences. The

higher classes of trade were equally indispensable; the jeweller, the goldsmith, the glass and porcelain manufacturer, the upholsterer, the cabinetmaker, all flourished; the money passed through their hands into those of their workpeople, and the immense population of this great town were all employed and all happy, because the superior classes received company, and expended their incomes in an honourable manner. I have known the people of the Faubourgs at this period, when to be peaceful they asked only to be employed, and work was furnished to them in abundance. More virtues, or more noble sentiments, will nowhere be found than among the working classes of Paris. Never did they rise into tumult through the whole course of the Revolution except when driven into violence by misery and hunger. Hunger! the most imperious of wants! that which blinds the eye and deafens the ear to all other considerations, and ripens the fruits sown by an improvident Government—despair and revolt.

But at the epoch[1] of which I am writing things were not so; all prospered. The peace of Luneville, which secured to France the Rhine as the limit, had been signed. The concessions stipulated at Campo-Formio between General Bonaparte and Count Louis von Cobentzel were confirmed; these concessions were the duchies of Milan, of Mantua and Modena, together with the Ionian Islands, to be added to the Cisalpine Republic; all was glory shed upon France by the First Consul, and sensibly felt by a grateful nation.

All this was not, however, conceded without much hesitation on the part of the Austrians; it was the necessity of retreating on all sides before our cannon which first induced Austria to treat without the consent of England, notwithstanding her recent engagement to the contrary. This was a great victory gained over English gold. But Joseph Bonaparte, after having given some grand dinners at Paris to the Count von Cobentzel, in which department we had given him all the assistance in our power, was

[1] The 9th of February 1801.

obliged to maintain against him at Luneville many long and warm discussions upon every point to be surrendered, for, alas! we were unreasonable, and asked, the plenipotentiary thought, too much. Happily for the success of Joseph's negotiations he received, just at the critical moment, a courier from General Brune, bringing a copy of a despatch to the First Consul, announcing a victory in the true Republican style of conciseness :—

"CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL,

"I have the honour to inform you that I crossed the Adige yesterday, the 1st of January, immediately above Verona ; which puts me into a position to announce to you very shortly the occupation of that town.

"I salute you with respect,

"BRUNE."

Accordingly, on the 3d of January Verona was occupied by our troops, as well as Vincenza some days afterwards, and the Brenta was then crossed. In fact, the army was now on the march, and with sufficient rapidity to form a junction with Moreau ; who, on his part, encamped at the distance of twenty-five leagues from Vienna, had concluded an armistice with His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles, a good prince, an honest man, and a great captain, but always unfortunate. M. de Bellegarde, who was so too (that is, unfortunate, for the rest I am not competent to speak), took the same method to obtain some quiet sleep. An armistice was concluded between him and General Brune ; and three weeks after, the glorious treaty of Luneville was signed, which wholly restored Marshal Bellegarde's repose, and I may add *en passant* that of some other Austrian generals-in-chief, who had had enough of this war. The Prince Charles was the only one of them whose noble conduct, even under every reverse, was worthy of his exalted birth and great soul. I more than esteem the character of this prince, and believe I know it as well as a personage of his rank can be known, without the advantage of personal access ; but

I know enough of him to fix my opinion upon bases which ensure my veneration.

Brune, who gave so fortunate an impetus to the diplomacy of Luneville, was born at Brives, and, like all natives of the south, was ardent, active, fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts; he possessed a large share of information, and betook himself to composition. To facilitate the publication of his works he became a printer; and at this period of his life the Revolution opened. Brune was young; his head and heart confessed but one idea—glory and his country! He was a patriot in the true sense of the word; all that passed under his eye added fuel to his thoughts. He soon cast away his pen, ink, and paper, and took up the sword and the gun to enter into one of those battalions of heroes which France produced by thousands in those radiant days of glory and liberty, and which were formed without the necessity of beating to arms. His battalion of the Seine and Oise was commanded by General Lapoype.

None of our marshals have been so falsely represented to the public opinion as Brune. He was not one of Moreau's generals, as it was the fashion to denominate all those who had served in the army of the Rhine. Had the restored princes believed him so they would surely have protected him from the popular fury, as senseless as all the accusations which have been advanced against him; but Brune did not belong to the army of the Rhine; neither was he in Paris in the autumn of 1792. Those, therefore, who accuse him of participating in the horrible saturnalia of the Septembrisers, to which, had he been at Paris, he would neither in heart, word, nor jest have assented, should, before staining his life with a falsehood, in order to palliate the horror of his death, have ascertained whether in physical possibility he could have committed the atrocious crime with which he is charged, and of which an alibi of several hundred leagues is, I apprehend, a sufficient refutation. Brune was not at Paris in September 1792, but at Radmack.

Brune advanced rapidly to an elevated rank in the

army; he had courage and good-will, a union always tending to success, but at this period insuring it. The cannon cleared the ranks with a frightful rapidity, and made sure way to promotion for those who obtained the notice of their chiefs, though it might be only to advance them more certainly to the honours of a soldier's grave. The cradle of Brune's glory was the army of Italy, then under the command of Kellerman and Brunet. It is, however, remarkable, that notwithstanding the activity of Brune's military life and a renown well earned before General Bonaparte's accession to the command of the army of Italy in 1795, he is scarcely mentioned in the journals of the time; the *Moniteur*, for example, notices him only in 1797. Brune, however, largely contributed his contingent of glory to the three brilliant days preceding and following the battle of Rivoli, which decided the fate of Italy. He was soon after named general-in-chief of the army in Helvetia; laid siege to Berne, and by its surrender produced the submission of all Switzerland. From thence he was removed to the Texel, to oppose the landing of the Anglo-Russian army under the command of the Duke of York, which might have been a fatal event for France, while at the same moment Masséna was sinking in Switzerland under the superior force of the enemy.

The road to Paris was open, and Brune, with twenty thousand men, whom the Directory kept in a state of inefficient provision, was to check the advance of an Anglo-Russian army which had disembarked at Alkmaar, and was joined by a Dutch force of eighteen thousand men. The Duke of York was entirely beaten at Bergen-op-zoom, which led to the capitulation of his whole army at Alkmaar; and Masséna at the same time gained the battle of Zurich; two victories which saved France, as Marshal Villars had saved her at Denain.

Peace now granted a momentary security to our frontier, and the overthrow of the Directory opened a prospect of good government to France; the First Consul's most anxious cares were directed to the re-establishment

of order in those fine provinces so long desolated by internal conflicts, and he sent Brune into the west, where General Hedouville had already prepared that convention, which was signed almost immediately after, and secured the submission and tranquillity of both sides of the Loire. At this period the First Consul appointed him to the command of the army of Italy, which brings us to the point whence we set out.

It was at this period, in the month of November 1800, that Macdonald, at the head of the army of the Grisons, comprehending the full importance of his junction with Brune, penetrated into the Valteline by the passage of the Splugen, one of the most elevated summits of the Alps, and, braving tempests and avalanches, succeeded in his prodigious efforts by the most unprecedented display of courage and industry. But to the chief of the staff of this army, General Mathieu Dumas, who is still living amongst us, is to be attributed, perhaps even more than to Macdonald himself, this triumph over the wrathful elements and step-dame Nature; all the resources which patience, vigilance, activity, and philanthropy could supply to the warrior, he provided, in forestalling his wants and protecting him from other dangers than those of the sword and the cannon. Brune, meanwhile, was attempting the passage of the Mincio, in face of the fine army of Marshal Bellegarde; the battle of Pozzolo, in which Suchet, unsupported, sustained for many hours the whole weight of the enemy's forces, and which was finally decided by an admirable charge of cavalry, under Davoust, enabled him, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of December 1800, to effect his purpose, and nearly destroy the Austrian army. Its ultimate important influence upon the conditions of the peace of Luneville has been already detailed.

Brune now returned to France, retired to his estate of St. Just, in Champagne, did good in his neighbourhood, and amused himself with literature. In 1804 he was one of the sixteen marshals whom Bonaparte appointed on the establishment of the Empire. In 1807 Brune was ordered with a *corps d'armée* into Swedish Pomerania; he

took Stralsund and the Isle of Rugen, and forced the Swedish army to retire. His interview with the King of Sweden during the siege of Stralsund, the particulars of which, as published by Gustavus Brune, denied to be correct, caused Napoleon's high displeasure; he continued for many years in disgrace, and the name of the conqueror of Bergen and the pacificator of the East was, during this period, never pronounced.

On Napoleon's return, however, in March 1815, Marshal Brune was drawn from his retirement and accepted a post of great confidence and delicacy—the command of the 8th military division, which committed the peace of the south to his keeping. The restoration of Louis XVIII. and his re-entry into Paris found Brune at his post; he went to Toulon himself to restore the white flag there, lest its reappearance should be the signal for popular tumult, and was afterwards summoned to Paris. It was on his way thither, at Avignon, that he met with the dreadful death which has stained the era to which it belongs with indelible infamy. Many important particulars of it, which I have received from an eye-witness, I reserve till my narrative brings me to its proper place; nor should I have introduced the subject at present but for an interesting and important fact connected with the period of his command in Italy, and which I cannot omit here. To appreciate it properly the reader must be acquainted with the principal circumstances of the case, which I shall therefore slightly state.

Marshal Brune on reaching Avignon was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, and that it was particularly directed against him; he was strongly recommended to avoid passing through; but turning a deaf ear to all advice he commanded his postillions to drive to the post-house; here an armed mob of eight hundred men, calling themselves royalists, besieged him in a room to which they had driven him for refuge; the mayor, the prefect, and a few *gens-d'armes* succeeding in protecting him during four hours from their infuriated attacks, while three thousand citizens looked with apathy upon the atrocious

scene, without affording the smallest assistance. The gallant resistance of the police was at length overpowered, and under the stupid pretence that the Marshal had been the murderer of the Princess of Lamballe—a vile slander generally circulated, and which I have refuted above,[1] in proving that he was not at Paris when that tragedy was performed—he was put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone; and the river refusing to contain it, it lay two days unburied upon the strand, whither the waves had cast it.

The curious incident, which, though it occurred eighteen years previously, is so closely connected with the tragical event, took place in Italy in the year 1797. General Masséna was called to Milan by General Bonaparte, then commanding in chief, to assist at some national festival. The command of Masséna's division then devolved on Brune, who celebrated the same *fête* at Padua. A banquet was given at which much patriotic poetry was read and sung. General Brune, who was wedded to literature, and fond of poetry, heard some stanzas of a song, the principles of which pleased him, and he composed impromptu the following couplets which he sang in conclusion :—

"Against one, two hundred rise,
Assail and smite him till he dies;
Yet blood, say they, we spare to spill;
And patriots we account them still!

"Urged by martial ardour on,
In the wave their victim's thrown,
Their fanatic joy to fill!
Yet these men are patriots still!"

What an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances; what a singular colouring does this unpremeditated composition cast over the fate of Brune! Little did he suppose himself prophesying, and yet with what strange mystery are the future details of his horrible death here related in anticipation! This account of the composition of these verses is perfectly authentic; it was given me by

[1] Page 118.

an officer who was present at the dinner when they were sung, as was also the Chevalier Suchet, brother of Marshal Suchet, who can certify the truth of the whole story.

Before returning, according to the thread of my narrative, to the Count Louis von Cobentzel and the state of things introduced at Paris by the treaty of Luneville, I will take advantage of the break already made in it to mention one of the misrepresentations of M. de Bourrienne; one which I am the more bound to correct because it affects the memory of Junot. I know not whether the time which has elapsed since the facts which he relates has driven from his memory a number of circumstances which he must have known, and thereby caused the false colouring he gives to many things; as for example, he speaks of Junot's secret police, when he certainly ought to know that Junot never was entrusted with any direction of the police. Junot was necessarily acquainted with many facts and events, because the military commandant of a great town receives a daily report as to its interior order or disorder, and this opened to him an infinity of doors of observation, into which sometimes he would not even look. Frequently, indeed, have I seen reports given in by the old adjutant Laborde, which Junot has made him transcribe in order to omit certain names, or some words which might compromise the parties concerned in them, and were of no importance to the safety of the First Consul. On this subject I will cite an anecdote.

A lady of considerable importance in good society was involved in the reports concerning some conspiracy under the Consulate; I do not remember whether it was the infernal machine or that of Chevalier; but the fact was that this lady, perfectly innocent, had been induced by the giddiness of a young fool to give him an asylum against the political prescription he had incurred, while he represented the cause of his danger to her as totally different from the fact. The *gendarmerie* traced him, and took him from under the wing of Madame de Montesson. The lady no sooner discovered the real state of the case than in great alarm she hastened to visit Junot. She

was held in much consideration by the First Consul: Madame Bonaparte was attached to her; she felt herself deserving of their good-will, and the base idea of figuring in an affair which must come under the cognisance of the tribunals distressed her exceedingly. Junot immediately perceived that she had committed no intentional error, and the report was altered: the name of Madame de Montesson did not appear in it, there was no occasion that it should; the young man was arrested, which was the point in requisition. Some time afterwards the First Consul asked Junot: "In what house was the young lieutenant of the 12th arrested?" For a moment Junot was posed, but he remembered that it had been inserted in the report that he had been taken when walking in the Champs-Elysées, and he answered accordingly. The First Consul answered Junot, pulling him by the ear:

"You have a bad memory, Junot, he was arrested at Madame de Montesson's house." He then added more seriously, "You were right, my dear Junot, in listening to Madame de Montesson's request; I have a respect for her, and I am glad you did not insert her name in the report; but you should have mentioned it verbally to me, and not have wholly forgotten the circumstance."

In this little trait the character of Napoleon is very conspicuous. He would always know everything, and was offended by the smallest concealment. Junot discovered Fouché to have been the channel by which the First Consul became acquainted with this affair.

I have reported this little story to prove that Junot suppressed whatever tended to scandal, if it had no immediate reference to the Emperor's safety. Many of these reports are to this day among his papers; they are purely military, but in these times of trouble were the depositories of many names connected with affairs into which the police were prying, but which, fortunately for their proprietors, fell into the hands of a man of honour. With respect to the large sums which Junot received for the secret police of the capital, and of which he remitted an annuity of 3000 francs to a bad bulletinist, I know

nothing of them. I suppose, however, that the First Consul, unwilling to charge all the appointments of the Commandant of Paris upon the military funds, gave Junot a pension upon the extraordinary revenue raised by the minister of police, and which was solely at his own disposal: the daily reports were drawn up at the station of the military staff of Paris, or the Quai de Voltaire, and were brought to Junot by the chief of the staff, the adjutant-general Doucet, under whose orders several adjutants exercised a close *surveillance* over the peace and good order of Paris: these were Junot's agents and bulletinists, but they were no spies of police. I may add, that never did Junot, nor Marshal Mortier, who, in his quality of general commanding the first military division, was his chief, in the performance of their duty compromise one innocent person. But I can easily conceive that there are men whose crooked policy wishing always to remain in shadow, would endeavour to the utmost to frustrate the object of all these cares, and failing to do so would spare no slander which might bring those cares into disrepute. Hence, I apprehend, the origin of the animosity with which the military staff of Paris has been pursued.

CHAPTER XII.

Count Louis von Cobentzel—His taste for *fêtes* and frivolities—Anecdote of his embassy to the court of Catherine—The theatre of the Hermitage—The ambassador as Countess d'Escarbagnas—The novice courier and his despatches—Change of costume—Victories of Bonaparte and diplomacy in masquerade—Lord Whitworth—Talents and manners of Count Cobentzel—Count Philip Cobentzel his successor.

COUNT LOUIS VON COBENTZEL, who had just signed, at Luneville, the treaty of peace between Austria and France, was the greatest lover of spectacles, *fêtes*, and all kinds of merry diversions, that I have ever met with in my life. The Emperor, his master, had made a judicious selection in appointing him envoy for signing a treaty of peace. He interested himself in the programmes of all the intended *fêtes;* enjoyed them by anticipation, and gave his opinion on the preparations.

I frequently saw him; for, as he was passionately fond of plays, and I had a box at all the theatres, he preferred going privately with Junot and me to appearing in the official box of the minister for foreign affairs.

Count Louis was middle-aged, very ugly, and is truly reported to have resembled Mirabeau. He had the same sallow face, and his eyes, which, however, bore no other resemblance to those of Mirabeau, were equally small. He had also the same enormous head of hair, which gave so singular an effect to Mirabeau's countenance (I am not speaking of resemblance in the intellectual countenance). Count Louis was lively and sensible, but withal had plenty of follies—follies which he is said to have only adopted in imitation of Prince Kaunitz. He had been for

a long time Austrian ambassador at the court of the great Catherine, and retained a profound and enthusiastic admiration for that sovereign, who kept a theatre, played herself, and carried the condescension so far as to write comedies for the amusement of her court. When Count Louis von Cobentzel was once launched on this favourite topic it was a vain hope to extract a word from him that did not bear reference to the theatre at the Hermitage, in which his frightful person would certainly not set off his dramatic talents to the best advantage.

The First Consul related to us one evening that M. de Cobentzel had had a little theatre constructed in the palace of the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, principally with the object, as you may suppose, of acting himself. One day the ambassador was to assume the character of the Countess d'Escarbagnas. The Empress had promised to be present, and the *count-countess* was dressed early to be in readiness for appearing on the stage the moment the Czarina had taken her seat. She arrived, and the ambassador was sought for, but neither *he nor the countess* could be found. At length, after a tiresome search, he was discovered in his cabinet, in male attire indeed, but with his hair puffed, in high-heeled shoes, and so suffocated with passion that he could scarcely articulate the words, "hang that villain for me," pointing to a man who was praying all the saints in heaven to defend him from the supposed madman.

This was a courier from Vienna arrived in haste, with very important despatches, and specially ordered to deliver them into the ambassador's own hands; for Catherine II. made no scruple of violating the seals, not only of her own subjects, but of foreigners, and even ambassadors, whose diplomatic character is a sacred defence even amongst the most savage nations. M. de Beausset, when ambassador from France, made serious complaints of this gross breach of international law. The courier was a young man, recently attached to the foreign office, and had never even seen the Count Cobentzel. He arrived at seven in the evening, just as the count, having finished his toilet as

Countess d'Escarbagnas, was complacently contemplating the reflection in a large looking-glass of a figure which has perhaps never since been paralleled; smiling at his whimsical visage, adding a patch, flirting his fan, enlarging his hoop, and repeating the most striking passages of his part. At this moment the courier from Vienna was announced. The count replied that he would see him the next morning, but at present he was otherwise occupied; recommending that he should repose himself for the night, and leave business till the morning.

But the young man was a novice in diplomacy, and scrupulously conscientious in discharging his commission. His orders were to use all diligence and at whatever price to reach St. Petersburg before midnight on this very day. He had arrived, and loudly and pertinaciously insisted on seeing the ambassador. One of the secretaries informed M. de Cobentzel of the courier's orders. "Why, what does the obstinate fellow want? Is he possessed? Well, send him in!"

The secretary, accustomed to the fooleries of his master, without an instant's reflection on the necessity of preparing a stranger for the interview, introduced him into the cabinet, saying, "There is the ambassador." And the courier found himself in the presence of a woman dressed in the fashion of his grandmother's days, who advanced affectedly to meet him, and while putting with one hand an extra patch on a round cheek, already concealed behind a thick coat of rouge, stretched out the other to receive the packet, saying, "Well, sir, let us see the famous despatches." The courier turned round instead of answering, to request an explanation of the strange spectacle that thus presented itself. But the secretary had vanished, the door was shut, and he found himself alone with the burlesque vision.

"I wish to speak to the ambassador," cried the young man, whose brain, somewhat heated by the fatigue of several days' rapid travelling, was nearly overset upon seeing a feminine figure seize the ministerial packet and endeavour to snatch it from him, saying all the while, "Here is the ambassador! I am the ambassador!"

The young Austrian was stout, and retained a firm hold of the despatches confided to him ; but, beginning to be frightened, he called for help, insisting on seeing the ambassador, and refusing to recognise him under this disguise. In vain Count Cobentzel ran after him round the cabinet, explaining why on this particular occasion he was dressed in his fine brocaded gown and velvet petticoat. Greek would have been more intelligible to his companion. At length the count exclaimed in despair:

"Well, blockhead, you shall see him, you shall see your ambassador," and entering his bedchamber he threw off his gown and petticoat, and returned to the obstinate courier in white silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, black breeches, and puffed hair—another edition of my dragoon's dress and white satin shoes.

Accordingly, the young courier, more than ever persuaded of his insanity, persisted in refusing to surrender the imperial packet, till the ambassador was growing seriously angry, when, to complete his fury, the Empress's arrival was announced to him. The secretary of the embassy explained this strange scene to the diplomatic courier, and persuaded him at length to give his despatches into the hands of Count Louis von Cobentzel. The count read them, and found them indeed a singular prologue to the comedy he was about to perform. They announced to him that Beaulieu and Wurmser had no better fortune in Italy than the Archduke Charles upon the Rhine. That General Bonaparte, then twenty-six years of age, was taking possession of Italy at the head of 36,000 Frenchmen, and was beating General Beaulieu, notwithstanding (and very probably on account of) his seventy-six years, though he had 50,000 men under his orders. They also warned the ambassador that it was of the utmost importance to induce the Czarina to give effect to her promises, so long since made, of placing an armament by sea and land at the disposal of the allies, and pressed him not to lose a moment in communicating this intelligence to the Empress, and in entering upon the question of the armament.

This order admitted of no delay in its execution; Count Cobentzel felt it, and I may say painfully. England was at this moment about to sign a treaty of subsidy and alliance with Russia; Austria was deeply interested in avoiding the smallest offence to England, and the count felt that it would be an agreeable compliment to the British ambassador to consult him on this important occasion. Lord Whitworth was sent to and came. To form a just conception of this interview the two personages should be known. Lord Whitworth was tall, perfectly well made, and handsome, with a countenance and manner of the highest distinction. I have never known a man better calculated to represent a nation, great, prosperous, and haughty; always magnificently dressed, even at the Consular Court, it may be imagined how particular he would be at that of Catherine II., where Eastern luxury prevailed to a magical extent. Imagine, then, the contrast he would present to the countenance, figure, and manners of M. de Cobentzel, always a little burlesque, and decorated on this occasion, for the amusement of the persons who witnessed the conversation, in the absurd accoutrements of the Countess d'Escarbagnas. Lord Whitworth received the count's communication with the cold politeness habitual to him, and recommending him not to keep the Empress waiting went to apologise for a delay which admitted of no apology but the truth. I believe, though I am not quite sure of it, that the Empress in her impatience to be informed more at length of the details of events of which the English ambassador could only give the outline, required the immediate presence of the Count von Cobentzel, who came in his gown, hoop, and puffs to the audience.

The Count Louis von Cobentzel, though really agreeable, was much less so than he would have been had he permitted his own good sense and information to direct his manners, instead of servilely copying those of Prince Kaunitz and Prince Potemkin, to both of whom he affected to bear a personal resemblance, and whose frivolity and morality, both of the school of Louis XV., he assumed to-

gether with an exclusive predilection for the great world. This world was the court, beyond the luminous circle of which all to him was chaos. His good sense, however, made him understand that a generation had sprung up in which were to be found names bearing a lustre of renown fully equal to that of heraldic blazonry. He knew this, but to his aristocratic ears the sound of the word citizen, applied to the head of the Government, produced discord in all social harmony; and he could not reconcile himself to the necessity of addressing Madame Lannes without the title of Princess. He had talent, however, and was, as I have said, agreeable; he related multitudes of anecdotes about the court of Russia, all very amusing; that of the Countess d'Escarbagnas did not come from himself, but was told me at a later period by some Russians of Catherine's court, and by the count's cousin, Count Philip von Cobentzel, who very soon succeeded him as ambassador at Paris, and remained here till our rupture with the Austrians in 1804.

It was also in the year 1801 that a treaty of peace was signed at Florence between France and Naples. It is worthy of remark that in this treaty the Isle of Elba was made over to France, although not as an object of much consideration, for it was always regarded as a barren and savage rock; thirteen years later it became the only asylum of the monarch to whom it belonged.

CHAPTER XIII.

The ambassador at the theatres—The Vaudeville—The *Comédie Française*—Fleury—Manners of 1801 and 1831—All superiority dangerous—The Duke of Orleans and the blacksmith—Fleury, King of Prussia and the Count de Perigord in prison—Paul I. and General Sprengporten—Portrait of Madame Recamier—Gradual change in the state of society—The banker's *fêtes*—Foreigners in Paris—Death of the Emperor Paul and accession of Alexander—The Russians at Paris—The Chevalier de Kalitscheff and the Count de Markoff.

THE Count Louis von Cobentzel was fond of laughing, especially when he was, as he called it, incognito; that is to say, when he left two dozen ribands and medals in his carriage, and retained but two or three; which, with his black coat, almost French, his silk stockings, diamond shoe-buckles and full-dressed head, made him a personage not very likely to diminish the merriment of such of the frequenters of the Montansier and the Vaudeville as should chance to meet him in the corridors. Our box at the Vaudeville having a private entrance and staircase from the Rue de Chartres, made it particularly agreeable to the ambassador, and his frequent presence there was an additional attraction and amusement to us. In the years 1800, 1801, and 1802, the Vaudevilles resumed the gaiety which the stern events of the preceding years had greatly diminished; the song was resumed, and farce did not go to seek its subjects in Plutarch, Livy, or the State Trials. Pero and his friends, Scarron's marriage, and a thousand other such, were more suitable to this temple of gaiety than the grand names, the very sound of which is sufficient to chase away mirth. At this

moment the companies of the Vaudeville and the Théâtre de Montansier were particularly well chosen.

The *Comèdie Française* was also in its glory. Talma, Lafont, St. Prix, Monvel—what an admirable constellation of talent! then Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Vestris, Monsieur Fleury, Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Volnais, and Mademoiselle Bourgoin; the recent *débuts* of the four last still divided the society of Paris into agitated factions; but greater than all these was Mademoiselle Mars, already the queen of comedy. Fleury was one of the performers at this theatre who pleased me best; I never heard him go through any character without giving it full effect, by his excellent judgment and good sense. Then his manners were those of a perfect gentleman, fully imbued with the *ton* of good company; not the affectation of the present day, or the manners which then belonged to the stable and the gingerbread-stall.

But I must speak of Fleury and of the triumph of his art in the character of Frederick in *The Two Pages.* Many persons can yet remember the astonishment of Prince Henry when he saw his brother upon the stage, speaking, walking, blowing his nose—in all points Frederick himself. And that mask, as it may be called, with which, at his pleasure, he assumed another face, was wholly furnished by a play of the muscles altogether his own, and for which he was in no degree indebted to any theatrical manœuvre. This was proved to me in a singular manner by the Count de Perigord.

This nobleman was thrown into prison during the reign of terror, when not ostracism only, but imprisonment and death were frequently the reward of genius, as well as of aristocracy of whatever kind; even success in the lowest grades of life was not exempt. For example, the Duke of Orleans had for a companion in death a blacksmith, who had been denounced and condemned because the president of his section was also a blacksmith and hung fewer bells than his neighbour. The entire company of the *Comédie Française* were for similar reasons under

lock and key, and M. de Perigord was painfully surprised at meeting in prison so many persons who had contributed to his enjoyment in the days of happiness. But a Frenchman, it is well known, can be gay even in the presence of death, and the friend and companion of Marshal Saxe was not very likely to be otherwise. Every time, therefore, that the old count met Fleury in the gloomy galleries of their prison he stopped, made a low obeisance, and said, "How does your Majesty do?" "At the instant," continued M. de Perigord, "the King of Prussia stood before me such as we have seen him in *The Two Pages*, such as he was at Potsdam two years before his death: his back bowed, but his carriage imposing nevertheless, the same air, and the same play of countenance. And this total change effected in a few seconds, in a damp dungeon, by the light of a grated casement, and when a turnkey might interrupt this dramatic entertainment by marching us before the revolutionary tribunal, that is to say, to death!"

There is great talent, no doubt, in this active and ever ready play of the features and disguisement of the whole person; but I think the mental firmness of the man, which will permit him to exercise these faculties in the midst of the most imminent danger, is still more worthy of admiration than the powers of the actor.

The Austrian embassy was not the only one which at this period enlivened Paris; the Emperor of Russia, if he had not an actual representative at the Consular Court, had at least a medium of communication with the First Consul in the person of General Sprengporten. Charmed with the generosity with which Napoleon had treated Russia, in sending home without ransom or exchange, well clothed and provided for, the eight thousand prisoners taken at Alkmaar on the surrender of the Anglo-Russian army, Paul had charged General Sprengporten with a letter of thanks to the First Consul, but without giving him any diplomatic character.[1]

[1] General Sprengporten was not a Russian, but born in Finland of an ancient family. At the period of the famous revolution in Sweden in 1776

This general gave charming *fêtes;* and though himself of a disposition habitually melancholy, arising from his exile from his native country, to which his engagements in the Russian service were a bar to his ever returning, he so frankly testified his desire to see his guests well amused that it was impossible to avoid being so. He was, moreover, a bachelor; and this circumstance contributed to the freedom of intercourse and mirth which his house offered.

It was here that I first saw Madame Recamier; I had heard her much spoken of, and I acknowledge that my mother had prejudiced my judgment concerning her, in persuading herself, and consequently me (for in matters relating to society my opinion almost always followed hers), that Madame Recamier's reputation was wholly exaggerated, and that she must necessarily be a person of such overbearing pretensions that no moderate qualifications could expect any notice in presence of her noisy and senseless appropriation of the homage of fashion.

Great, then, was my surprise when I beheld that lovely face, so blooming, so childish, and yet so beautiful! and still greater when I observed the timid uneasiness she experienced in her triumph. No doubt it was pleasing to be proclaimed the unrivalled beauty of the *fête;* but it was evident that she was pained by the envious glances of the females, who could not wholly suppress the ill-will with which they witnessed her monopoly of adoration.

Madame Recamier truly deserved that homage; she was a really pretty woman! This praise is bestowed on every young woman with a passable face whom it is necessary to flatter at her entrance into life, because she has a fortune, and the house to which she belongs is open to company; and thus is a word profaned which is destined to describe the most ravishing of Nature's works. It

he was much attached to the cause of Gustavus III., who, aware of the strict honour and fidelity of his military friend, made him acquainted with his plans, but Sprengporten arrived at Stockholm too late to assist the young king; the *chapeaux* had beaten the *bonnets*, and Gustavus was the conqueror. Sweden was at that period divided into two parties; the *bonnets* were supported by the Diet, and the *chapeaux*, encouraged by France, were of the King's party. Sprengporten afterwards passed into the Russian service, and although not ambassador at Paris he was treated and listened to as such.

would be more reasonable to say of such a person, She is handsome. Nothing is more vulgar than those every-day faces, with great eyes, a straight nose, a mouth with good teeth and rosy lips, and all this accompanied by falling shoulders and a well-made leg and arm. But go and ask those large eyes for a look of fire, those lips to open with an intellectual smile, and that Greek or Roman nose to derange its solemn line to show by the smallest movement of the nostrils that that fine face can exhibit a play of the muscles; ask all this, and you may find a beautiful marble statue, but how silent and cold!

This requisite Madame Recamier possessed in perfection; the expression of her eyes was mild and intellectual, her smile was gracious, her language interesting her whole person possessed the charm of native grace goodness, and intelligence. She reminded me at first sight of the Madonnas of the pious Italian painters; but the resemblance consisted wholly in expression—not in regularity of features. It was the mind which animated her eyes and blushed in her cheek; the smile which so frequently played upon her rosy lips expressed the unaffected joy of a young heart, happy in pleasing and in being beloved. When Madame Recamier was in England she excited the same enthusiasm in the multitudes who thronged to see her, because there is in grace and goodness a charm which exercises its power, without appeal, over the people of every country.

At the time when I first met Madame Recamier she was in the prime of her beauty and of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the first banking-houses of Paris; his misfortunes were not then foreseen. He had, therefore, the means of giving to his charming consort all the enjoyments of wealth and luxury as a poor return for her tender attentions and the happiness which she shed over his home and his life. M. Recamier's house was a delightful residence; nothing was comparable to the *fêtes* he gave to foreigners recommended to him, and whose choice of M. Recamier for their banker was no doubt fixed by the desire of an introduction to his

wife. Curiosity attracted them to his house; they were retained there by a charm which acted equally upon old and young, male and female.

Madame Recamier is an essential character in contemporary Memoirs; it is not often that a woman is to be found to embellish the era of her life with attractions such as hers; a woman whose friendship has been courted by the persons of the age most remarkable for their talents; a woman whose beauty has thrown at her feet all the men whose eyes have once been set upon her; whose love has been the object of universal desire, yet whose virtue has remained pure; whose unsullied reputation never suffered from the attacks of jealousy or envy; a woman who lost none of the affections which had been pledged to her, because in her days of gaiety and splendour she had the merit of being always ready to sacrifice her own enjoyments to afford consolation—which no one could do more sweetly and effectually—to any friend in affliction. To the world Madame Recamier is a celebrated woman; to those who had the happiness to know and to appreciate her she was a peculiar and gifted being, formed by Nature as a perfect model in one of her most beneficent moods.

The epoch of which we are now speaking was remarkable, as ushering in a century of which the twelve first years furnished more events than the whole circle of centuries which have formed the history of nations.

Since the 18th Brumaire society had been reuniting and grouping round a Government which offered it at length not only security but prosperity. The peace with Germany, that which was in progress with Russia, and a preliminary treaty already far advanced with Great Britain, afforded a bright horizon to replace those thick clouds which weighed upon the bosoms even of individuals, oppressing all with fears, not only for their possessions but their lives. Such a change in the State necessarily produced a revolution in manners and in the relations of society. For the benefit of a part of the existing generation, of the rising part especially, it is proper to observe that good society, or the world of fashion, was, at the time

to which we allude, a kingdom within itself, having its own laws, customs, usages, and even language; and all this without any prejudice to its neighbours. Women were the sovereigns of this empire, and the homage they exacted from their subjects was the just return for the charm they shed upon all social intercourse subject to their administration. All this had suffered greatly in the general overthrow. Beautiful women had assumed the red cap; but, in the vaunted days of liberty, the liberty of changing one's style or character was not permitted. But as in this world everything has an end, happily this glorious period of liberty had its end. Families again began to meet at stated festivals, to kiss the hand of the aged grandmother; they no longer feared to march in procession to the mother's room with bouquets of flowers on the day of Our Lady, or the patron saint; in time we got bolder, and private balls were renewed; at length came the Consulate, and we were commanded to amuse ourselves. Oh! how willingly was the command obeyed! And when we no longer feared to be condemned to death for having unwittingly danced on the anniversary of a defeat, and the Government set the example of gaiety, Paris once more became the abode of joy and pleasures. In the two first years of the Consulate the finest *fêtes*, except those of the Government, the ministers, and other authorities, were given by the richest bankers, such as M. Recamier, M. Perregaux, and two or three others; then followed MM. Seguin, Hainguerlot, and other great fortunes, who returned to France in pleasures the wealth she had bestowed upon them.

These *fêtes* were soon rendered more brilliant by the presence of numerous foreigners of distinction, who crowded into France as soon as they were permitted to travel. Italy, England, Switzerland, sent their contributions of visitors who, in exchange for the gold with which they enriched us, were taught the arts of refined entertainments.

The Russians followed the Germans as soon as their new sovereign gave them permission to quit their frozen

regions. The Emperor Paul was just dead; and Alexander, the eldest of his sons, had mounted the throne at twenty-three years of age. The despotic domination of the Czars immediately gave place to a paternal government, as much wiser as it was more gentle. I remember that at this period the Russians who came to Paris cherished for their young sovereign a sentiment bordering on delirium. Many of them kept his portrait in their inmost apartment, beside that of the favourite saint, surrounded like it with lights and gems, and as much venerated as St. Alexander Newsky or St. Nicholas.

Our definitive arrangements with the Court of St. Petersburg, however, did not proceed very rapidly. M. Sprengporten was recalled and replaced by the Chevalier de Kalitscheff, who also had no diplomatic quality, but was simply the bearer of a letter from the Emperor of Russia to the First Consul. One remarkable circumstance attached to his mission was that, though sent by the Emperor Paul, before he could deliver his letter the throne was already filled by Alexander. He was soon succeeded by the Count de Markoff, in quality of minister plenipotentiary, which, however, he did not assume till two months after his arrival here. General Hédouville was appointed by the First Consul to reside at St. Petersburg in the same quality: all arrangements of this nature were made with extreme caution; the foreign powers feared even to form alliances with France, for the Directory had rendered them suspicious of our good intentions.

CHAPTER XIV.

A visit from Rapp—An invitation to Malmaison—Conversation on the road—Rapp's attachment to the First Consul—Chagrin and melancholy of Bonaparte—Uneasiness of his two aides-de-camp—Bonaparte refuses his breakfast—A ride on horseback and fear of assassins—The horses at full gallop—Deep affliction of the First Consul and his conversation with Junot—A dinner at Malmaison—The loss of Egypt—Great projects overthrown—The intended pillar—The action of Nazareth—An order of the day the proudest title of nobility—The picture and the portrait.

ONE fine morning in the summer of 1801 Rapp joined our breakfast-table, bringing an order to Junot to attend the First Consul at Malmaison, and an invitation to me to spend the day there. We set out immediately after breakfast, and as Rapp was returning to Malmaison we gave him a place in our carriage.

I have already spoken of Rapp as a brave and frank soldier, but the quality which impressed his character most strongly at this moment was his ardent attachment to the First Consul. Rapp, Duroc, Lannes, Bessières, Lemarrois, and two or three others of the army of Italy and Egypt sympathised perfectly with Junot in this respect, and uttered precisely the same language. The First Consul was to them as an adored mistress is to most young men, the thought which predominated over every other; and of this devoted attachment I shall have many proofs to produce as my Memoirs proceed.

On this occasion we remarked that Rapp was thoughtful, and that a strong feeling seemed to oppress him. We had scarcely reached the Barrière de l'Etoile when Junot, who had been contemplating Rapp's countenance, caught

the reflection of its melancholy, and before we arrived at Nanterre he said to his brave brother-in-arms, taking his hand:

"Rapp, there is something the matter yonder . . . the general——" And his eye, fixed upon the excellent young man, seemed to fear a confirmation of his apprehensions.

Rapp at first bowed his head without answering; then pressing Junot's hand, "I know nothing," he said; "but the general has certainly received some painful news. I know him as if I had spent my whole life by his side, and when his forehead wrinkles and his eyelids fall. . . ." Here he knit his eyebrows as Napoleon was accustomed to do when deep in thought. "Then when retaining this melancholy air he pushes away his plate at dinner, throws up his napkin, removes his chair, walks to and fro, and orders three cups of coffee an hour hence, I say to myself that he has met with some cause of distress. This is the life he led all day yesterday, and this morning the same course has recommenced. This is why I am returning to Malmaison, though my attendance ended at noon. But I should be miserable at Paris."

Junot pressed Rapp's hand: the brave fellow had so entirely expressed his own feelings! I looked at both of them; Junot's eyes were wet, and Rapp was looking out of the coach window ashamed of his emotion.

"But," said I to them, "give me leave to tell you, you are behaving like two children. What! because the First Consul is perhaps out of humour, or, at the most, because you believe him to be vexed, you are unhappy to a degree to be absolutely ashamed of your feelings! I repeat it, you are as unreasonable as two children."

Their two faces turned towards each other to take a mutual survey; and I burst into a laugh. Rapp was offended. "I may be ridiculous in expressing an over-anxiety," said he; "but I who have seen the general's altered physiognomy . . . you know, Junot, I who have seen him, know that it is not ill-humour; it is grief. Yesterday morning, after rising from breakfast, which he

had not eaten, he ordered the horses, and we rode out to the park of Bougival. We were alone with Jardin; so long as we were within sight of the house the general walked his horse; but we had no sooner passed the paling than he spurred it, and the poor beast galloped up the stony road of Bougival, where he might have been killed ten times over; for if the horse had stumbled upon one of the round and polished stones the hill is strewed with he might have rolled to the bottom without the possibility of being saved. When we reached the summit, there, under the fine trees at the entrance of the wood, he stopped short. The horse panted and could not advance a step. I rode up to the general: he was alone: Jardin was still a long way behind. I then thought no more of the horse falling; but I beheld in the dark and desert wood assassins in waiting to dog my general's steps. I saw that the most devoted guardianship cannot be so active but that danger may outstrip it; he had been there two minutes, and alone! The misfortunes which might have been accomplished in this short time presented themselves so forcibly to me that for a moment I forgot myself. I took the liberty to tell the First Consul that he rode like a madman, and did not know what he was about. "Why the devil, my general," said I, "do you terrify those who are devoted to you in this manner?"

"What! you spoke to him in that manner!" said Junot laughing, but with a look of astonishment.

"Certainly," replied Rapp, "and why should I not? You all try to frighten me out of speaking frankly to the First Consul; but I cannot believe it would displease him: he knows when the heart speaks." Rapp accompanied this speech with a collection of energetic words which may be dispensed with here. His language had nothing vulgar in it, but he often introduced into it interjections and exclamations to which it would be difficult to do justice in writing. "But to return to what I was saying just now about the general, when I pointed out to him the solitude which surrounded us, he smiled, so . . ." And Rapp smiled with an expression of disdain and

bitterness, at the same time inclining his head in a manner altogether peculiar to Napoleon, and which those only who have known him well can figure to themselves or understand. "Then he said to me: 'Danger has no terrors for me, Colonel Rapp; there are even moments when I court it, for some days of my life are heavy to bear.' And thereupon he recommenced his furious gallop, but this time, if we were not in a level country, at least the road was such that it was practicable to follow him. Jardin and I did not let him outride us, but kept our horses close on the heels of his. We rode in this manner six leagues, I think; however, on our return, the First Consul seemed much more calm than when we set out."

Junot was thoughtful. All that Rapp had said did indeed indicate that some great trouble affected the First Consul. Junot questioned his comrade; but Rapp, who could easily remark the emotion which the countenance of Napoleon exhibited, was wholly deficient in that fine discrimination which could trace such emotion to its cause. I was perfectly astonished at the style, almost of eloquence, in which he had just related the particulars of his preceding day's ride, and I recognised in it a new proof that the eloquence of the heart is the most poetic; that of genius, when compared with it, appears cold and formal. One word shot from that volcano of the mind when agitated by passion, whatever its nature, is always more persuasive and more eloquent than all the discourses of a rhetorician.

When we arrived at Malmaison the First Consul was in his cabinet. He immediately sent for Junot, who, for above an hour, was closeted with him. Some time before dinner we saw them walking in the alley which leads towards Jonchére[1] and Bougival. Junot was serious, and seemed to listen with great attention to the First Consul. Sometimes the countenance of Napoleon became animated; once he stopped opposite the house, and, as if he would explain demonstratively to Junot what he was saying, he traced some figures with his feet upon the sand, and

[1] A country house, which afterwards belonged to Eugène.

probably finding this mode insufficient to his purpose, asked Junot for his sword, and, without drawing it from the scabbard, used it to trace his explanatory figures with more ease.

When we entered the dining-room the First Consul was already at table; he placed me by his side, and talked of things so entirely indifferent that it was manifest he was supporting a conversation to which he gave no attention at all, only to avoid the awkwardness of total silence. I examined him narrowly, and was convinced that he was under the influence of a strong impression. Alas! the subject was but too serious; we had lost Egypt! He had hoped that his good fortune would have preserved in Egypt the ascendency over the evil star of the unlucky Menou; and the English ministry, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, and Lord Grenville, terrified at the success of the man they detested, had given in their resignations; in vain—their adieu to power was but the fatal warrant which doomed to death the great work of his hands. Abercromby's expedition augured great mischief to Egypt, particularly under this skilful chief; but with him who directed at once the Government and the army it was ruin and death; for he brought both to the strand of Aboukir.

In returning to Paris Junot was strongly affected. He told me all he had learned from the First Consul, and how much he was himself distressed in seeing the affliction which weighed upon a great mind whose every sentiment was powerful and ardent.

"It is so long," said Junot, "since I have known his projects with respect to Egypt! When we walked upon the Boulevards Neufs on one of those fine summer evenings which then afforded us all the pleasure we enjoyed; when we were at Paris, unhappy and unemployed, then it was that the First Consul spoke to me of the East, of Egypt, Mount Libanos, and the Druses; and when these brilliant reveries subsequently became a glorious reality, when General Bonaparte saw in his own hands the power of executing such important projects, I know that he considered it the finest moment of his life. I know not what

Heaven may have in store for him; but I may affirm that to constitute Egypt the station from whence, at some future day, the blow should be struck which should annihilate the prosperity of England was his most cherished purpose, and was about to receive its accomplishment. When, then, he said to me to-day, 'Junot, we have lost Egypt!'[1] I felt all the pain with which he would receive the intelligence that Egypt was actually lost: and my heart throbbed with anguish. Rapp was right! my general suffered cruelly yesterday!"

The First Consul did not express to those who surrounded him the deep wound which England had thus inflicted on his heart. Junot alone understood his sufferings; and he wept like a child while he repeated to me all that had passed during the two hours he had been alone with the First Consul. Not only had Napoleon, during this conference, spoken like a patriot, and wept over the irreparable loss which the commerce and prosperity of France had sustained, but he had felt as the chief of the army and the friend of his soldiers. He regretted the land which the blood of thousands of Frenchmen had enriched! those burning sands where their bones must wither! "He intended," said Junot, "to raise a monument to Sulkowsky, to Julien. . . . 'I would have erected at the foot of Mount Tabor a pillar on which the names of the three hundred brave men whom I commanded at Nazareth should be inscribed. We also should have braved ages, and posterity would have found our glory in the deserts of Syria'—but as my general said," continued Junot: 'My projects, and my dreams, England has destroyed them all.'"

Junot then described to me a plan which had hitherto only been sketched out, but which was about to receive its

[1] It is very necessary, in order to understand the ulterior objects of Napoleon with respect to his advance upon India after he should have conquered Egypt, to read the instructions given by him to M. de Lascaris, which are to be found in M. de Lamartine's *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, vol. iii. p. 145. The account here alluded to was drawn up by the latter from the papers of M. de Lascaris, and furnishes ample proofs of the gigantic mind of Napoleon: the whole of this relation is highly interesting.

completion. At the time of the famous action of Nazareth, where Junot, cut off from the corps to which he belonged, found himself at the head of a few hundred men opposed to the Grand Vizier's advanced guard of three thousand, commanded by Ayoub-Bey, and obtained a complete victory, one of the finest achievements in our wars, the general-in-chief immediately ordered that this victory should be consecrated in the most glorious manner. The Order of the Day, then issued, had not yet been executed, but the First Consul, in terms the most affectionately honourable, assured Junot that it should be forthwith. I here insert that Order of the Day; it is a noble trophy to preserve; my children are entitled to be vain of it. They have no cause to fear that their hereditary nobility should be contested, for they will always be the sons of the conqueror of Nazareth.

AT THE HEADQUARTERS BEFORE ACRE,

2 Floréal, Year 7.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The General-in-Chief, desirous of giving a mark of his particular satisfaction to the three hundred brave soldiers, commanded by General Junot, who in the action of Nazareth repulsed a Turkish corps of cavalry of three thousand men, took five standards, and covered the field of battle with the dead bodies of the enemy, Orders:—

Art. 1. That a medal of 12,000 francs shall be given as a prize to the best picture representing the action of Nazareth.

Art. 2. The costume of the French in the picture shall be the uniform of the 2nd light infantry and the 14th dragoons. General Junot and the Chiefs of the Brigade Duvivier, and of the 14th dragoons, shall be represented in it.

Art. 3. The General Staff shall cause our artists in Egypt to draw the costumes of the Mamelukes, the Janissaries of Damascus, and Aleppo, the Maugrebins and

the Arabs,[1] and shall send them to the minister of the interior, inviting him to cause copies of them to be executed and transmitted to the principal painters of Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and to name the judges who shall award the prize and the period when it shall be announced.

Art. 4. The present Order of the Day shall be sent to the municipality of the commune of all the soldiers who shared in the action of Nazareth.

The General-in-chief,

BONAPARTE.

ALEXANDER BERTHIER,
General of Division, Chief of the Staff.

I believe that this Order of the Day is unique in our wars. The Directory, which was not fond of acknowledging the glory of our arms, was necessitated to publish it, and directions were given that General Bonaparte's orders should be executed. The competition took place, after the return both of General Bonaparte and Junot, and the prize was adjudged to M. le Gros, who received orders for the picture, but never completed it. The magnificent portrait of the Duke of Abrantes, the immortal work I may call it of M. le Gros, was destined for this picture of the action of Nazareth. The portrait, of which the head, or rather the face, only is complete, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, not only for the painting but the resemblance. How often has my heart thanked M. le Gros! How sacred and venerable are the creative arts, when they thus restore to an afflicted family that which it regrets! May the hand which has produced this prodigy be for ever blessed!

[1] These troops composed the Turkish corps opposed to Junot and his brave division.

CHAPTER XV.

Contemporary Memoirs—Mystification—The First Consul represses it—The Princess Dolgoroucky—Mystification of the Institute at her house—Robert—The Catacombs—The plank at St. Peter's.

ONE of the most important objects of contemporary Memoirs is to stamp the epoch with its distinctive character; "Insert facts and names," say some persons incessantly, till they weary my patience. Facts; what else should I insert? Names; they will attach themselves to facts;—and it would be difficult to write Memoirs without both. But the facts, as I observed before, which it is important to preserve, are those which mark the manners of the age. At this particular period, when strangers abounded in Paris, a fashion existed which, in its various ramifications, served for the daily amusement of society. This was the art of mystification, *anglice* hoaxing, which had just sprung up amongst us. To make game of one's friends was an amusement of old standing; but now, for the first time, men made the art of mystification, as it was called, a profession, a regular means of livelihood: for example, an entertainment was to be provided in the best manner for a party of friends; M. or Madame N. must be mystified; but how? Send for Musson, Thiémé, or Legras; it was done with the same ease that you would send to Corcelet,[1] the Chevet of that day, for a truffled turkey.

But there existed a more general species of mystifica-

[1] Corcelet was still well known at Paris in 1836, but the shop of Chevet was more visited by the epicureans.

tion in which a whole party were made actors, and that without the help of the inimitable Musson; I am about to give a special instance of this kind presently. The First Consul, who detested this diversion, was the cause of its falling into desuetude, by the expression of his displeasure. Junot and I were once warmly reprimanded by him for having caused the mystification of a man by the whole audience of a theatre, without any participation of intention on the part of the spectator-actors. But the scene which I am now about to relate especially concerns the Russian Princess Dolgoroucky, who arrived in Paris at the time when these follies were still rife, though fear of the First Consul had rendered them less frequent than they had once been.

This lady was by far the most distinguished amongst the Russians at Paris, for her qualifications of person, mind, and manners. She was called impertinent, but as I never found her so I can say nothing upon that subject; she was certainly stiff, with some bombast and more affectation; but her manners were nevertheless those of the best society. She was polite, but distant; she never conferred an obligation without hesitating; at a first introduction she curtseyed even without smiling, nor was it till she was certain of finding the person that pleased her that she advanced graciously to offer her hand. She was thought handsome by some, because she was tall and finely formed; but this striking figure was surmounted by a countenance of harshness and severity almost repulsive. La Harpe, the Abbé Delille, and others of our literati, held her in high respect, and the superiority of her intellectual acquirements could not be denied; from all this resulted the reputation not only of a witty but of a learned lady;—the character in the world the most alarming. Some young people, or perhaps some ladies, wearied and annoyed by the ceremonious airs of the noble stranger whose haughtiness was ill-placed in a country where liberty, and especially equality, were at that moment in their verdure and activity, determined to make her the subject of a mystification. Her pretensions

as a *bel-esprit* were well known, and were made the test of the drama.

The princess[1] occupied a very small house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where she could not dine more than eight or ten persons; if she wished to entertain twenty she was obliged to invite them to tea. The Princess returned home one afternoon about five o'clock, much fatigued by a traveller's visits to the curiosities of Paris, and had just taken up a reclining position upon a sofa when the folding-doors of her drawing-room opened, and her groom of the chambers announced M. de Lacépède.

M. de Lacépède would have been heartily welcome to me or to any of my friends, because we were personally acquainted with him; but the Princess had never seen him, and notwithstanding her learned reputation it is by no means sure that she had read any of his works. Be this as it may, there he was; and as he was the politest of men the compliments of the *entrée* went off very well. The gentleman was not under the smallest embarrassment, but the lady thought the hour he had chosen for his visit a somewhat strange one. A few minutes, however, only elapsed before the door was opened again to admit M. de Lalande. He was presently followed by M. Suard. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, the most respectable members of the Institute, the greatest strangers to the world of fashion, from the solitude to which their scientific studies confined them, were all assembled in the Princess Dolgoroucky's little drawing-room, except indeed those who happened to be acquainted with the hostess, whose situation was every moment becoming more uneasy from the increasing number of her singular visitors. This was, however, neither the place nor the occasion for the exhibition of those stately airs which disconcert inferiors. The princess had sense, and though incapable of understanding the extraordinary situation in which she found herself she perfectly understood that she was at home, and whatever might be the cause of this truly eccentric meeting it was

[1] She was a daughter of the Princess of Nassau-Usingen.

for her to prove that her humour was not always so disagreeable as was reported. The conversation, nevertheless, became more and more difficult to sustain. One of the learned visitors had raised a discussion respecting some ivory fossils which had been found, I know not where, and referred continually to the princess, who was equally at a loss how to answer or where to hide her head. At length a familiar face presented itself to her notice; her friend Millin was announced.

"So," said he to the princess, kissing her hand with as much respect as if she had been the favourite sultana, "so, it is by a singular accident only that I have heard of the scientific treasures and rare curiosities you have received from your northern estates! I, the most faithful, the most devoted of your servants! Oh, princess, princess!"

She looked at him with amazement; but at length obtained from him, rapidly and in an undertone, an explanation of the whole mystery; and learned that, two days before, the most distinguished members of the Institute—the elect, in fact, from every section of the most abstracted and the most learned—had each received an invitation in his own proper and private name to dine with her. A note appended to the invitation informed him, moreover, that some most curious objects of natural history had been sent to her from her estates in Siberia, and which she not only desired to submit to the examination of the most scientific men in France, but proposed to offer to their acceptance. Not another word was wanting to attract the attention of the whole learned body. The division of one of M. Demidoff's mines would not have tempted these minds devoted to science and learning; but the possibility of possessing a true moon-stone, the carcass, or even a rib of a fossil elephant, had drawn these talented men from their retreat. M. de Lacépède had missed the single hour's sleep he allowed himself each day while engaged on one of his great works, in the hope of seeing some skin, or some delicate bone which he might recognise as the spoil of one of those superb serpents a

hundred and eighty feet in length, which overran the world some twenty-five thousand years ago.

Millin had not seen these invitations, for the authors of the hoax had taken good care not to send them to the acquaintances of the princess; but he having met M. de Lalande at the Tuileries, had learned from him that there was to be a scientific meeting at the Princess Dolgoroucky's, together with its cause; he wondered much that he had been forgotten, but fortunately determined, nevertheless, to make one of the party.

The result of this explanation by M. Millin was the discovery that the princess had been hoaxed, a matter of serious concern to one who thought so much of the observations which might be made upon her; but she parried it with all the show of indifference she could assume, and followed the excellent advice of Millin, to retire for a week or two into the country. Her friends had more wit than to undertake the refutation of the story; one of the most ill-judged proceedings imaginable, unless supported by incontestable proofs. The learned men implicated in the transaction, when the true state of the case came to be whispered among them, sneaked one by one out of the house, and *restaurateurs* being by no means so numerous as at present, they found some difficulty in procuring a dinner at six o'clock in the evening. Aware of the ridicule to which they were exposed (and who so sensible to ridicule as such men?), they took care to be silent, and thus the matter dropped, forgotten in ten days, as everything is at Paris unless supported by a prolonged disputation; and this adventure, which never gained much credit, was nearly unknown, and entirely failed to effect the purpose of its contrivers. After a while it was formally denied, but was perfectly true nevertheless.

"The dignity of science was somewhat compromised," said old Robert, who was as ready in conversation as at his easel; "this affair would have made a good subject for the pencil;" and, in fact, the interior of the drawing-room, with the perplexity of the hostess, and the dismayed countenances of her guests when they found that neither

serpents, elephants, nor dinner were forthcoming, would have made a pleasant scene.

This Robert was an excellent old man; he had an affectionate friendship for me, which I cordially returned. He was a man of intelligence; had seen much, and retained much, and his judgment being good his conversation was extremely attractive. It was he who was the hero of that adventure so famous in the annals of the French Academy at Rome, and which has furnished the text to M. Delille's fine poetical episode of the Catacombs.[1] But how cold and colourless, how devoid of interest are those verses in comparison with the rapid and animated narration I received from Robert's own lips, when, at seventy-nine years of age, sitting by my fireside, he related the peril he had run in studying the frescoes in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian at Rome from having lost the thread which guided him through the intricacies of these prodigious vaults![2] With what simple, yet glowing, because heartfelt eloquence did this old man portray the horrors of the youth of twenty creeping for two days in living agony, among the stones from which he had been copying, in search of a ball of thread! His remembrance of the mother he was to see no more, of his country, and of that glorious futurity of which the imagination of a youthful artist had dreamt, and before which a leaden curtain was falling! Then comes physical suffering with its overwhelming force: he is hungry, he is in pain, in torture!—But what words can paint the delirium of his joy, when by accidentally dropping his hand upon a heap of bones it feels his guardian ball! The words with which he described that moment could be used only by himself.

Soon after this adventure of the Catacombs he fell again, and by his own fault, into a danger equally imminent, but less known. He was one day in St. Peter's, after the hour of prayer, alone, contemplat-

[1] It is in his poem entitled, *L'Imagination.*

[2] Robert is well known as a painter of ruins; he found his ball of twine only on the second day, which enabled him to trace his way out of the Catacombs.

ing in the calmness of solitude the thousand wonders of the Christian giant. Suddenly he saw a cord descend from an opening in the cupola: a workman approached it, fastened to it a bucket full of water, and the cord was drawn up again. He perceived that they were mending the roof, and was seized with a desire to mount the cupola.

"I was curious," said he, "to see what harm had befallen this colossus of modern architecture, which, rearing its head into the air, seems to deride the ruined monuments which surround it, saying to them, '*I am eternal!*' Its pride seemed to me to be greatly abated, for this cord, this bucket, this solitary workman, appeared so insignificant; I was no longer afraid, but determined to go up to discover what was the matter."

He mounted accordingly; and having reached the summit, was at first seized with admiration at sight of the prospect which lay extended before him—a magnificent, but living panorama, illuminated by that sun to which no other can compare, enveloping all Nature with that veil of golden hue which floats only on the buildings, the trees, the fields of Italy. Then looking round nearer to him he saw some masons and tilers repairing, as they sang in their monotonous and nasal tones, some damage the roof had sustained. For the greater facility of bringing up the water they had tied two long planks together, fixed them across the opening in the dome, and from them, by means of a cord and bucket, drew up the water; the two planks might be about two feet and a half in width, and the whole apparatus being intended only to support the bucket of water no one concerned himself about its strength.

Eyes of twenty years see danger only to laugh at and brave it; it came into Robert's head that the appearance of St. Peter's, looking down upon it from above, must be very extraordinary; and the fancy soon became an ardent desire that Robert felt compelled to satisfy, without considering that the plank which he proposed to use as a bridge crossed an aperture three hundred feet from the

ground. He set first one foot upon it, then the other, and presently behold him on this frail pathway without the possibility of turning back.

When Robert related this history to me, at the moment of his launching upon this plank, where my imagination represented him suspended between the sky and that marble which seemed destined to break his head, I was seized with the same vertigo that threatened him in his insane course; we gathered round him, listening eagerly to his words, and following him step by step on his aerial bridge.

"Having reached about a third part across I became desirous," said he, "of enjoying the spectacle I had set my mind upon, and cast my eyes downwards. Instantly a singing whizzed in my ears, a cloud first of blackness then of fire spread itself before my eyes. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to stop. I cannot describe what I felt at this moment in hearing close to me the most execrable imprecations murmured in an undertone by the workmen. I reopened my eyes and determined to walk on, for I was convinced that if I remained another moment in my present situation I should die even without falling. I felt that my rescue depended upon myself, that my strength of mind alone could save me." He advanced with a firm step along this narrow plank, at the extremity of which he might recover a life at present so uncertain, when he felt it crack under his feet! he was now in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body so much exceeding that of the small bucket of water, seemed necessarily about to break it down and precipitate him to the marble floor. A young man, looking on with affright, heard the crash and exclaimed: "The plank is rotten, the poor fellow must——" He did not finish the sentence, for the master mason laid his hand upon his mouth and pressed it violently. Meanwhile Robert proceeded, and at length stepped upon a solid footing. He looked behind him, saw the plank, the gulf, the death he had escaped, and throwing himself upon his knees returned thanks to God.

"Oh! my friends," said he to the workmen, "how fortunate I have been!" But instead of sympathising in his joy the workmen laid hold of him and beat him so violently that he cried out for help. "You provoking Frenchman, rascal, torment," bawled out the masons in chorus, "you have frightened us out of our senses," and the blows continuing to pour upon his back Robert thought he should go mad. "Will you leave me alone?" cried he, half laughing and half angry. "Ouf," said the master mason, "I can scarcely breathe yet!"—"And why," said Robert, "did you shut that poor child's mouth?"—"By St. Peter! would you have had me let him cry on till he had made you lose what little reason you had left?"

Robert took the mason's hand and pressed it with real and cordial friendship; this rough frankness, expressing such strong interest, however strange the mode of testifying it, went straight to the heart, and affected it perhaps more deeply than the most ceremonious expressions of interest uttered by a man of the world. Robert saw this man frequently during his stay at Rome, and painted two pictures for him, one of which was a sketch of this event, which I believe has been engraved, but I am not sure.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lessons in elocution — Mysterious visit — Ride to Issy — Mademoiselle Clairon's house — A waiting-maid's costume — Mademoiselle Clairon at eighty years of age — Extraordinary dress — The bust of Voltaire — The monologue of Electra — Mademoiselle Clairon and Talma — The Queen of Babylon without bread — M. de Staël — Mademoiselle Clairon relieved by the Government — She does justice to Mademoiselle Mars — Nightly sound of a pistol-shot.

I HAD performed in comedy with my young friends before my marriage, and not only had the study of poetical literature formed a part of my drawing-room education, but I had also been taught to recite. I had received lessons in elocution from M. Laurent, and had even had some lessons from Larive, when we occasionally met him at St. Mandé, at the house of a friend to whom he was related. But I had also had a very different mistress, if I may apply the term to the advice given on the subject of declamation to a young girl not destined for the theatre.

M. Brunetière, of whom I have often spoken, who was my guardian, and fulfilled to the utmost of his power the duties of the office, frequently took me into the country in his cabriolet when my fatiguing watchings in 1798 and 1799 were visibly injuring my health. We were not absent on these occasions more than an hour or two, yet even this my mother thought long; and so did I, because I could not be easy unless I was beside her to see that the thousand-and-one fancies, which as soon as formed became necessary to her comfort, were complied with.

M. Brunetière one day said to me: "I am going to take you to visit a very celebrated person; but I shall not tell you her name, you must guess it." Then inclining towards my mother he said some words to her in a whisper, adding aloud: "Will you give me leave to take her?"—"Most certainly I will, and gladly," she replied, and added: "Loulou, look at her, examine her closely, and tell me what impression the person you are going to see makes upon you."

We set off about noon, on a lovely day of spring, to take, as M. Brunetière called it, "A bath of air, to refresh," said he, "that face of fifteen which is as pale as the one I am going to show you." And in truth I felt, as we passed through the Bois de Boulogne and a part of the Park of St. Cloud, that joy which the breezes of spring never fail to inspire after a tedious confinement in close air. We entered the village of Sèvres, and turning to the left reached Issy, which was to be the term of our journey.

We stopped before what had been a handsome house, but the dilapidated and neglected appearance of which greatly surprised me. I could not conceive how an aged woman could take up her lodging in a house which looked so desolate. The servant rang a long time without receiving any answer, except from seven or eight dogs, who performed counter-tenor, bass, and bass-tenor, in chorus, under the leading of a great mastiff in the courtyard, who acquitted himself admirably in his office of guard, barking according to order. An old woman at length appeared to let us in. The extraordinary style of her dress arrested my whole attention; it was so strange a mixture of old-fashioned French, with the Greek and Roman costume, that all the laws of politeness could scarcely restrain me from laughing at the old *femme-de-chambre.* Her apron trimmed with festooned muslin, and ornamented with ribbon at the pockets, announced her quality of waiting-maid. On recognising M. de Brunetière she uttered an exclamation of joy: "You are come at last! Oh! how pleased Mademoiselle will be! And Mademoiselle Alex-

andrina too, I suppose? How much she is like you! Dear young lady, you have a worthy papa. And to think that we have no fruit to offer the dear child!"

During this monologue M. Brunetière assisted me to alight from the cabriolet, and we crossed a small court amid the clamorous yelpings of the dogs, whom the old woman beat with a switch, and M. de Brunetière wished heartily at the devil.

At length we reached the apartment of the mistress, who proved to be a very old lady, notwithstanding the title of Mademoiselle given her by her servant. She had been a fine figure in her youth, and age had not yet robbed her of a particle of height; her hair, white, but unpowdered, was drawn up behind in the Grecian style, and formed in front a *toupet*, which showed a still noble forehead, and a brow corresponding to all the expressions of an eye, calm but animated. The costume of this lady, whose air imposed respect at first sight, was as extraordinary as that of her *femme-de-chambre*. She wore a sort of muslin mantle, which did not hang as mantles usually do from the shoulders, but was folded round her in the form of antique drapery. A robe below it was shorter than the mantle; both were white, and bordered with garlands of laurels.[1] This lady, at once singular and attractive, was seated in a large arm-chair well lined with pillows, with a bear-skin under her feet, and a table covered with books before her. A bust of Voltaire of great beauty stood upon it, as did a portrait of Lekain; many other busts and portraits were hung round the room, or attached by brackets to the walls, which were barely covered by paper, dropping to pieces from the effect of damp. The desolation of the house seemed even more striking in this room, surrounding with its misery an aged female who had evidently been accustomed to the indulgences of affluence.

On seeing M. Brunetière, far from expressing the joy her maid had promised, she bent her brow, compressed

[1] These dresses were much in fashion about 1795, and were printed at M. Oberkampf's manufactory at Jouy.

her lips in a manner I have never seen in any other person, and exclaimed: "Ah! ah! Monsieur, here you are, then, at last! and where is your ambassador that he is not come also? He would have judged for himself of the condition of the asylum which is left to Electra and to Semiramis." So saying, she raised her arm in a theatrical manner, pointing towards a part of the ceiling through which the water was falling into the parlour, though it was on the ground-floor. "So!" she continued with an accent impossible to describe, "M. le Baron de Staël still fails in his word, his plighted oath! And why, sir, why do not you, who know what his engagements to me are, oblige him to fulfil them? for in fact, sir, it even rains in my room."

I looked at and listened attentively to this woman, as singular in her speech as in her costume, yet experienced no inclination to laugh, nor the smallest idea of ridiculing her. I even felt much pain at hearing her complaints of ill-usage. M. Brunetière, who was no way to blame in the affair, approached her, kissed her hand with an air of respect which seemed to soften her, and presenting me to her by name, said: "Her mother is a Comnena." The old lady endeavoured to stand up, but could not. "Mademoiselle," said she, "I knew your father and your uncle well; they both did me the honour of visiting me. I am rejoiced to see you. Permit me——" And taking my hand she kissed my forehead with a solemnity which made M. de Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of this remarkable person who, surrounded by evidences of poverty, and herself giving the idea of the ruin of a superior nature, inspired me with an indefinable species of respect. My guardian at length took pity upon me.

"You see that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by objects worthy of herself and her glorious recollections," said he, pointing to the busts of Voltaire and Lekain.

But my eye did not follow the direction of his hand; it fixed immediately upon the person whose name I had just learned. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admir-

able in the parts of Electra, Aménaïde, Idamé, Semiramis! the woman sung by Voltaire, praised by all Europe! there I saw her, almost eighty years of age, in a state bordering on destitution, and apparently accusing as the author of her misfortunes a man whose name should have been a guarantee that talent in distress would have found protection from him. I looked at her, and my eye probably expressed a part of my thoughts; for taking my hand with that of hers which she was able to use (the other was paralytic), she said to me, "Yes, my dear young lady, it is Clairon that you see. I am the woman whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces; I am the woman whom all Europe came to hear pronounce the fine verses of that immortal genius." And she bowed to the bust of Voltaire. "My country," she added with a bitter smile, "has been grateful and liberal in praises, and has given me many laurels." Again she directed her hand towards the bust of Voltaire, and I observed for the first time that it was surrounded by emblematic crowns, numerous papers, and a thousand other trifles, all of which Mademoiselle Clairon had probably received during her long theatrical career. "I have offered to him," said the actress, "all the fruits of my success; it is to the master that the pupil owes all her credit." And elevating herself in her seat, with theatrical dignity she rehearsed an ode addressed by Voltaire to herself, in which, far from recognising Mademoiselle Clairon's observations, he thanked her for the success of his works. "But he did not believe a word of all that," she said, with a smile of intelligence; "and he was right." She possessed, nevertheless, a degree of vanity of which it is difficult to form an idea.

My guardian, seeing how much Mademoiselle Clairon interested me, begged her to recite some passages from one of her favourite parts; she considered for a moment, and then commenced the fine monologue of Electra, which she went through with admirable talent. I know not whether at this day we should consider her performance so perfect, but I was delighted, and promised myself many visits to Issy with my guardian. She was fond of conver-

sation, and supported it with grace; her language was chaste, and she professed a profound contempt for all innovations upon the ancient manners. She told us that there was a good little man named Talma who had the audacity to give himself out as her pupil. "I know not how he performs," said she, "but that is of no consequence to me. I have sent a message to that miserable successor of Fréron, who leaves neither the living nor the dead in peace, desiring him to put into his papers that I never gave lessons to M. Talma."—"But he has great talent," said I timidly, for I was overpowered by her royal air. "Oh! I do not contest that," said she politely, but in that tone of voice which seems to say,—I pay no attention to your opinion. I know that she afterwards heard Talma, and was enraptured with his performance; also, that she gave him some advice which he profited by.

In taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon I begged permission to visit her again, which she granted with the utmost graciousness, adding: "Make my most profound respects to your mother. I had the honour of seeing her when she first came to Paris in her Greek dress; she was a star of beauty!"

M. Brunetière at parting approached Mademoiselle Clairon and put into her hands a rouleau; at the same time saying something to her very low, to which she answered aloud: "This comes in good time, for the baker would no longer furnish bread to the Queen of Babylon. But you are a worthy man. Mademoiselle,"—and she addressed herself to me, showing the rouleau M. Brunetière had just given her,—"do you see this money; your guardian gives it out of his own purse that poor Clairon may not die of hunger. He gives it for that man who is without principle, that ambassador, that husband of a celebrated woman, in short, for M. the Baron de Staël, who suffers the water of the sky to find its way into my poor habitation."

M. de Staël had purchased an estate of Mademoiselle Clairon; the deeds stipulated that the house in which she resided at Issy should be kept in repair at his expense.

Not one of the clauses were ever executed. M. Brunetière, though an excellent man of business, could not draw blood from a stone. Madame de Staël, his wife, who had but little regard for him, could not pay his debts, however just; and in the midst of these pretensions and refusals Mademoiselle Clairon was dying with hunger. On our way home my guardian, who was M. de Staël's counsellor and friend, related to me this transaction between him and the great actress, but added: "I beg you, my child, not to repeat what you have heard to-day; Mademoiselle Clairon is unhappy, and as poverty sours the disposition she is unjust towards M. de Staël."—"But he does not pay her," said I, "since you are the guardian angel who saves her from perishing with hunger. How is it that your friend Gohier does not rescue her from this state of distress?"

"The Government is too poor. But do you speak to Lucien upon the subject; young lips may with much grace beg bread for such a woman as Mademoiselle Clairon; M. de Staël cannot pay her, and I have heavy charges upon me. I spoke to my brother-in-law upon the subject." Mademoiselle Clairon received material assistance from Lucien, but it was not till the ministry of Chaptal that she was effectually relieved from want. In a collection of autographs of celebrated persons, two curious pieces on this subject are preserved; the one, in some very energetic words of Mademoiselle Clairon, requests bread from the minister of the interior; the other has the two equally expressive lines which follow:—

"Good for two thousand francs, payable at sight to Mademoiselle Clairon.—CHAPTAL."

I saw her occasionally. She was fond of me, but Talma and Mademoiselle Mars caused perpetual disputes between us. I was angry, because, as she did not see their performance, she could not appreciate all the talent of these two beings endowed from above with dramatic genius. Talma might be criticised, but Mademoiselle Mars was even then a diamond of the first water, without spot or defect. At length I was one day much surprised to find my old friend quite softened towards my favourite

actress; and never could attribute the sudden change to any other cause than her having seen Mademoiselle Mars in one of her characters; she did not admit it, but I am almost certain of the fact. I had spoken so much of her that it was scarcely possible she should not wish to see her to judge for herself. In *The Pupil*, Mademoiselle Mars, in the simple action of letting fall a nosegay, unveils at once the secret of a young heart. This fact, so striking to the feelings, is at the same time one which could not be described, and yet Mademoiselle Clairon spoke to me of this action as if she had seen it; nor do I think that she would have imbibed from any other source opinions sufficiently strong to overcome her prejudices, though I know that an old M. Antoine, a friend of Lekain, gave her frequent accounts of all that passed at the *Comédie Française*. I have, however, no doubt that she had been carried thither herself in a sedan-chair, and had seen and admired our charming actress. I have often seen Mademoiselle Mars off the stage since that time, but I do not remember to have ever mentioned the circumstance to her—she could not but have been flattered by it.

It is well known that Mademoiselle Clairon was the cause, the innocent cause it is said, of the suicide of a man, who killed himself by a pistol-shot. Ever afterwards she heard that shot every night at one o'clock, whether asleep or at a ball, on a journey or at an inn—it was the same thing; it overpowered the music of *à fête*, it awoke her from repose, and it resounded equally in the court of a posthouse or of a palace. I cannot answer for it that there was no exaggeration in all this; but she who usually spoke in an exalted strain here laid aside all pretension, all that could give any suspicion of seeking to produce effect. Albert, who believed in magnetism, wished after hearing Mademoiselle Clairon's relation to demonstrate to me that the thing was possible. I laughed then. . . Alas! since that time I have myself had a terrible lesson to cure me of incredulity!

A part only of her Memoirs, written by herself, have been printed.

CHAPTER XVII.

Napoleon's smile—His account of the action at Algeziras and Admiral Linois—His joy at the success of the French fleet—The humiliation of England, his most anxious desire—Activity in the ports of the Channel—The flotilla of Boulogne—Brunet's jest upon the *péniches*—He learns discretion—Inundation of pamphlets—Frequent disputes between Fouché and the First Consul—M. de Lucchesini—A dinner and diplomatic imprudence—Madame de Lucchesini—Probable authors of the pamphlets—The public baths of Paris—The mysterious packet—A fortnight of the great Alcander—Bonaparte and Bussy de Rabutin—Relation of my adventure to Junot—False conjectures and my mother suspected—Pamphlets burnt by her—Letters and more pamphlets from my brother—My brother's letter presented to Napoleon—Dramatic scene in the First Consul's cabinet—Remembrance of a wound—Bonaparte reckons up his true friends—His lively interest in my mother's illness—Anecdote of the army in Italy.

THOSE who were much about the person of Napoleon can never forget the splendour which was shed over his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly fine, their expression softened; and if the sentiment which produced the smile had anything truly noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened; it was then that his countenance became something more than that of man.

Well do I remember one of those fleeting but sublime moments when the combat of Algeziras roused the emotions of his great soul; his countenance, as he recounted the circumstances of this action, and dwelt complacently upon his words, became truly interesting. The admirable valour of Rear-Admiral Linois excited the sympathetic love of glory in Napoleon, and more especially when it caused the triumph of our flag over that of the Leopard. Admiral Linois, with two ships of the line—one

of eighty guns, one of sixty-four—and a frigate of forty, fought Sir James Saumarez, who commanded two ships of eighty guns, four of sixty-four, two frigates of thirty-six guns, and a lugger, in the bay of Gibraltar, before Algeziras, and took one of his sixty-fours, called the *Hannibal.*[1] All the glory of this fine action belonged to Admiral Linois, for he received very slight assistance from the Spanish land batteries. This success was followed by another equally brilliant; Captain Troude, who commanded the *Formidable*, one of Admiral Linois's two eighty-gun ships, was separated from the squadron a few days afterwards, and fell in with Sir James Saumarez and his three sixty-fours, to which he gave battle, and compelled Sir James to abandon one of them.

These facts Napoleon related; but it is impossible to describe the expression of his countenance while he invoked blessings on Rear-Admiral Linois for having attached a gleam of glory to our fleet. Naval victories were rare at that time, and the First Consul took the most lively interest in this; I can affirm it, because I saw it. I saw it when he was only chief of the Government, not yet even Consul for life! much less Emperor! But he was General Bonaparte, the conqueror of Arcola, of Lodi, of Marengo, the true patriot. He loved his country then, and he always loved it! But at that time, happy in being the first of persons, he wished for no other title.

[1] [The errors in the narrative above are so numerous that it is impossible to correct them *seriatim*. For instance, this sentence should read in reality—"*Admiral Linois, with THREE ships of the line, TWO of eighty guns, one of SEVENTY-four, a frigate of THIRTY-EIGHT guns, AND SEVERAL SPANISH GUNBOATS, fought Sir James Saumarez, who commanded ONE ship of eighty-guns, FIVE of SEVENTY-four, and a lugger, etc.*" No English frigates were present on this occasion. The *Hannibal*, an English *seventy*-four, was captured through grounding under the guns of the Spanish batteries.

Sir James Saumarez's force was undeniably repulsed on this occasion (July 6, 1801), but his ill success was more than retrieved a few days later in the open ocean in an engagement with the same ships, reinforced by the *Hannibal* and several line of battle-ships from Cadiz—three of the latter being three-deckers. Vide James's *Naval History* (crown 8vo. edition), vol. iii. pp. 96-118, for the names and other details.

The gallantry of Captain Troude is probably based upon the partially mythical account which appeared in *Victoires et Conquêtes* (tom. xiv. p. 168). —R. B., 1882.]

The rear-admiral received the only recompense which then made the heart of a Frenchman beat — a sword of honour. But his grateful country multiplied that recompense a thousandfold in the praises she still bestows on him who gained a triumph for our flag.

Since the treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had resumed in all their activity his views of an invasion of England. He had laid them aside to give his whole attention to more important affairs; but since the pacification of nearly the whole continent had become certain, and England appeared to be the sole impediment to a universal peace, the First Consul openly stated that he would stake everything to compel her to treat with the French Republic. All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon knew that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object, and during the fourteen years of his power, when I was always able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his determination to be firmly fixed upon affording to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end.

Boulogne was designated, from the year 1801, as the chief station of the enterprise against England. The greatest activity suddenly prevailed in all the ports of the Channel; camps were formed on the coast, divisions of light vessels were organised, and multitudes were built. The flotilla, as it was called, created apparently with the greatest exertion, and all the apparatus of preparation, spread, as was intended, alarm on the opposite shore. The Boulogne flotilla was composed of extremely light boats, so small that at Paris, where everything forms the subject of a jest, they were called walnut-shells. Brunet, who at this time was a truly comic actor, performing in some piece which I do not remember, was eating walnuts, the shells of which, after a little preparation, he launched upon some water in a tub by his side. "What are you doing?" said his fellow-actor. "Making *des péniches*,"

replied Brunet. This was the name by which the flat-bottomed boats of the flotilla were known at Paris. But poor Brunet was made to atone by twenty-four hours' imprisonment for his unseasonable joke on the Government; and the day after his release the same piece was performed. When Brunet should have made the interdicted reply he was silent. The other actor repeated the inquiry as to what he was doing. Still Brunet made no answer, and the other with an air of impatience proceeded: "Perhaps you do not know what you are about?"—"Oh yes!" said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell." The laugh was general, and so were the applauses; and, in truth, nothing could be more droll than the manner in which this was uttered; Brunet's countenance in saying it was of itself sufficient to provoke universal hilarity.

A very curious incident occurred to me about this time, which belongs to other circumstances, that give a striking colour to the character of the period. This was the immense number of libellous pamphlets which were current in the second year of the Consulate, directed especially against the First Consul and his family. Bonaparte at last became violently provoked with Fouché upon the subject; and his displeasure burst out in several curious scenes, the more annoying to the minister because they did not occur privately between himself and the First Consul, but before fifteen or twenty persons; so that I was myself present at two of them, one at Malmaison and the other at the Tuileries.

These pamphlets Bonaparte greatly suspected to proceed from the foreigners in Paris, and even from the diplomatic body, that of Prussia especially; for the obsequious bows and language of the Marquis de Lucchesini, who brought to Paris a character perfectly calculated to displease the head of the Government, were very much at variance with the opinions he used to inculcate. The Revolution with him was inseparable from the horrors of 1793; he would admit none of the benefits which these misfortunes had procured for us, and held

liberal principles of all kinds in the most supreme contempt. He had much sense and wit, and could be agreeable when he pleased, notwithstanding a very ugly face. I never liked, however, his measured phrases, always subjected to the forms of a cold politeness, and his eternal smile, ironical without being pleasing; and I always thought his excess of cunning anything but sagacious.

We met him one day at dinner at the house of Madame Divoff, a Russian lady, established at Paris, and wholly French in her feelings. He was in one of those moods of frankness which, except they are intended to serve a particular purpose, are not, I think, quite advisable in a diplomatist. Junot, who was always open and unsuspecting in his conversation, entered into much disputation with him upon some very singular questions; the Concordat for example, in which, strangely enough, M. de Lucchesini was the defender of the First Consul's proceedings against the objections of Junot; and the nomination of the King of Etruria, of which also the ambassador approved, and which the republican principles of Junot looked upon as the first blow to our liberties. Though very moderate in his language, M. de Lucchesini certainly in this debate exceeded the limits of his instructions; and Junot said much which would have been more suitably confined to his own closet than uttered at the table of a stranger amongst a mixed company. It was, however, a singular spectacle to see the dispute between these two parties so oddly supported: the one the adorer of Bonaparte, blaming his desire to reign; the other his enemy, rejoicing to see him take up sceptres and crowns as playthings; seeming already to foresee the embarrassments they would occasion, and hoping they might ultimately prove the rock on which his power would be wrecked.

The First Consul heard all the particulars of this conversation the following day; but it was not till some months after that Junot learned that his general had been dissatisfied with the dinner and the discussion; Napoleon did not like to be blamed by a friend, any more than by

other people, and this dinner was not without its consequences.

These pamphlets which inundated us with their venom were supposed to be chiefly concocted by persons attached to the northern embassies, and Madame de Lucchesini was even said to be active in superintending them. She was not present at the dinner I have spoken of above, or her husband would have received a hint to be more prudent, for she had quite sense enough to understand that his ambassadorial functions were not in keeping with such unreserved discourse. She was, however, very ridiculous, affecting at forty-five the airs of a coy maiden of sixteen; speaking like a child, and professing incapacity to pronounce the letter *r*, unless, indeed, when she forgot herself.

I think myself that the First Consul was rather unjust in laying the dissemination of these pamphlets so much to the account of the recognised representatives of the northern courts. The two Counts Cobentzel were incapable of such treachery; and if M. de Lucchesini and M. de Markoff could have sanctioned it, it must have been unknown to their Governments. The Emperor Alexander, whose young heart beat with the chivalrous honour peculiar to the morning of life, did not, it is true, love Napoleon in 1802, but he already began to feel, notwithstanding the storm which rose soon after, a portion of that admiration on which the friendship of the Niemen was founded; and the soul which admires greatness is incapable of a base action. I am disposed to believe that those scandalous libels and personal invectives were the productions of many unaccredited agents, who came amongst us for the double purpose of sowing discord and seeking pleasure. The First Consul was never able to unravel the whole mystery of this iniquitous manœuvre. Two hundred specimens of these atrocious writings were seized in the boudoir of a young and pretty woman; in a perfumed and ornamented retreat, which should have harboured only romances, flowers, and billets-doux. The First Consul laughed when this fact was reported to him, but it was with a laugh of bitterness.

In relating the occurrence which connected me with these detestable pamphlets I must observe that elegance had not then reached its present pitch amongst us, especially in the interior arrangement of our houses. A private bath was a luxury which appertained to very few; but the deficiency in this respect was in a great degree remedied by the perfect convenience offered to the public by the baths of Tivoli, of Albert, and of Vigier, which were frequented by ladies of the first distinction. I was in the habit of using Albert's; and was one day in the bath when the young woman who usually attended me gave to my maid a large packet directed to Madame Junot the younger. It was brought, she said, by a very respectable man dressed in black and advanced in years, but of whom I knew no more by her description than of a Chinese mandarin. On opening it a multitude of little sheets of note-paper flew about, which on inspection proved to be covered over the four sides with very small and fine writing in a perfectly legible hand; the whole of them copies of three different pamphlets, and a few of one number of a royalist journal, which Fouché's active police having suppressed in print was now disseminated in written copies to the amount of several hundred. One of the pamphlets was particularly scandalous, and was entitled *A fortnight of the Great Alcander.* It appeared every fortnight, professing to give a journal of the First Consul's proceedings, and was filled with such stupid absurdities that it was neither a subject for laughter nor anger, but very fit to excite disgust. The First Consul was preposterously accused of lavishing extravagant sums on his mistresses; and poor Bellilotte was attacked with a rancour which she certainly did not deserve. The first time Napoleon heard of this scandalous journal he paid little attention to it, except to inquire what was meant by the Great Alcander. When he was informed that it was Louis XIV. he became seriously angry. "To Louis XIV.!" he exclaimed: "Ah! those people know very little of me to compare me to him; to Louis XIV.!" Then taking up the libel again, he continued reading, occasionally striking the floor with his

foot, and exclaiming, "Louis XIV.!" He would have an explanation of how and when the Great King, who was not great, obtained the title of the Great Alcander. He had never read the works of Bussy de Rabutin; he asked for them, looked them through in one night, and they offended him. "Your Count of Bussy-Rabutin," said he to Junot the next morning at breakfast, "was a bad man." The speciality of the pronoun referred to the circumstance of Junot's having been born in the village of which Bussy-Rabutin had been lord, and where his mansion stood in very good condition in the year 1802.[1]

But to return to my packet; I examined all these innumerable little sheets to find some note or notice by which I might imagine to whom I was indebted for so singular a present, but in vain; they were but endless reduplications of the same three pamphlets and the *Royalist Journal.* One only index could I gather, and that so very slight that I dared not affix much importance to it, or even speak of it; it was a perfume of a very particular fragrance. Before I left the bath I closely questioned the girl who had taken in the packet, but with no effect; she evidently knew nothing of the person who delivered it; and I was obliged to return, wondering who could be so absurd as to place in the hands of a young woman so giddy as I was a collection of papers which might compromise so many people. Who could have so strange an idea of my situation as to choose me, the wife of General Junot, the most devoted of the First Consul's friends, to be the depositary of libels against him, and against his sisters, one of whom was my particular

[1] In a tower attached to this mansion there was a collection of ill-painted portraits, but curious on account of the persons they represented. They were executed by Bussy-Rabutin during the periods of his various exiles, and were likenesses of most of the ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. In each picture was an emblem of the character of the woman, intending to express his own opinion of them. Madame de la Vallière had a violet; Madame de Montespan was represented as one of the seven capital sins; Madame de Sévigné, cousin of Rabutin, and whom he never forgave because she would not yield to his wishes, was placed in a scale, in the other was a chub-cheeked zephyr, blowing with all his strength against her; beneath these scales was written, 'Lighter than air."

and beloved friend! For a moment I thought of going to my mother for advice, but my good angel made me prefer applying to Junot, which I did without loss of time.

I found him on the point of setting out for the Tuileries to receive the order of the day, as he regularly did at twelve o'clock, whenever the First Consul was at Paris. I related my adventure to him, and he seemed surprised like myself; but he had much more experience of the world than I had, and immediately imbibed suspicions which directed his researches, and led him to the belief, afterwards confirmed, that this singular expedient was adopted to injure him. "But why," said I, "did they take this packet to the baths? you see it must be a mistake."—"That is precisely the circumstance which convinces me that there is no mistake in the case. The man, the gentleman as you call him, who delivered this packet, had no inclination to meet a face which would not have been so convenient as the servant of the baths. There he has left no trace; here it would have been quite another thing; he might have fallen in with me at the door; for the same reason he did not go to your mother's house."

"Then it is really true that these venomous papers were intended for me," said I, weeping. "But why was I chosen? I could but do two things with them: either throw them into the fire, or distribute them. The writers could hardly be so absurd as to intend the one or expect the other. All this puzzles me. The First Consul pretends that my drawing-room and my mother's are full of his enemies; a fine disturbance it would create if he should learn that I have here a whole edition of libels against him. I can hear him now! He would say directly that the authors knew very well whom they were applying to; or else, 'they certainly came from your mother.'"

Alas! my poor mother was then very ill, and was thinking upon very different and much higher subjects. Junot, however, did not hear me lightly, he was struck by the words, "They came from your mother." He embraced me, took up all the papers in the envelope and set out for the Tuileries. As soon as the order of the day was given

he requested an audience of the First Consul; and presenting the papers, related their history with perfect simplicity. As I had foreseen, Napoleon's first words were an accusation against my mother and myself.

"It is impossible," said he to Junot, "that these papers should have been sent to your wife without the knowledge that they would be well received,—if only for the sake of amusing her mother." Junot made no answer; he knew the First Consul's prejudice, or rather mistake, respecting my mother, and he wished to convince him that neither she nor I could be in any way interested in the disagreeable affair; but he could not without proofs. He hoped to obtain some clue to the affair by means of one Fouillon, who was known to him as the editor of these pamphlets; he also had cognisance of several other persons who were concerned in this base proceeding; and he set to work in earnest to find out the motive which led them to choose for their agent a young woman much more disposed to laugh and dance than to read newspapers, still less libels.

Junot had good sense, a rapid and acute judgment; his *coup d'œil* was prompt, and his reasoning almost always right, notwithstanding his hastiness and vehemence. The maid of the bath was sent for, but her renewed examination threw no light on the subject; she knew only that the packet was directed to me; in this there could be neither equivocation nor mistake; and further, that the old gentleman had desired her to deliver it to Madame Junot. "Perhaps my sister-in-law," said I. Junot shrugged his shoulders; in fact, that could not be; but the choice they had made of me for a political agent appeared so eccentric that I imagined everything rather than the possibility that I was upon the scene in my own individual capacity. Junot, seeing me affected to melancholy, if not indisposition, resolved to consult my mother that she might scold me. But what was his astonishment when she immediately said, "I have received just such another packet, my dear son."

"Let me see it, then," cried Junot; "let me compare the envelope with ours." — "The packet!" answered my

mother. "Do you really believe, then, that I should keep such low trash, conceptions fit only for the perusal of chambermaids? Truly not I!"—"Then what have you done with them?"—"Burned them all. When M. de Bois-Cressy, after unsealing the packet, had read some of the horrors it contained, I did not choose that my table should any longer be stained with such vile productions. I told him to put them all into the fire; at first he was not disposed to do so, because he preferred reading them. A hundred newspapers a day, as you know, would not satisfy his ravenous appetite for politics; but this abominable packet contained no newspapers, and the whole was committed to the flames."

Junot kissed my mother's two little hands, saying, "How I love you for being so good!" My mother looked at him with a sweet smile. "It is not on your own account that you thank me, my son," said she, "but on Bonaparte's. Why should you be surprised that I could destroy attacks upon his reputation, and especially such as are absolutely false? the little I saw of those libels certainly was so. If you think I cherish an unjust aversion to General Bonaparte you are very much mistaken. I do not entertain for him that admiration which transports into regions where no one can follow; but I consider him great, and even good, only his own interests lead him to forget or neglect those of others. Why should I not excuse that? It is the common failing of mankind. Well, he is as good as other men, but do not come to tell me that he is more than man."

This had always been my mother's manner of speaking of General Bonaparte since my marriage. Junot returned home thoughtful, but rejoiced to be able to relate to the First Consul my mother's war against the pamphlets. He wished to see me before going to the Tuileries, where he expected to find the First Consul in Madame Bonaparte's apartments, as he spent every evening there when they did not go into public. He repeated the anecdote to me, and I shared his surprise. I thought the affair more and more strange; but we had not yet come to the end of it.

While we continued discussing the evening slipped away, so that Junot could not go to the Tuileries. The next day was devoted to a parade, so that he was again obliged to postpone his interview with the First Consul.

The evening of this day a courier arrived from Marseilles, where my brother was stationed as one of the three commissaries-general of the police of the Republic. The courier brought us a letter from my brother, with another packet of the same lucky, or unlucky, pamphlets and journals; the whole written by the hand, but by way of variety some of these were in the *provençal* dialect, worthy the days of the good King Réné. My brother had also received his packet, but with the difference I have noticed, and also, it was added, that the pamphlets were sent by my mother, but through my agency; only they had the prudence to make me say: "You will easily understand why I do not write to you myself." My brother, on whose good nature they had relied rather too much, never suspecting me as the giver of this present, at first took it for a hoax. Albert had never participated in my mother's resentment, which he thought unjust, but was devotedly attached to the First Consul. I thought as he did; and without blaming my mother, whom we adored and respected, we did not exactly think with her respecting Napoleon. But Albert knew my mother's noble heart, and was perfectly sure that she would not join in giving publicity to such a tissue of vile abuse; and my name introduced into the affair was of itself sufficient to convince him that it was all a deception. He accordingly sent for one of the police officers whom he could most trust, and charged him to make all possible researches at Marseilles to discover who had transcribed the pamphlets and who had delivered them. And judging that my mother and myself might be compromised in this mysterious business, his affection induced him, without loss of time, to send a courier to Junot with the whole atrocious baggage of pamphlets, journals, and letters, several from me, but not written by me. Junot read Albert's letters, and leaped for joy at the thought of his triumph.

"I should not sleep to-night," said he, "if I did not see the First Consul; and it is not yet too late to ask for a moment's audience; besides, the whole affair is not a little complicated, and the First Consul must read Albert's letter."

I approved his intention, and though it was near eleven o'clock he proceeded to the Tuileries. The First Consul, fatigued with the review of the morning, was just going to bed, but Junot was admitted at once. Napoleon made a remark upon the air of hilarity which his countenance exhibited; and Junot, without answering, put my brother's letter before him. He read it rapidly, and seemed much struck by it, for he directly read it again, laid it upon the table, walked some time about the room, then took the letter up, and ran through it again, rubbing his forehead; at last he suddenly stopped before Junot, and said, "Can you give me your word of honour that your mother-in-law is not concerned in all this?"—"My mother-in-law!" exclaimed Junot, and he related to the First Consul the history of the burned papers. As he spoke Napoleon became by degrees more attentive; then began to walk rapidly up and down the room, and at last assumed an angry frown. Junot could not understand it. "If Madame Permon's opinion was not so well known," said he with bitterness, "she would not have such presents made her. See if such have been sent to Madame Gheneuc, or to the mother-in-law of any of my other generals. Madame Permon dislikes me—this is known, and is the groundwork of the whole proceeding. People who detest me meet in her drawing-room; people who, before my return from Egypt, were prisoners in the Temple for their opinions; these are her friends. And you, great blockhead! you make them your friends also . . . you make friends of my enemies!"

Junot looked stupefied, staring at the First Consul. He make friends of his general's enemies! He thought it all a dream. "Of whom are you speaking, general?" said he at length. "Of M. d'Orsay, to be sure, —he whom they call the handsome d'Orsay. Was he

not on the point of being shot for a conspirator; and was he not sent to the Temple? Fouché told me the other day that he was a dangerous man."

Junot smiled bitterly. "General, you have given me to understand in two syllables to whom I am indebted for all this, and I shall know how to thank him. I shall begin by saying that Citizen Fouché has told you a falsehood in asserting that Albert d'Orsay was a dangerous man and a conspirator. He is the most loyal and honest man living; full of honour; and if, in returning to France, he has given his word to be faithful to the established Government he will keep it. I should have thought, general, that as Fouché gave him the title of my friend you would have held him worthy of your esteem as a man of honour; for I could not give my friendship to any one who was not. But, general, you should never have believed that an enemy of yours could be my friend." Junot passed his hand over his forehead, which was dripping. Napoleon knew him too well not to be conscious how much he suffered. He approached him, and pressed his hand affectionately. Junot was suffocating.

"Come! don't be childish. I tell you I am not speaking of you, my faithful friend. Have you not proved your attachment when I was in fetters? would you not have followed me to prison?"—"I should have followed you to the scaffold!" cried Junot, striking his fist upon the table. Napoleon laughed. "Well! don't you see, then, that it is impossible for me to say anything that should go to your heart and hurt you, Monsieur Junot." And he pulled his ears, his nose, and his hair. Junot drew back.

"Ah! I have hurt you," said Napoleon, approaching him, and resting his little white hand upon Junot's light hair, caressing him, as if he meant to pacify a child; "Junot," he continued, "do you remember being at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan, when you had just received a wound,—just here,—at this place." And the little white hand gently touched the large cicatrice. "I pulled away your hair, and my hand was full of your blood . . ." The

First Consul turned pale at the recollection. And it is a remarkable circumstance that Napoleon spoke to me not less than ten times, in the course of his reign, of this incident at Milan, and never without starting and turning pale at the recollection of his blood-stained hand. "Yes," he continued, with a movement as if to repress a shudder,—"yes, I confess at that moment I felt that there is a weakness inherent in human nature which is only more exquisitely developed in the female constitution. I then understood that it was possible to faint. I have not forgotten that moment, my friend; I have laid it by in a safe place for remembrance—and the name of Junot can never be mingled in my mind with even the appearance of perfidy. Your head is too hot—too heedless, but you are a loyal and brave fellow. You, Lannes, Marmont, Duroc, Berthier, Bessières." At each name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and a turn in the room, sometimes making a pause and smiling as the name recalled any proof of attachment. "My son, Eugène—yes, those are hearts which love me, which I can depend upon. Lemarrois, too, is another faithful friend. And that poor Rapp, he has been but a short time with me, yet he pushes his love even to an extent that might give offence; do you know he scolds me sometimes?"

The First Consul, who while speaking had taken Junot's arm, was leaning upon him as he walked; then, standing near the window, he disengaged his arm, and, resting it on my husband's shoulder, compelled him almost to stoop towards him as he leant upon him.

"How many of the persons now passing below this window," said Junot, smiling, "would give years of their existence to be where I am now, close to you, my general, supporting that arm which can raise the world! Yes, I believe there are many who would make great sacrifices only to be able to say they had been so fortunate; but in all Paris there is not a heart as happy as mine is at this moment."

Napoleon disengaged his arm, looking at Junot with that ineffable smile to which he owed his power of con-

quering with a single word, and said, "Well! my old friend, we will say no more of this foolish affair of the pamphlets—but attend; what am I to think when I know that you receive so many of my enemies? That your wife and your mother-in-law are intimately acquainted with numerous persons who are my enemies, who hate me and desire my fall? nay, more, my death—as they have proved."—"But, general, give me leave to answer that among all the persons you speak of there is not one who, even before my wife's marriage, would have dared in her presence to use an expression disrespectful to you. With respect to my mother-in-law I have frequently heard her speak of you, general, but never in terms which could give me pain. Madame Permon is too much attached to Madame Bonaparte, to your mother, and to all your brothers."—"Oh! yes, Lucien especially," interrupted the First Consul, with a bitter smile. "Lucien is her favourite. She thinks him a prodigy; nevertheless, Madame Permon is no republican! How do they contrive to agree on that point?"

"I have not twice heard my mother-in-law talk politics since I have belonged to her family," replied Junot. "The subjects of conversation in her drawing-room are literature and music, a thousand important nothings, the affairs of society and fashion; and it must be confessed that the society of the old school understood the management of such conversation better than we do; besides, general, if you were aware of the present state of Madame de Permon's health you would not suspect a person preparing for the grave to be amusing herself with such miserable trifles."

Here I ought to do full justice to Napoleon. When Junot was speaking thus of my mother he was some paces distant from him, he stepped hastily to him and pressed his arm forcibly, saying: "Ah! what do you say! Is Madame Permon very ill?"—"Dying, general; all the physicians we have called in agree upon her danger."—"Corvisart must see her." He rang the bell. "Send some one immediately to tell Citizen Corvisart that I

Cardinal Fesch

UNCLE OF NAPOLEON

wish to see him. Is it possible!" said he, as he walked with an agitated step, — "is it possible that a woman so fresh and beautiful only fifteen months ago can be so seriously ill? Poor Madame Permon! Poor Madame Permon!"

He sank into his arm-chair, put his two hands before his eyes, and sat some time without speaking; then rising, he recommenced that rapid promenade which was his usual habit when strongly affected. "Desgenettes and Ivan must also be sent to her; it is impossible that the faculty should be unable to save a person so lately as healthy and fresh as a rose."—"General," replied Junot, "Madame Permon's malady is of a deplorable nature in the history of the healing art; she will sink in defiance of medical aid." And hereupon he repeated Baudelocque's answer to him, when Junot, fearing for my mother's life, asked his opinion: "General, he who could cure such a complaint as Madame Permon's might boast of performing as great a miracle as if he had restored a decapitated man to life."

Napoleon seemed quite overwhelmed in listening to this sentence; but impressions, however strong, were only fugitively marked upon his countenance; he soon recovered himself, and was apparently quite calm when Junot took leave of him.

My recent mention of my husband's wound recalls to my memory a trivial circumstance connected with it, which happened in Italy. This terrible wound, which had nearly cost him an eye, kept him confined six weeks; notwithstanding M. Ivan's fraternal care of his patient he was very long in recovering from its effects.

During the tedious hours that he lay upon a sofa, dressed in a white wrapping-gown, he played the agreeable, being really a very handsome youth; and, as his greatest defect at that time was too high a colour, his complexion was improved by his loss of blood. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc were among the ladies who assisted in dissipating, by their presence, the tedium of confinement. One day, when they were making this

visit of charity, Junot was very much enfeebled, not only by the effects of his wound but of an abundant bleeding he had undergone that morning; however, he collected all his strength to receive his charming visitors, happy in having beside his couch of suffering two of the most lovely women in Milan. For if Madame Bonaparte could not be compared in beauty to Madame Leclerc she was very handsome at that period, and the extreme elegance of her manners and really fascinating gracefulness might well be taken as a substitute for more regular beauty. Indeed, if her teeth had been good I should have preferred her face to that of the most celebrated beauty of her court. The pleasing conversation of two such women was no doubt the best panacea for pain, and at first produced its full effect. Junot was the happiest of men to be attended by two such *sœurs de la charité*. Time, however, rolled softly on, and with its lapse matters changed. Junot's heart began to sink, his sight to fail, he became paler, and at length his eyes closed. Madame Leclerc first perceived his condition, and standing up, cried out: "Good Heavens, Junot! what is the matter?"

Junot had still strength enough left to extend towards her the hand which lay upon his bosom, and instantly Pauline's white gown was covered with blood. The bandage round his arm had unfastened, and the blood confined within the thick sleeve of his wrapper had flowed gently and unperceived till his strength was nearly exhausted; but the effort of moving his arm in a moment of surprise had caused it to spring forth in abundance, and Junot fainted completely. On recovering he found himself the object of the most anxious cares, tendered by the prettiest hands in the world. Heldt, his Alsacian valet, had replaced the bandage, and the ladies, after a few moments' stay, left the patient to repose, and the accident had no other consequence than retarding his convalescence.

"But," said I, when he related this little adventure to me, "how was it that you did not feel that your arm was bathed in blood?"—"I was aware of it," he replied;

"but could I desire these ladies to leave me?"—"No, but you could have had the bandage replaced."—"That could only be done in their presence when I was insensible; in any other case the thing was impossible."

I looked at Junot with amazement. Asking myself if he had been educated by Yseulte with the white hands, or the fair Guinivère, for none but a Tristan or a Launcelot could have had such ideas; when suddenly the remembrance of a certain promenade on the Boulevards in the year of grace 1795, when Junot was madly in love with Mademoiselle Pauline Bonaparte, crossed my mind, and the whole was explained.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A word about the libels—Strange ideas of foreigners respecting the First Consul—Scene between Lannes and Napoleon—Errors respecting *tutoying*—Traits of Napoleon—The Polytechnic School—The Aide-de-camp Lacuée and the young enthusiast at Malmaison—The Father's Pupil—Severity of the Abbé Bossu—The First Consul an examiner—Scene in his cabinet—The order of admission.

I HAVE spoken at length of the affair of the libellous pamphlets, because it furnishes a good ground for the extremely false ideas which existed in foreign countries of the interior condition of France, and especially of the intercourse which General Bonaparte had with those who surrounded him. It is an important circumstance of his life, and the cause of the judgments passed upon him in many countries where they did not take the trouble of investigating the truth of what was advanced concerning him. I believe the prejudices of distrust exaggerated the good as much as the bad; for, amongst the strangers who just now abounded in France, many entertained the most ridiculous notions both for and against Napoleon. One believed that he drank a cup of coffee every hour; another, that he passed entire days in the bath; a third, that he took his dinner standing; and a thousand absurdities, each one more ridiculous than the other. It is remarkable that the most extraordinary versions of these absurdities came from England, and that the emigrants who returned from thence had formed opinions totally different from the reality. One whom I knew was perfectly astonished at seeing him, so entirely false was the impression he had imbibed. One of these pamphlets, badly composed, and

in manuscript, contained a most ridiculous scene, said to have passed between Napoleon and General Lannes, of which Madame Bonaparte was the subject. The whole is absolutely false; but it is a curious fact that at a later period a dispute really took place between Lannes and Napoleon, in which Madame Bonaparte was concerned. At the time of the affair of the military chest of the guards, General Lannes, who really was not so much to blame as was represented, learned that Madame Bonaparte had been attempting to screen the guilty parties at his expense, and gave vent to his wrath against her in the cabinet of the First Consul to an extent which, perhaps, a friend should not have indulged in. He told Napoleon that instead of listening to the gossiping of an *old* woman he had much better take a young one. The discussion was warm; keen and even abusive words were not spared; General Lannes forgot himself so far as to speak in injurious terms of Madame Bonaparte, and was really in a passion on that occasion. But he had never before disputed with the First Consul; nor was the thing easy. It is the same with the familiarity with which Lannes and others are said to have been in the habit of addressing him. I do not deny that some of these generals used the pronoun *thou* in speaking to him, though fully persuaded of the contrary; but for this I can answer, that if such a habit ever existed it was entirely disused after his return from Egypt. I never heard any one *tutoyer* the First Consul. He did so by many of them, by Junot to the last;[1] it was only on ascending the throne that he ceased to address them in this familiar style in public; and in the cordial intercourse of private friendship which always subsisted between him and Lannes, Junot, Berthier, and two or three others, he continued to use the pronoun *thou*. But to say *toi* to General Bonaparte was quite another

[1] [Accordingly, in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, and, indeed, in all the conversations between Napoleon and Junot in the French work, Napoleon always uses the pronoun *thou*, and Junot *you*; but as the French familiar style of *tutoying* would sound oddly to an English ear, the difference could not be marked in the translation. It is, in fact, to hold the language of the quakers.—EDITOR.]

thing, and I do not believe Lannes ever did so. Already in Italy we find Bourrienne did so no longer; Junot never did; nor did Berthier, who with the army in Italy was surely sufficiently intimate with him—if any one could be. But after the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, Napoleon felt too strongly the necessity of being obeyed and of establishing around him that barrier of respect which familiarity destroys, to permit such a fashion of addressing him. In some Memoirs you might imagine General Lannes extending his hand to Napoleon and accosting him with "*Bon jour, comment te portes-tu ?*" But certainly, if in his sleep or in a fit of absence he had been guilty of such irregularity the First Consul would have known how to repress it by some such reply as M. de Narbonne gave to the friend whom he had never seen: "Very well, friend; but what is thy name?" At least I can affirm that during the long period in which I was witness of the intercourse of Napoleon with General Lannes I never either heard or saw anything of the kind.

General Lannes was much attached to Napoleon, but his friendship did not extend to all that belonged to him; and in the five or six weeks preceding the departure of the former for Lisbon two or three rather warm explanations took place between them upon a subject which afterwards occupied the attention of all Europe. But I anticipate; this did not occur until the close of the year 1802.

Napoleon has always been represented by his enemies in a false light, which his friends, his partisans, or even those who love the truth, were capable of elucidating; he laughed himself when at St. Helena at the tyrant's skin with which he was invested. If this extraordinary being had remained in a private station he would have made an excellent father and head of a family—in a word, a good man. But he was lifted out of it, and ambition succeeded with its escort of high conceptions, vast projects; and all that was good, tender, and amiable was soon stifled under the weight of this enlarged existence. These good feelings were restrained, but not destroyed, nor even were they replaced by bad ones. He had a bad opinion of human

nature. Was he wrong? A thousand traits might be related of him which show the goodness of his heart in its first emotions; but prejudice will see only vanity in them; the same might be said of all the actions of Henry IV. The perfect good-nature of the best and greatest king which France ever had might be construed by malicious ingenuity into *a desire to appear great.*

In the time of the Consulate there was at Paris an Abbé Bossu, who examined such young people as were received into the Polytechnic School. He was not the only examiner, but his veto was terrible; he was a man of great learning and very severe. The Polytechnic School, created at first under the name of the Central School of Public Works, by virtue of a decree of the convention in Germinal of the year 3 (21st March 1795), after being disorganised by the destructive system which ruined us, had been reconstructed and put into activity by the First Consul in Frimaire of the year 8, immediately after his accession to power.[1] The analysis of the mathematical sciences with their application to mechanism, geometry, etc.; the physical sciences, including chemistry and general physics, formed the course of study pursued in the Polytechnic School from its foundation. The most illustrious names in knowledge and science were then at the head of that battalion of young men whose youthful minds were eager to become participators in the sublime acquirements of their masters.[2]

The aide-de-camp on duty, one day crossing the court of the mansion at Malmaison, found there a young man of a pleasing countenance and good figure, well

[1] The First Consul did not found the Polytechnic School, as is stated by many writers; he re-established it the 16th December 1799, which may have given rise to the error. It was the Convention that organised most of the fine institutions of this nature in France.

[2] France owes much to such men as Monge, Berthollet, Vauquelin, Fourcroy, Chaptal, and Lagrange, so famous in literary and scientific acquirements; they are highly to be esteemed on account of their great services to the country, and were foremost in their arduous endeavours to organise this celebrated school on the best footing. It is, indeed, unrivalled in Europe; and almost every Frenchman of celebrity or of deep erudition has been bred up within its walls; knowledge has become the inheritance of the youth of France.

dressed, and bearing in his whole appearance the stamp of good birth and good education. He was leaning against one of the two great sentry-boxes which stood on the east side of the inner gate, looking towards the house with an uneasy and melancholy air, and apparently seeking some one whom he might address. The aide-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and with his habitual politeness inquired if he wanted anything there. The young man, starting from his profound reverie, answered:

"Ah! sir, I want what every one tells me is impossible, and yet I shall die if I cannot obtain it; I want to see the First Consul. I came into this court, but at the door of the house I was brutally repulsed—I was asked if I had an appointment. Oh, that I could have one! I believe an appointment to meet the most adorable mistress could not make my heart beat so violently as would an appointment with General Bonaparte. I must speak to him."

And the young man again cast his large black eyes, swimming in tears, upon the mansion. M. de Lacuée was always strongly attracted towards anything that presented itself to him out of the ordinary routine. This young man of distinguished address, with an animated countenance, eyes of fire, and a voice trembling with emotion, at once inspired him with interest. He saw a romantic adventure in the rencontre; he advanced towards the young man who was standing in an attitude of natural grace leaning against the sentry-box, and looking with longing eyes to the house, and said, "Well, sir! what do you want with the First Consul? I am the aide-de-camp on duty, and will undertake to present your request if it is a reasonable one."—"You, sir!" exclaimed the young man, springing towards M. de Lacuée, seizing and pressing the hand he offered him; "are you the First Consul's aide-de-camp? Oh! if you knew what a service you could do me! I must be conducted to him."—"What do you want with him?"—"I must speak to him." Then he added in a low tone: "It is a secret."

Lacuée looked at his youthful petitioner, who stood before him, his bosom palpitating, his respiration hurried; but his soul infused a purity and innocence into the expression of his countenance. "This young man cannot be dangerous," said Lacuée to himself; and taking him by the arm, he led him into the inner court. As they passed the gate, Duroc and Junot entered on horseback coming from Paris; they stopped, and alighted to salute their comrade, who related his little adventure. "What!" said both of them at once, "you are going to introduce him without even knowing his name?"

Lacuée acknowledged that he had not asked it. Junot then approached the young man and told him that the First Consul was certainly very accessible, but still that it was necessary to know the motive which urged any one to request an audience, and that it was impossible to announce an anonymous solicitor.

The young man blushed like a girl; but he gave his name, adding with a respectful bow: "It is true, general. My father lives in the country, and his knowledge is sufficiently extensive to enable him to instruct me in all branches of elementary education; directing my studies with a view to my admission into the Polytechnic School. Judge then, general, of my distress, and his also, when on our presenting ourselves to the Abbé Bossu, who as it appears is the person who must decide whether or no I can be entered, he absolutely refused to examine me as soon as he was informed that my father only had been my instructor, and that I had not been taught by any professor. 'Of what consequence is that,' I asked, 'if I know what is required?' But he was inflexible, and could not be induced to put a single question to me." —"But," said Duroc, with his natural mildness, "it is a rule, and whether a good one or otherwise is alike to all-comers. What do you wish the First Consul to do in the case?" — "To examine me," answered the young man, with the most engaging simplicity; "I am sure that when he has put any questions to me that he may judge proper he will pronounce me worthy of sharing the studies of

those young persons of whom he proposes to form officers capable of executing his great designs."

The three comrades looked at each other and smiled; Duroc and Junot thought as Lacuée had done, that this young man with his ardent speech and look of fire could not but be agreeable to Napoleon, and Duroc went to broach the matter to him.

"So the young enthusiast would have me examine him?" said he, with one of his most gracious smiles; then rubbing his chin, he continued: "How could such an idea have entered his head? It is a very singular thing." He walked about for some time in silence, then added: "How old may he be?"—"I cannot tell, general, but should guess about seventeen or eighteen."

"Let him come in." The young petitioner was introduced. His brilliant countenance expressed the summit of happiness as he cast his eye upon the First Consul. He looked as if his existence depended upon the first word of Napoleon, who advanced towards him with that smile which cast over his countenance a charm entirely different, at these moments when he intended to be gracious, from his usual expression. "Well, young man," said he, "so you wish me to examine you?"

The youth trembled with joy, and could make no answer; he stood silent, with his eyes fixed on the First Consul. Napoleon did not like either the boldness of presumption or the bashfulness of fear; but that which he now saw was silence because the heart spoke too loudly,—and he understood it.

"Compose yourself, my boy; you are not at this moment sufficiently calm to answer me; I am going to employ myself in other affairs; by and by we will resume yours."—"Do you see that young man," said the First Consul, eading Junot to the recess of a window; "if I had a thousand such as he the conquest of the world would be but a promenade." He turned his head aside to contemplate the youth, who, plunged in meditation, was probably revolving in his mind what questions were likely to be put to him. In about half an hour Napoleon

commenced the examination, in which the young candidate acquitted himself admirably. "And have you really had no other instructor than your father?" asked the First Consul with surprise. "No, general; but he was a good master, because he knew how to bring up a citizen to be useful to his country, and especially to follow the great destinies which you promised to it."

Junot observed that they were all astonished at the almost prophetical expression with which the youth pronounced the last words. "I am about to give you a line which will open the sanctuary to you, my child," said the First Consul; and he wrote a few words upon a paper, which he presented to the young man.

On arriving at Paris he hastened to the Abbé Bossu, who, on seeing him, exclaimed: "What do you come for? There is nothing here for you."

But the youth held a talisman which was worth a magic ring, and which the Abbé Bossu having read could not refuse to obey; it was as follows :—

"*M. Bossu will receive M. Eugène de Kervalègne. I have examined him myself, and find him worthy of admission.* BONAPARTE."

The young man accordingly became a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. His advancement in life was rapid at first; my brother knew him at Toulon where he had an appointment in the department of bridges and roads. His attachment for Napoleon amounted to idolatry.

The First Consul long remembered this adventure and one day related it to Cardinal Maury at a dinner at St. Cloud; the Cardinal, it happened, knew the young man's family, and confirmed him in the good opinion he had formed of his character, disposition, and adventurous spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

Illness of my mother—My first pregnancy—The pine-apple—Madame Bonaparte's goodness—Predictions with cards—Wager between the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte on the sex of my child—New Year's Day—Celebration of Twelfth Day—Junot's distraction and his visit to the Tuileries—Kindness of the First Consul—His message—The news of my accouchement carried to the Tuileries—The First Consul's compliments and his lost wager—Extraordinary conduct of my father-in-law—The barcelonnette—St. Helena memorial refuted—Popularity of Napoleon's government—His letter to George III.—The war against England a national war—Retirement of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues—The cessation of hostilities between France and England—The First Consul's remarks upon England—Peace signed between France and the Ottoman Porte—The republican crusade—Berthier—Junot's Egyptian seraglio.

My poor dear mother was now suffering under a state of severe illness which neither our cares nor our affection could alleviate, but which she endured with the most admirable fortitude. Her distressing state added to my indisposition, and is even now a melancholy remembrance almost too solemn for these pages. The final stroke which was to inflict on me this heart-breaking grief was not yet given, but it was threatened, and contributed to my present suffering.

I was at this time far advanced in my first pregnancy, and had suffered much; surrounded by the tenderest attentions, spoiled as I may say by my own family, and bearing about me the child who was to make me proud of the name of mother, I ought not, perhaps, to have been sensible of suffering.

At that period the culture of the pine-apple was not so well understood as it is at present, and it was con-

sequently a great rarity. In my peculiar situation I became possessed of a longing for this fruit that produced a degree of intense suffering; and in order to gratify my whim Junot, with the affectionate gallantry of a man whose wife is about for the first time to make him a father, ran all over Paris, offering twenty louis for the object I so much coveted. Disappointed in his endeavours, he informed Madame Bonaparte of the circumstance, and she, with her characteristic kindness of heart, sent me the only one that was procurable from the hothouse at Malmaison. From a singular revulsion of feeling this delicious fruit, so eagerly desired by me, and obtained with so much difficulty, became, when actually in my possession, positively distasteful.

Nothing could be more kind than Madame Bonaparte always was to young women in my situation; she entered into all our feelings and interested herself in everything that could be agreeable to us; in these circumstances she was truly worthy of love. On hearing the history of the pine-apple she predicted to me: "You will have a daughter;" and in support of her opinion proposed a game of patience. I knew by experience all the *ennui* which this unfortunate game promised; but there was no refusing, and in spite of my incredulity I was compelled to sit down and see my destiny settled by the caprice of the cards. It is known that the Empress Josephine was superstitiously credulous in these matters; and, in fact, I was witness, in the years 1808 and 1809, to two events of this kind not a little extraordinary. This time she kept me above an hour, cutting with the right hand and the left, naming days, hours, and months, and ended at length by confirming her prediction of a girl.

"Or a boy," said the First Consul, who came in at that moment, and who always made game of Josephine's cards; "it is certain that Madame Junot will have either the one or the other, and if I were you, Josephine, I would not risk my reputation for sorcery by a too confident prediction." "She will have a girl, I tell you,

Bonaparte; what wager will you lay me of it?"—"I never bet," said the First Consul; "if you are sure of the fact, it is dishonest; if not, it is as foolish as losing money at play."—"Well, bet sweatmeats, then."—"And what will you lay me?"—"I will work a carpet to put under your feet at your desk."—"Well, now, that is something useful. On such terms I will bet you that Madame Junot has a boy. Now, mind," said he, turning to me, "that you do not make me lose;" and laughing as he looked at me, he added: "But what will become of the wager if you should have both a boy and a girl?" —"I will tell you, general, you must give me both wagers."

And there was something so ridiculous in this idea of boy and girl coming at once that even I could not refrain from joining in the laugh, while my look of consternation increased the mirth of the First Consul, my husband, and every one else who was present.

We were now at the period of New Year's gifts and visits, and I was admiring like a child, as I then was, all those brilliant and useless trifles which custom demands should be offered by the gentlemen to a lady whose house they frequent, when two friends came to increase their number and added their good wishes, which were not merely the tribute of etiquette. They were General Suchet and his brother. After that sort of conversation which the occasion demanded, we fell into a discussion upon the merits of those family meetings which this season brought with it; and it was agreed that the celebration of Christmas, of New Year's and Twelfth-days, the birthday and saint's day of the head of the family, and other festivals, were favourable to the maintenance of domestic harmony, and were therefore worthy of being preserved. If the family is numerous, occasion is thus furnished for ten or twelve convivial meetings in the course of the year; and, if the members have conceived any mutual offence, the embarrassment of meeting otherwise than cordially, on the birthday of the grandmother or aunt, will often cause the coolness which had begun to take place to disappear, and slight disputes will

thus be prevented from becoming serious quarrels. The two brothers were fully capable of appreciating such feelings; they were perfectly united; the general always displayed the tenderest friendship for his brother Gabriel, which the latter returned with the sincerest affection and respect; his love for his brother was that we feel for the object of our pride. In furtherance of these observations the general proposed that we should meet on Twelfth Day, to which I assented with great satisfaction.

"Yes," said my good mother-in-law, who was never silent when a project of pleasure was on foot, "we will by all means draw king and queen."—"Yes, let us draw," said Junot; "I engage you to sup here the evening after to-morrow upon a truffled turkey."—"Agreed," said General Suchet; "we will come here the evening after to-morrow, and then for the turkey, and truffles, the cake, the drawing, and plenty of laughter."

I was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and, notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and comfort me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law, who had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned, and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me, recommending composure and sleep.

I was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day; I performed my religious duties and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby-linen and basket, and in this occupation I found the entire dissipation of my fears and melancholy. In the little cap with its blue ribbons, and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head and fat little mottled arms; in my joy I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to myself: "And this little being which I expect will be all

my own!" Oh! what days of joy were before me! Junot found me leaning over the cradle in a sort of ecstasy, and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness which I felt prouder of than I should have done six months earlier.

My thoughts now took quite a different direction; I not only did not fear, but I desired the decisive moment; and when my friends met in the drawing-room they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively, and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an original and striking wit, bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and sometimes showing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that, like puss also, she did not put them out unless attacked.

The evening passed off very cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the Madeira and champagne redoubled our gaiety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that even to this day I think of it with pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me; I do not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or to me; since that time so many sovereignties, which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into fantastical crowns that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point. But whether the general had received his crown from me or whether he had made me his queen, he addressed me in a compliment so absurd that it provoked a violent fit of laughter, with which the room resounded, and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper-table. I stood up to answer, with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling champagne which

were extended towards me, when I fell backwards into my chair, a frightful cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand. But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their colour, and I looked up. Junot, still paler than I had been, holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation. The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming on the other side of their faces the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require, resembling at once *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*, produced so visible an effect that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair, and whispered: "Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room."—"No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, "we cannot spare our queen!"

Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immoderately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from my chair. This time the general interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying all my mother's behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any M. Guillaume or M. Denis, of the Rue de la Perle or Rue St. Jacques. He busied himself in regulating the heat of my room, in calling my women together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood, ordered the horses, and returned to my side already expecting to hear the cries of his child;—but I was in no such hurry.

During this tedious season of watching and anxiety Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlour, then got up, walked the room with hasty steps,

crept to my bedroom door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited, and returned to his apartment, where his aide-de-camp, General Lallemand, sat up with him all night, endeavouring with arguments and consolations of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation and to restore something like composure to his mind.

Junot on leaving me by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber, found repose in none of them, and at length, unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the great court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul's apartments the consideration of his dishabille crossed his mind; "But no matter," said he, as he looked down upon his brown coat, "I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings."

All his comrades in the antechamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridicule; and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet. "Good God! what is the matter, Junot?" he exclaimed with surprise on seeing him. "General, my wife is in labour and I cannot stay at home," was the answer, but in a voice almost smothered with tears. "And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend. Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh woman, woman!"

He required a relation of all that had happened from my first seizure, and though Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described that my life was actually in danger, and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of

the tenderest and best of brothers. "My old friend," said he to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand—a very rare caress,—"you have done right in coming to me at this moment, as I hope to prove."

So saying, he left his cabinet, and leaning upon Junot's arm stepped into the salon, where the statue of the great Condé stands, and walked up and down, talking of the only subject which interested his companion, for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate chords which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Amongst other things he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries. "On foot," was the answer; "a species of desperation drove me from home, though my heart is still there, and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came."—"And may I ask you, then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute to see if any one passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you if your servants do not know where you are? if your officers saw you come out in plain clothes? It seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of throwing yourself into the river than of coming here." He called and gave his orders. "Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's to learn whether she is yet put to bed; and if not, let the family be informed that General Junot is here."

He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his general, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day riveted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Heldt, his German valet-de-chambre, followed him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aide-de-camp Laborde where the general was to be found.

Junot had been three-quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner when he would rather have been at large and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness. The footman could not yet be returned when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to inquire for him. "I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then dragging him still farther on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and with an accent to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated: "Oh! woman, woman!"

At length, at the moment that Junot was about to escape without listening to anything further, M. de Laborde appeared at the farther end of the gallery; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

"My general," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and is as well as possible."—"Go, then, and embrace your *daughter*," said the First Consul, laying a stress on the word daughter; "if your wife had given you a boy they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me," and he pressed him affectionately in his arms. Junot laughed and cried, and thoughtless of everything but the event which had just occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him: "Stay, giddy-head, are you going to run through the streets without your hat?"

He returned to the First Consul's cabinet, where he had left his hat; the time was not yet come when the Prince of Neufchatel would not have presumed to enter the Emperor's presence, even at three o'clock in the morning, without his coat buttoned, his ruffles, dress boots, and his plumed hat under his arm. "Give my love[1] to your wife, Junot, and tell her that I have a twofold quarrel against

[1] The words *tu feras mes amitiés* was a form of speech very often used by Napoleon to those he loved.

her: first, because she has not given the Republic a soldier; and secondly, because she has made me lose my wager with Josephine. But I shall not be the less her friend and yours." And again he pressed Junot's hand and let him go.

It would be impossible to describe the delirium of joy which was painted on Junot's countenance and actuated his manners when he returned to me. He bathed his daughter's little face with tears of delight so soft, so pure, that it was easy to see his happiness without his uttering a word. Then throwing himself on his knees beside my bed he took my hands, kissed them, and thanked me for his child, his daughter, his little Josephine.

But notwithstanding his joy, Junot perceived that something weighed upon my heart which was not connected with my past sufferings.

"What is the matter?" said he, embracing me again. "Nothing, but a great deal of happiness."—"I know you, Laurette, I see the tears in your eyes, your heart is not at ease; what is the matter?"

I looked at him without answering; the tears rolled down my cheeks, but I would not speak. At this moment M. Marchais came in. "What! again?" he said to me. "My dear general, you should scold your wife, and the way I see you employed gives you additional right to do so!" Junot at this moment had his child in his arms and was embracing it. "You shall hear all, then;—Oh, Madame Junot, make no signs to me, I shall not heed them! You must know, then, general, that this young mother, who is a little heroine for courage, as soon as she was safely put to bed, and had learned that you were not at home, sent for your father that he might give his blessing to your child. I went myself to seek M. Junot, but he refused to come as soon as he learned that the infant was a girl. At length he was persuaded; but when Madame Junot, notwithstanding her weakness, took the babe in her arms to present it to him, saying: 'My father, bless your granddaughter, it is another heart that will love you,' instead of embracing the child, he replied in a tone of vexation:

"'It was not worth while to make all this noise about a wretched little girl. What is your husband to do with this little crying thing? He will give it a pretty reception . . . and the First Consul too! do you think he does not wish his generals to have boys?' If I had any authority over your father other than that of a physician in his patient's chamber I confess I should have used it with some severity. I have frankly told you all this because it is a part of my duty, and because to-morrow, or the day after, a similar scene might have a fatal effect upon Madame Junot. It has affected her seriously, because she believes that the birth of a daughter is a great grievance to you, and it is in vain that I have represented to her that a mother of seventeen and a father of twenty-nine years of age will have time enough to pray for boys without being in despair at a first disappointment, and meanwhile the grandfather may fret as much as he pleases."

Scarcely had M. Marchais's first words struck Junot's ears than he understood the cause of my distress; and he seated himself upon my bed and wept with me, while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief and kisses.

Then taking up his daughter out of a little basket[1] of fine embroidered muslin, made on purpose that she might lie in it upon my bed, he placed her in my arms, and embraced us both with an air of such joyful delight as left no doubt of the sentiments of his heart, which, however, never could be doubtful to me. But the first moment of my father-in-law's denunciation was terrible; no doubt he had no intention to injure me, but he might have killed me. "Mamma," said I to my mother-in-law, who just then came in, "you were right, you see; he loves it as well as if it had been a boy."

"Did not I tell you so?" replied this excellent woman.

[1] This barcelonnette was the tasteful production of Mademoiselle Olive; in form of a swan, the feathers of which were embroidered in relief with white cotton; the wings a little spread, made a sort of handle to lift it by, the back was open, forming the cradle, and from its neck and reverted head fell a veil of white Indian muslin for the curtain, which was gathered up in the beak of the swan.

"My son's heart is too good and too noble to entertain the ideas his father would have given him credit for."

I have been led into some minute particulars connected with my first accouchement in order to expose the falsehoods which the St. Helena Memorial has propagated. I am confident that the Emperor was wholly incapable of saying what is there attributed to him, in the chapter entitled "Junot and his Wife."

Napoleon and his government enjoyed at this moment the fullest portion of popularity. The more violently France had been agitated by popular convulsion the more heartily she rallied round a focus which presented the prospect of strength and repose. The more completely we had been disorganised the more we required regularity of laws, institutions, and social arrangements, so true it is that order is the law of Nature; there is an imperious tendency towards it in the heart of man which nothing can repress.

France threw herself into the arms of General Bonaparte with the sincerity of those who, having long suffered, see at length the term of their sorrows. It was believed that the bravest soldier and most renowned warrior must prove the most capable of administering the government with justice, and of making us respected abroad. At this period Bonaparte did not like the English, but he wished to add to his triumphal crown the olive of peace, and to attain this end he wrote to King George the Third that remarkable letter, in which he solicits him, for the happiness of the world, to give peace to the struggling nations. "Let us terminate," said he, "the war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world. Must it be eternal? Is there no means of coming to a mutual understanding?"

Public opinion in France was then strongly in favour of a war with England. Commerce was oppressed, the finances were in disorder; but from the commencement of the Revolution the voice of commerce had had very little weight in the Republic. Everything wore a warlike aspect,

and arms only were looked to, to terminate a quarrel, appease troubles, and remove dangers. France was entirely military; and General Bonaparte, in calling for men to carry the war into England, would have been answered by 200,000 volunteers. He had therefore no occasion to dissemble, nor did the failure of this first attempt at pacification rest with him. England herself repulsed the overture while Mr. Pitt continued at the head of affairs. "In no case treat with that man," said the English Minister in the House of Commons. In rejecting the First Consul's proposition he thought he had performed a great deed; his rival smiled; he also had his projects, and this refusal to treat forwarded them. The vision which for fourteen years he followed even then had its influence on his actions; and seeing himself surrounded by so many young men, all burning for glory and victory, he did not doubt but England would be his,—and he prepared in earnest to invade her: fortune afterwards offered him the conquest of the world, and the army which Marshal Soult had organised at Boulogne was employed in dealing as murderous, though not such direct blows upon British power. But it was in vain for England to refuse peace. Abandoned by Russia, even after the assassination of Paul I., she felt the necessity of complying; Mr. Pitt forsook the helm, Lord Melville and Lord Grenville followed his example, alleging that they would not be the instruments of executing a treaty which must be inglorious and injurious to the nation. Under a new administration the preliminaries of peace were at length signed at London, in October 1801—a concord which was to last but two years!

It was about this time that the First Consul, in a conversation of which I possess the notes, observed: "The death of Paul I. dissolved the confederation of the north; but it may be revived; and if England, to avert this, should lavish her gold to an extent that will involve herself in a career of dangers, the commencement of which will be visible but not the end—— Well!——" Here he paused and smiled, and then resumed his

promenade, rubbing his forehead, and crossing his hands behind him ; all this giving to those who were studying his countenance the conviction that his thoughts were great and glorious.

Soon after this time the preliminaries of peace were signed with the Ottoman Court, whose alliance with France dates from the reign of Francis I., and had met with but few interruptions. The First Consul was not then sufficiently familiar with the English language to read the newspapers with facility ; they were translated for him, but as he found they were not always given him faithfully he determined to perfect himself in English that he might judge of the originals ; he did not, however, fully accomplish this end till a much later period. I remember that one day when the Turkish treaty was in progress, Napoleon, coming into the salon at Malmaison, where the company were assembling before dinner, with some English journals in his hand, said to the Second Consul : " Citizen Cambacérès, do you know why I went to Egypt ?" Cambacérès, looking attentively at him, but being unable to penetrate the object of this question, put in so unexpected a manner, he was silent. "Yes," continued the First Consul, " I should like to know whether any of you divine the true motive which induced me to go to Egypt ? You, Junot, Duroc, Berthier, my poor Rapp, and yourself Cambacérès, I have no doubt that you believe it was to flatter the fancies of certain learned enthusiasts in antiquities, who would sacrifice an army to obtain a marble column from Palmyra or a mummy from Thebes ;" and so saying he struck the back of his hand upon the English newspaper in which he had just been reading this stupid nonsense, and added : "To be sure these few lines do give me an additional object, that of making myself King of Jerusalem ! Really it is a very amusing thing to read such folly !—King of Jerusalem ! forsooth !" Here he burst into a loud fit of laughter, perhaps the only one to which I knew him give way during the twenty years that I was admitted to his society. His gaiety never showed itself in noise. Nor did his anger, terrible as it was ; he could strike as with

thunder, and persons in the next room would know nothing of the words which fell upon the offender with the weight of a club or the sharpness of a sword.

Cambacérès, seeing that the First Consul was disposed to amuse himself with the affair, took up the ball, and answered like a man of wit, as he actually was. "Well, general," said Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely, who was also that day at Malmaison, "I do not see anything ironical in the journal. It is true the English writer intended to be malicious, but it appears to me he has failed in his object. Why should Godfrey de Bouillon alone be entitled to his recompense?"

I know not what sentiment these words touched, but the First Consul's brow was clouded in an instant. Had his thoughts not yet turned upon absolute power? Or did he wish they should not be suspected if such existed already? But his change of countenance, the expression of his eye, and the knitting of his brow, were too striking not to be noticed by those who made him their study. The cloud, however, was transient, his features in an instant resumed their usual cast, and he replied to Regnault with a smile: "Truly, you do us republican soldiers great honour in comparing us with the Crusaders. But who should be the Rinaldo of the adventure?" Then looking round him: "Berthier, the palm is yours: but no, your Armida was not in Egypt. Junot, you are fond of running after the pretty women—— But hush, Madame Junot is here, we must say nothing on that subject, though I suppose she knows she was not your first love. Do you know that your husband kept a complete seraglio in those distant quarters, Madame Junot?"—"He has told me something of the kind, general; and I have even a very pretty portrait hanging over the chimney-piece in my room." With this the conversation ended; Napoleon casting an indefinable glance towards me, resumed his rapid promenade, and passed into the garden.

CHAPTER XX.

The society of artists and literary men—Talma's gaiety—The poet d'Offreville and his self-conceit—The tragedy of *Statira*—The hoax projected—Talma's part in it, and the intended lecture—The dinner-party—An Improvisation—Visit to the Theatre—Tiercelin and *The Farce and no Farce*—D'Offreville an unintentional performer—The lost manuscript—The poet's despair and good appetite—The poet in the cabriolet, and the vicious mare—His lamentations—The hackney coachman.

I HAVE always been fond of the society of artists and literary men, and taken pleasure in cultivating this feeling. In whatever situation fortune has placed me I have made it my principal study to assemble around me the chief talents of the day. Amongst a crowd of distinguished men I had the happiness of receiving Nadermann, Garat, Denon, Girodet, Lefebvre, old Robert, Lemercier, Millin, Delille, Talma, and many others.

The last name upon this list reminds me of an adventure in which Talma played a part, certainly not that of Cinna or Orestes. To what perfection he carried those characters of parade with which French tragedy abounds is well known; but of the time I am speaking he was immersed in the gloom of those English tragedies which he rendered so terrible, and the contrast made his gaiety in society, which provoked the cheerfulness of all around, peculiarly striking.

My readers may remember a certain M. d'Offreville, who lived like a salamander in a perpetual fire at Lucien Bonaparte's mansion of Plessis, and continued to fatigue every one with his vanity and absurdity. On my marriage he presented himself to me with an epithalamium

n each pocket, and an acrostic upon every one of Junot's names and mine; there was no resisting this folly.

His stupid self-conceit made him completely ridiculous, and restrained every sentiment of commiseration which otherwise his age would have demanded. He was the butt of all his acquaintances.

After pronouncing a fine eulogium on himself he would walk up and down the room majestically, with one hand in his waistcoat pocket and the other playing with the laced shirt-frill, which was in keeping with the other ornaments of his dress—his plaited ruffles, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

He had composed a tragedy, on which he had bestowed ten years' labour to very little purpose; but he would rather have renounced his hopes of salvation in another life than have believed that any production in the world could be equal to his *Statira*.—"Faith!" said Junot one day, "this man must be mystified; his incorrigible vanity deserves punishment."

He furnished us with the opportunity in a very few days. He came one morning to request I would perform a promise, which, in a moment of gaiety, I had thoughtlessly made him, of procuring Talma's permission to have *Statira* read before the committee of French comedy.

I was much embarrassed, for I would not for the world have spoken of this production to Talma, Dugazon, or Fleury. I answered that I should shortly see one of these gentlemen, and would report the answer; but the good poet was not so easily satisfied, and he so strongly insisted on my giving him a letter of introduction to one or the other of the committee that I was really puzzled in what manner to put him off, when fortunately Junot came in and at once extricated me from my difficulties.

"Your work shall be read next week, M. d'Offreville," said he in a solemn tone, "it shall be read at my house by Talma himself."

"Oh, general! you are too good! Oh, Heavens! my work read at Madame Junot's; at your house, my dear general! and by Talma himself! it is too much!" Here

was the poet in a delirium of joy at the idea of his tragedy being read by Talma. I could not understand Junot, but in two words he let me into the secret. The day was fixed, Junot arranged the whole affair, and communicated his project to Talma, who willingly undertook to second it. Our party consisted of the two Baptistes of the French comedy, Talma and his wife, Fleury, Dugazon, and Dazincourt. It was agreed that Talma, as soon as he saw d'Offreville, should speak to him of his tragedy, of the part he wished to take in it, and of the pleasure he should have in reading it after dinner. This latter point was quite another matter, however.

I never saw such an expression of extraordinary joy as that which was portrayed on d'Offreville's burlesque physiognomy, when on my introducing him to Talma the latter addressed him with the most hyperbolical praises of his work, with an air of seriousness which was enough to make those acquainted with d'Offreville die of laughing. He bowed, thanked him in broken words, and in the most rapturous terms concluded by pronouncing Talma divine.

I think I never was present at a more amusing dinner-party in my life. The champagne and Madeira soon put him into excellent spirits, and he proposed favouring us with an *improvisation*, which he had been preparing from the day he had been assured that Talma would read his tragedy; but as it was to pass for an impromptu he had taken good care not to bring his written paper with him, never suspecting his memory of treachery. But the wine he had drank, and the noisy mirth which surrounded him, had so confused his ideas that after giving the two first lines their highest effect, after shading his eyes, and enacting all the monkey tricks necessary to produce a belief in an actual *improvisation*, he stopped short, wholly unable to recollect another word. The total silence in which the whole party were listening to his recitation and awaiting its continuation added to his embarrassment, and made him look absolutely stupefied. After an interval of becoming solemnity General Lallemand interrupted the silence: "Indeed, M. d'Offreville," said he, "it is a sad thing that

ou cannot *recollect* any more of your *improvisation*."—"I eg your pardon," said he, "I shall continue immediately," nd he again repeated the two unfortunate lines—

> "Say Muse, loved Talma! does thy voice divine
> Deign with immortal fame my verse to crown——"

"My verse to crown,—my verse to crown," and he would have harped upon the same unharmonious string for an hour if Talma had not cried out in his inimitable accent—

> "While Tyre's proud walls re-echo my renown."

Now this happened to be a line in the famous tragedy of *Statira;* Junot had whispered it to Talma, who pronounced it instantly, to the admiration of the company. But d'Offreville saw nothing ludicrous in it; on the contrary, he was ready to worship the man who was already master of the finest passage of his tragedy. "Is not that poetry of inspiration?" said he to Talma; "how your talent will shine in performing so brilliant a character as that of my hero! You are supremely fortunate, my dear sir! But let me beg you to give me the unutterable pleasure of hearing these fine lines read with such judgment as yours; here is the piece." And he drew from his pocket the much-honoured *Statira*, wrapped in vellum, and tied with fresh bows of rose-coloured ribbon. This last folly was almost too much for the gravity of the company. Talma was still holding his cup of coffee in his hand when the simpleton gravely proposed to him to read five acts of pathos consecutively. Talma, in reply, took him by the arm, and leading him and me to the recess of a window a little out of the noise, said to him: "My dear sir, I understand from Madame Junot and the general that your work is full of beauties; now I should wish to read this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the attention it merits, and to be listened to with the respect I should demand for it. At present this is impossible; do you see those wild fellows, Baptiste the younger, and Dugazon——"

The latter was at this moment relating to his auditors that he had once been aide-de-camp to the Commune of Paris, and describing his adventures in this capacity in the most laughable manner. "I therefore recommend," continued Talma, "that Madame Junot should indulge us with a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne or elsewhere; we shall converse while we are out upon literary and theatrical subjects, and when we return in the cool of the evening our minds will be composed and prepared to enjoy the delightful impressions which the reading of *Statira* promises, and which I engage to assist with my best abilities."

I seconded the motion, and Madame Talma supported us, so that d'Offreville, however anxious for the commencement of the lecture, had no remedy, and as it was only a pleasure deferred, it was tolerably well received. I rang and ordered the horses, which were already harnessed to three carriages.

On my return to the salon equipped for the ride, Junot approached me and said, in a perfectly natural tone: "I understand, my dear, that you intend to take a ride; in my opinion you had better pass an hour or two at the Théâtre Montansier, where they are performing a new piece, which I am told is charming. My box is not lent, and I will borrow that of the manager and M. D——." The name was an invention intended only to deceive d'Offreville, who would have supposed a scheme laid against himself if he had found several boxes hired beforehand; he was foolish, but not stupid.

Junot's proposition carried the day by acclamation, and we set out for the Théâtre Montansier, then at the Palais Royal. D'Offreville was put under the care of M. Charles, M. Lallemand, and M. Delaborde, first aide-de-camp to Junot. On reaching the theatre he proposed to join me in my box for the pleasure of conversing with Talma, but this was not exactly the intended plan. "No, no," said these gentlemen; "Madame Junot's box is full; you are going with us into one where you will see excellently."

Hereupon they made a preconcerted signal to the door-keeper, who opened the stage-box to the right of the audience; General Lallemand and M. Delaborde pushed d'Offreville into the box and shut the door, leaving him *tête-à-tête* with a man whom he did not know, and whose appearance was almost as singular as his own. This man was dressed in a scarlet cloth with copper buttons, yellow breeches, striped stockings, an immense cravat, a powdered wig with a great queue, and a three-cornered hat badly cocked, which he took off and put on again ten times in a minute.

D'Offreville, to whom his conductors had said: "We shall return presently," awaited patiently the commencement of the piece. The curtain drew up; but an actor in his stage dress came forward to announce that the principal actress being extremely ill, the performance could not take place. "What!" cried d'Offreville's neighbour in the red coat, with a hoarse voice, "what do you mean by that? I have paid three francs and a half to see the show, and I will see it, or——" And here he stood up leaning over the front of the box, and vociferating his words in a great rage; "Sir," said d'Offreville to him, pulling one of his red skirts, "it is not usual to talk in this manner here; they will turn you out, sir."—"Hem! what is this fellow saying?" And turning towards d'Offreville the man in the red coat burst out laughing. "Ah! I know you very well! You come from the Estrapade;[1] you compose tragedies to make people laugh."—"Sir, sir," said d'Offreville, "pray speak lower!" And he attempted to effect a retreat, but in vain; the door would not open; for General Lallemand, M. Delaborde, and M. Charles were behind, holding it fast.

At this moment a voice from the gallery shouted out: "James! James!" and James, who was the man in the red coat, looked up and answered: "Ah! ah! is it you, John! come here my lad, here is plenty of room, come here."

And the accent and attitude of the waterman of the fens was perfect; for by this time my readers may have

[1] The Rue de l'Estrapade in Paris.

guessed that the man in the scarlet coat was Tiercelin the actor, and that the farce they were performing was *The Farce and no Farce*, represented for the second time only. Tiercelin, who was in the secret, played his part excellently, and what made the joke perfect, from my box where we could see the whole, was, that the audience in the pit took the introduction of d'Offreville for a new scene, and every time he leaned forward to Tiercelin to give his advice, several voices cried out "Louder!" The poor author of *Statira* stood as much in dread of these cries of his terrible neighbour, who, seeing the impression he made upon him, gave him from time to time a most menacing glance. "Oh!" said he, "I have told you I know you; you come from the Estrapade. You should cry out, like John and I, upon those thieves who take our money and give us nothing for it."

The piece proceeded. Tiercelin, or James as he is called, was furnished with a gourd, out of which he drank five or six times during the act. Generally he had nothing in his gourd, but it happened that evening, having a bad cold, the gourd contained barley-water. When he saw the apprehension with which he inspired d'Offreville, it came into his head, to our great gratification, to offer him his gourd, recommending him to drink to recover himself, and to our still greater delight the other took it, so much was he afraid of his companion, and tasting, notwithstanding his expectation of having his throat burned with peppered brandy, was not a little surprised at swallowing nothing but warm water fit to make him sick. He drank, however, what was in the gourd, amidst the encouragements of Tiercelin, and the reiterated applauses of the pit, which would have been delighted with this unexpected scene if the new actor could have been persuaded to speak louder.

But d'Offreville at length discovered the joke and immediately precipitated himself, head foremost, like a ram in a rage, against the box door, and so furious was he that when the gentlemen outside opened it he pushed through without seeing them. But he was not to escape thus, and all the young men of the conspiracy surrounding him, he

found himself without the power of counteraction once more in my drawing-room in the presence of Talma. When he commenced his complaints we all told him he did not know what he was talking about; that the box he had been put into was the manager's, who had given an order to one of the common people, a waterman, who, it would seem, lived in the Rue de l'Estrapade and knew him, which he had given him to understand by his manner, rather vulgarly to be sure. "But," said Junot, "if I were you I should be very proud of being recognised thus, and for an author, even by people the most remote from your ordinary associates! D'Offreville, I should look upon the meeting with this waterman the most honourable homage to your great talents."

It would be absurd to make such stupid speeches to a man who understood it as irony; but d'Offreville was persuaded to see in this adventure a circumstance of which he had a right to be proud; whether it were Tiercelin, or plain James of the Estrapade, on this point he could not divest himself of some doubt, but the actor or the waterman had said: "You compose tragedies!" This was enough to make him forget the warm water and the suspicious character which had been forced upon him.

"And when you are named on the day of the first representation of *Statira*," said Madame Talma; "when, having made a sufficient resistance to the demands of an impatient audience, my husband and I will lead you between us upon the stage, that the whole house may be able to see you—a different homage will then be rendered to your talents!" D'Offreville listened eagerly, and seemed to enjoy in anticipation the ecstasy of his triumph. "But what is M. Talma about and our *Statira*," said he, casting a glance of intelligence on M. Talma.

"Here am I," said Talma; "but where is the manuscript? Come, prepare the table, two wax lights and a glass of sugared water.—But, M. d'Offreville, be so good as to give me your manuscript; for though I have retained many beautiful lines of this immortal work I have not learned it by heart." But d'Offreville was more ridiculous

at this moment than he had been at any preceding part of the entertainment. His cherished manuscript was lost! nor could he recover it. The truth was that I had stolen it from the spot where he had concealed it, as the only means of avoiding the lecture.—"My *Statira*," he exclaimed in a kind of frenzy, as if he was calling his mistress, "my *Statira!*"

At length supper was announced. D'Offreville, at first in despair, found comfort in making a capital meal, a talent which seldom failed him. They afterwards made him recite some madrigals, and two or three acrostics upon Laura and Andoche; then he repeated, as a child does his lesson, the letter he had received from Voltaire; and before rising from table he had become quite as vain-glorious and as complete a braggart as ever. But when after supper his dear *Statira* was restored to him; when he had found upon examination that not a single absurdity was wanting to it, he proceeded to utter such a tissue of nonsense that Junot cried out in great wrath:

"This man is absolutely incorrigible."—"I have seen many such characters," said Talma, "but never one so thoroughly ridiculous."

Did he not wish to have his precious production read after supper!—"We shall see about that some day next week," said Talma, "for to-night, or rather this morning, I entreat you to excuse me."—It was already two o'clock. —"And how am I to return home?" said the little man. "You know that Madame d'Offreville would die of grief if any harm should happen to me." This apostrophe was addressed to me in a somewhat petulant tone; for he could not forgive me the occurrences of the day, though I was no otherwise concerned in them than as having shared the general mirth. "You know," he continued, "all the tenderness of that incomparable woman!"

The fact was that the wife was quite as ridiculous as her husband; I dare say they were attached to each other, but to make a parade of love, when their joint ages amounted to a hundred and fifty years, was of itself absurdity enough.—"Well," said M. Charles, "I am going

to drive you home in my cabriolet."—"No, no, I shall," said General Lallemand. M. Delaborde interfered with, "I propose myself that honour."—"If M. d'Offreville will trust himself with me?" chimed in M. Bardin.

M. d'Offreville looked at them all in turn; the remembrance of the misadventures of the evening made him tremble; but he found M. Charles's countenance the most inviting—he determined to confide himself to his care; and making low bows to M. Talma, who bent still more profoundly in return, he ascended the slight cabriolet of M. Charles, to which was harnessed a little mare, known as the most vicious brute in Paris. To his other defects d'Offreville added that of being timid in a carriage, and his apprehension was converted into absolute terror when the cabriolet took, with the speed of an arrow, the road to the Pont-Royal.

"Good God," cried M. Charles, "what will become of us, the horse is running away; I have no power over it."—"Sir, I conjure you—I entreat you; a wife who adores me, sir, is waiting for me . . . I beseech you, sir!"—"What would you have me do?" said M. Charles, slightly touching the flanks of the mare with the whip,—"what would you have me do? you see I have no command of the mare . . . she is running away . . . that's certain . . . God grant that she may not drag us to the river!"—"M. Charles, let me alight. . . . You are a worthy man; you would not kill me. . . . Good heavens! here we are upon the bridge!"

"Well, so much the better; it proves that we shall not go under it; you see there is nothing to fear now.—Will you be quiet?—By Jove, you will put me in a passion presently!" exclaimed M. Charles, half angry and half laughing, for the old poet was crying for help.

"Oh, what will become of me!" muttered d'Offreville, almost crying, "and my wife, my poor wife!"—"Ah! you shall see your wife again, by and by," said M. Charles; "only let me get home, then I will put you into a hackney coach, and you shall return home to console your wife, who is no doubt fast asleep without thinking

of you."—"And do you live far off, my worthy friend? Heavens! how the cabriolet sways! Do you live far off?"

"In the Rue des Maturins."—"The Rue des Maturins! then I shall not get home before five o'clock in the morning!"—"Be quiet, will you, and let me drive the mare without meddling with the reins; and we shall arrive all the sooner."

At last they reached the Rue Neuve des Maturins. But that which was not the least amusing part of the adventure to M. Charles was the anger of the hackney coachman to whose care he now confided d'Offreville, particularly as they both stood and looked at his whimsical and disordered dress, besmeared with powder that had fallen from his hair. The coachman said he would not take charge of a mask and disguised person at a time when there was no carnival. D'Offreville, amongst whose pretensions was that of being very eloquent, undertook to persuade the man to drive him home by speaking of his wife and her love, himself and his talent; and afterwards boasted of his success as a triumph of his oratorical powers. "The Muses," said he, "touched my lips, like Pindar's, with milk and honey."

The truth was, that M. Charles, unknown to his companion, had put a crown piece into the coachman's hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

Creation of the kingdom of Etruria—The King and Queen of Etruria in Paris—Their son—*Fêtes* and balls given to them at Paris—*Fêtes* of Messieurs Talleyrand, Chaptal, and Berthier — Napoleon accompanies the king to see a representation of *Œdipus*—First Consul's opinion of the new king—Aristocratic measure respecting lists of eligible persons opposed by Napoleon.

WE have now attained a new and memorable epoch in our history, that of the re-establishment of thrones and of religion. The foundation of several Republics was the work of General Bonaparte; when at the head of an army, not yet his subjects, his moderation procured him even more renown than his victories. Now that his powerful hand directed the destinies of France he attempted to set up a petty crown, to place a baby sceptre in the hands of a man incapable of reigning, as if he would say to France, already unaccustomed to sovereignty: "See what a king is! Be not afraid of the phantom!"

This monarch, whose new dignity procured for him more ridicule than respect, was the King of Etruria, Don Louis, Infant of Parma, nephew of Queen Marie Antoinette,[1] and husband of the Infanta Maria Louisa Josephine, daughter of Charles IV. They came to Paris in the month of May 1801 to thank the First Consul for their nomination to the crown of Etruria, which was a stipulated clause of the treaty concluded between France and Spain on the 21st of March, at Madrid. By this treaty France

[1] Maria Theresa had four daughters. They were married to the King of Naples, the King of France, the Duke of Parma, and to the Duke of Saxe-Teschen.

acquired the Duchy of Parma, and ceded Tuscany to the prince; giving him as an indemnity for his paternal inheritance the territory we had conquered from his uncle. But the king, Louis I., was very possibly ignorant who was the sovereign of Tuscany before it fell to his share; though had he known it, I am by no means certain that he would on that account have refused the crown.

I never beheld two more extraordinary persons than these new sovereigns. They assumed the incognito of Count and Countess of Livurnia, and brought with them a *Countling*, who, though not quite three years old, was made of more importance than both his illustrious parents put together. Those who have not seen this royal personage at five years of age, in full court dress, a hat and feathers under his arm; a sword at his side, decorated with a huge bunch of ribands; his poor little locks powdered and frizzed, confined in a bag wig, driven through the streets of Florence on the front seat of a state carriage, and, though fastened to his cushion, rolling from right to left like a little ball; the Queen Dowager, his mother, riding backwards in the most respectful attitude; whoever has not beheld this spectacle has missed one of those exquisitely ridiculous scenes which prolong laughter till it becomes painful. Of the time I am speaking, as the king his father was still living, the Prince Royal of Etruria was content to give his little hand to be kissed, whether asked for or not. As for his parents, all who remember their arrival and sojourn in Paris in 1801 will agree with me how totally dissimilar they were from all other human beings, especially if Her Majesty the Queen is to be compared with a woman of even moderate beauty, or the King with a man possessed of a single idea. One proof, if any were wanting, and which was not lost upon France, how utterly he was void not only of all the mental faculties but also of those of the heart, was the abandonment of his paternal inheritance to take up with the spoils of his uncle.

Fêtes were given to the King of Etruria, not from any regard to the new-fangled monarch, but from a spon-

taneous desire to meet the wishes of the First Consul who well knew how to appreciate the sentiments which dictated the attention. The reception given to his tributary king, who was come to tender to the Republic homage for his crown, was at once magnificent and in good taste. He was, in the first instance, entertained at Malmaison in the spirit of cordiality.

The First Consul wished to become acquainted with the character of the man on whom he had bestowed a kingdom, enriched by the noblest monuments of art and science; a very few interviews, however, sufficed to prove that he was nullity personified. Not so the queen. Her appearance was at first repulsive; but on further acquaintance, when she had thrown aside a timidity, partaking in some degree of stateliness, which threw a restraint over her words and actions, she proved to be very agreeable.

M. de Talleyrand was the first of the ministers who gave a *fête* to the new sovereigns. It was in the month of June, when the country was in its highest beauty. The entertainment was therefore given at Neuilly. Taste and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements, but both were lost upon him for whose enjoyment the whole was chiefly intended. The *fête* was Florentine, and its illusion complete. The beautiful square of the Pitti Palace was admirably represented, and when their majesties descended to the garden they were surrounded by crowds of pretty Tuscan peasant girls, offering them flowers, singing couplets, and enticing the royal pair into their groups to hear verses in their own praise. This was followed by the famous improvisatore Gianni prophesying for them, in fine Italian verse, a long and prosperous reign. All this made no impression on King Louis. The queen, who alone understood it, made acknowledgments for both.

The finest of these *fêtes* was that given by the minister of the interior. He had not, like M. de Talleyrand, the advantage of a villa in the country, but his garden was skilfully laid out, to bear the appearance of a park, and the whole scene reminded one of fairyland.

Three hundred and fifty ladies found seats in that fine gallery where Lucien in the preceding year had given such agreeable balls; which, pleasant as they were, certainly afforded no presage of M. Chaptal's evening of enchantment. The First Consul was enraptured; and though seldom known to take notice of such matters, not only expressed his satisfaction at the time, but long afterwards reverted to the invisible singers and the ravishing harmony of M. Chaptal's gardens. Yet here, as at Neuilly, all the delicate courtesies shown in honour of the sovereigns were appreciated by the queen alone; the poor king could not find a word of thanks for so much pains expended on *fêting* and pleasing him; even when, in the midst of a Tuscan village, where Tuscan peasants were singing in chorus the beautiful lines of Tasso and Petrarch, which he could scarcely fail of understanding, a crown of flowers was offered him, accompanied by flattering verses, still not a syllable could he say,—the same eternal and unmeaning smile, which seemed to express that he could not comprehend even the language and scenery of Italy, still sat upon his lips.

In the dance his Tuscan majesty was really amusing. I had the honour of figuring near him at the ball given by the minister of war on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, and congratulate myself on my wonderful self-control in preserving my gravity through the whole country dance. The king, dancing with Queen Hortense, skipped and jumped about in a manner by no means beseeming the royal dignity. In one of his capers a buckle from his shoe suddenly flew into the air, and alighted in my head-dress; and so highly was the king's mirth excited by its course and final resting-place, that he was nearly choked with laughter. We were little less diverted when, on examination of the buckle to ascertain how it had found its way from the royal foot to my head, it was discovered that it had been only glued to the shoe. This *fête* of the minister of war acquired a peculiar character from the supper being served in the garden, under tents, with all the military appendages of a bivouac, and

from the illusive charm imparted by the glorious day which this *fête* was intended to recall. The fireworks were so designed as to show to the First Consul that the army which surrounded him could honour him alone. A balloon was sent up in the course of the evening, which, against the dark azure of a clear sky, luminously traced as it rose the name of Marengo.

One evening during the King of Etruria's stay in Paris the First Consul accompanied him to the *Comédie Française*. The play was *Œdipus*. The house was crowded to excess. All Paris was desirous to see, side by side, General Bonaparte, who as a private individual had created Republics, and the king he was crowning, now that he was himself chief of the most powerful Republic in the world. The manners of the new king were especially amusing when contrasted with those of the First Consul, who was always calm, serious, and well calculated to stand the gaze of millions. When Philoctetes repeated the line, "I have made sovereigns, but have refused to be one," the noise of the acclamations with which the theatre resounded was almost alarming. The whole house was shaken by applauding feet, while the box audience, who seldom take part in such scenes, unanimously joined the cheers of the pit. It was the universal nation expressing to Napoleon the sentiment which filled all hearts. As for the king, he started at first in his arm-chair, then laughed most complacently on observing all hands and eyes directed towards the box where he sat with the First Consul. But the mirth of those who knew him was complete when, finding the applause prolonged, he thought politeness required some mark of attention in return for such unequivocal proofs of an interest he was quite proud, as he said, of inspiring in so great a people, and he rose to make his best obedience. "Poor king!" said the First Consul, shrugging his shoulders. These words, "poor king!" appear the more contemptuous from his mouth, covered as he was with laurels, and all radiant with the glory of his great deeds. But on all occasions a word either of praise or

contempt has appeared to me more impressive from him than from other men.

After a visit of some weeks the King and Queen of Etruria quitted Paris and proceeded to their own kingdom of perfumes, where they were received and installed in their throne by Murat. "The rising generation," said the First Consul one day, laughing, "were unacquainted with the face of a king; well, we have shown them one." But his countenance instantly recovered its seriousness, and he added, "Poor Tuscany! Poor Tuscany!"

Shortly before the arrival of the King of Etruria in Paris, an aristocratic measure was under discussion—that of the lists of eligibility relative to elections, the object of which was to fill all official posts with select persons.

Cambacérès, strange as it may seem, pronounced strongly in favour of the lists, and the First Consul held a long discussion with him. Napoleon said that the lists were founded on a bad system and on false and erroneous principles. "France," said he, "is a great Power; but it is the people who compose that power. This law although a part of the constitution, is not, therefore, the less bad and absurd. It is not fifty, sixty, or even a hundred men, assembling together in a moment of tumult and excitement, who have a right to make a constitution and to alienate the rights of the people.—The sovereignty of the people is inalienable." These are the very words of Napoleon; they were written in pencil by him who gave them to me, and he wrote them as they fell from the First Consul. Did they truly interpret his sentiments?

CHAPTER XXII.

Institution of the Legion of Honour—Difficulties encountered by the First Consul—Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angely—My mother's conversation on the projected institution with Junot—The Concordat—Cardinals Consalvi and Spina—M. de Talleyrand authorised by the Pope to leave the Church and return to the laical community—Ratification of the Concordat—Creation of bishops by Napoleon—Religious ceremony in honour of the Concordat—Display of female beauty—Offensive remark of General Delmas upon the ceremony—My uncle Bien-Aymé consecrated Bishop of Metz—His conversation with Napoleon.

IT was some weeks previous to this incident that the establishment of the Legion of Honour, one of the most remarkable events of the whole domination of Napoleon, was first talked of. This affair doubtless made an impression, but less than proportionate to the difficulty with which it had been effected. It would not, perhaps, have been possible to have achieved the victory so early had not the First Consul been powerfully seconded by Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angely, a man of great ability, whose portrait is necessary here, as his name will be found in every page of Napoleon's history. Regnault having, like nearly all the members of the constituent assembly and of the convention, taken a denomination from the place of his residence, was, as his name indicates, from St. Jean-d'Angely, where, however, his parents, who belonged to that class known before the Revolution as the *bonne bourgeoisie*, had but recently established themselves. They intended their son for a merchant, but the young man determined otherwise for himself; and finding his parents inexorable, quitted the paternal mansion, where

no better prospect than an insufferable slavery awaited him, to wander he knew not whither. Happily he met a family friend, who, entering into his character and feelings, and being desirous to save both him and his parents from eternal regret, brought him back to his home, and induced them to educate him for the bar. Thus was laid the foundation of Regnault's success. He studied, and very soon displayed a brilliant and original eloquence, combined with a force of reasoning which placed him at once on a level with the most distinguished orators. Napoleon, who knew how to discriminate between talent and mediocrity, designed Regnault, from the moment he heard him speak, for one of the orators of his council of State. Regnault, on his part, also judged the colossus; and, strange to say, in many instances fathomed his real thoughts through the veil with which, though Napoleon was not deceitful, his simple and vigorous ideas were frequently covered. Regnault, in listening to discussions introduced by the First Consul, seldom coincided in the opinion first mooted by him; he opposed it; and curiously enough, generally found himself maintaining the side of the argument which Napoleon really intended to preponderate. If this was the effect of address it was excusable.

The question of the Legion of Honour on its first proposition excited feelings and discussions of which, in the present day, it is impossible to convey an idea. The creation of an order of knighthood in a country filled with republican institutions and resolved on equality, appeared at first, even to those who, from their reputation in arms, were entitled to be chiefs of the order, a sort of monstrosity. None of them had even imagined that the First Consul would one day assume the sovereignty of the State. I do not think that the Consulate for life had yet been talked of; Napoleon now held the office for ten years only. "Well! after all," said my mother to Junot, "I assure you, my dear son, a green, red, or blue ribbon is a very pretty thing over a black coat or a white waistcoat. I am fond of these talismans of ambition. Our

poor weak human nature is always travelling in a circle; we are carried forward by the rotatory motion, and obliged to abandon position after position, as we perform the revolution, till we find ourselves brought back to the very point from whence we started; here, for instance, are you almost a courtier under a republican Government! This does not surprise me, for I have seen the pro-consuls of the committee of public safety keep the notables of the highest merit waiting in their antechambers, and that because the said pro-consuls were sensible of their own inferiority, and revenged it in the only manner of which a mind of mean calibre is capable. The Directory had its chamberlains and equerries; because the halls of the Luxembourg contained throngs who sought to fill those offices with an eagerness truly edifying. The Consular court is now rising with an *éclat* far surpassing its predecessors. You will agree with me, that unless power possesses both the will and the means to make itself respected it is indispensable to surround it with a sort of theatrical splendour to prevent its becoming an object of mockery. Bonaparte is a man of sense and tact; he understands all this, and reduces it to practice. You will see where all this will end——" and my mother gently nodded her head, as she changed her position on the sofa; for at that time, in compliance with the decree of her physicians, she scarcely ever rose from it. Junot's demeanour as he listened to her harangue was droll; he saw plainly that she was jesting, but as he did not himself entirely approve this measure at the outset, he was at a loss for an answer. He was much perplexed to guess how my mother had learned the secrets of the council of State, in which the First Consul had spoken at great length, and with an eloquence the more extraordinary as oratory was by no means his forte; he possessed to an almost irresistible extent the art of compelling his auditors to adopt his views; but that he should speak for an hour together and with real eloquence, was truly astonishing.

This was not the first time that my mother had surprised us by talking politics, in which formerly she never

interfered; but a heart like hers must follow the interests of those she loved. Till my marriage no warmer sentiment than a sincere friendship for a few individuals had caused her to look upon public affairs either with pleasure or uneasiness. But within fifteen months her situation was changed. Her daughter was the wife of a man so intimately attached to the established order of things that the future welfare of that daughter depended on its preservation; her son had a lucrative office in the administration of the Republic; and the private opinions of my excellent mother were silenced by these strong ties which bound her to the existing Government. She who had never busied herself with any political rumours now grew desirous of sounding public opinion; she had two or three journals read to her daily, and such of her friends as were in a situation to give her information were laid under contribution. My good and affectionate mother! all these habits so foreign to her former life were not agreeable to her. But it would have distressed her to be ignorant of anything in which we were interested; and through the elder M. Portalis she frequently learned news which did not reach Junot till he heard them from her two or three days later; not through any breach of confidence on the part of the counsellor, but merely because Junot did not attend the sittings of the council, and that their proceedings were not reported in the journals. It happened so in the case of the Concordat, one of those landmarks which denote a great epoch in the history of our Revolution.

The publication of the Concordat gave universal satisfaction to France, if we except only a few timid persons, who dreaded, in the turn of religion, that of the clergy, with their pretensions and vengeance. Is it not then surprising that, with the faith of our fathers still cherished in our hearts, we should have suffered our churches to be occupied by such a parody upon our worship?

Cardinal Consalvi, Signor Spina (since Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa), and Father Corselli, also a cardinal since that period, came to Paris to terminate the affair of the Concordat. I shall speak hereafter of Cardinal Consalvi;

I was at this time too young to know and appreciate him. The First Consul himself was much deceived respecting him, and there is every reason to believe that he was prejudiced against him by the minister of foreign affairs.

A person every way worthy of credit says, in his excellent work upon the Consulate, that in a conversation he held with him at Malmaison the First Consul mentioned that the cardinal jested as freely as a young musketeer, and had told M. de Talleyrand, *that he was as fond of pleasure as any one, and that he had obtained a reputation for devotion which he did not possess.*

I repeat, the person who reports this conversation with the First Consul is a man of honour, and worthy of credence. What he reports the First Consul had undoubtedly said to him. I can equally answer for Napoleon. He could dissemble and give a false colouring to a story, but was never guilty of direct falsehood to the extent here imputed to him. The minister must himself have been deceived; for had Cardinal Consalvi been as profligate as a Borgia, and as impious as the fifth Sixtus, it is impossible that he could so stupidly proclaim his shame. All who have been honoured with his acquaintance know, that whatever political licence he might allow himself in conversation, he never, in the man of the world or even in the man of gallantry, forgot the dignity of the cardinal. I have held frequent and intimate intercourse with him, and have in my possession more than thirty of his letters; and I can affirm that I never heard him utter an unbecoming word, or received from him a single line that passed the bounds of decorum.

About this time M. Portalis the elder presented to the council of State a brief of Pope Pius VII., authorising M. de Talleyrand to return to a secular life. Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angely asked: "What the council could possibly have to do with the conscience of a man: we are called upon to admit or reject a brief that grants to a person all indulgence and enjoyment of those civil rights of which he himself is in possession. I contend that the council cannot have anything to do with it." Cambacérès,

the president, put the question to the vote, and argued that the First Consul would be much displeased if the registry of the brief were refused. The permission of the Pope was finally admitted; M. de Talleyrand was restored to the laical community, and can now be buried without wrangle or strife whenever he shall quit his busy path of life.

It was the First Consul's desire that the promulgation of the Concordat, which had received his definitive ratification, should be attended with a religious ceremony, in all the pomp and circumstance of Roman worship. The Concordat concerning religious affairs, after being signed at Paris on the 15th of July 1801 by the consuls, was sent to Rome, where it underwent a critical examination in the conclave, and was then signed and ratified in all its integrity by the pontiff; which, considering the Pope's infallibility, methinks ought to suffice to quiet the consciences of those who should be content with being as good Christians as their Holy Father. Fourteen prelates, more attached to remembrance of the past than to hope of the future, refused to recognise the Concordat. These fourteen bishops were then in London, where at least they lived in *peace* and without *care;* they were right not to change their lot: they would not have been so well treated in France; for the First Consul allowed the bishops only a sufficient revenue for maintaining a creditable establishment.[1] "They should not have reason to blush," said the First Consul, "in fulfilling the highest ecclesiastical functions; they should also have the means of succouring the unfortunate within their dioceses; but archbishops and bishops must not absorb the revenue of a province, excite scandal, and, as in former days, bring religion into disgrace." Forty bishops and nine archbishops were instituted by the First Consul, who imposed the formula of oath to be taken by them on entering upon their diocese.

[1] According to a statement made by the committee for regulating the allowances made by Parliament to be granted to the emigrants in England, there were but 12 bishops, who received each £250 annually from the money voted. This was in 1793.

Easter-day 1802 was fixed by the First Consul for the installation of the Concordat. The Consular court wore at this time rather a curious aspect. It was under the Empire only that the court acquired that admirable character of magnificence combined with taste which might challenge the most splendid periods of the ancient or modern world. Yet considerable progress was already made; and was sufficiently perceptible in the contrast displayed by the procession which now left the Tuileries for Notre-Dame to attend a Te Deum, with the *cortége* which, but twenty-six months before, had arrived at the château from the Luxembourg. The First Consul had issued no orders, but it was intimated to the principal public functionaries that he would be well pleased to see their servants in livery on the day of the ceremony. He put his own household into livery on the occasion: it was certainly showy, but, as yet, by no means well appointed.

From sixty to eighty ladies were invited to accompany Madame Bonaparte to Notre-Dame. She had then no ladies of honour; but four companion ladies had voluntarily taken upon them the duties of that office. We assembled at the Tuileries at half after ten in the morning of Easter-day, in the year 1802. The consuls occupied but one carriage. Madame Bonaparte was accompanied by her daughter and her sister-in-law: the rest of the procession followed promiscuously. Madame Bonaparte and all the ladies were conducted to the gallery to hear the Te Deum; and the gallery of Notre-Dame on that day presented an enchanting spectacle: it formed a magnificent conservatory filled with the choicest flowers. More than two-thirds of the ladies by whom Madame Bonaparte was surrounded were not twenty years of age: many were under sixteen. The majority were pretty; I remember but one of the whole group who could be pronounced disagreeable, and that less from irregularity of feature than from a countenance indicative of sullenness, ill-humour, and that unprovoked impertinence which creates foes in all who are its objects.

Madame Murat's fair, fresh, and spring-like face, comparable only to a May rose, was surmounted by a pink satin hat and plume of feathers. She wore a gown of fine Indian tambour muslin, lined with pink satin, and trimmed with Brussels point, and over her shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same lace. I have seen her more richly dressed, but never saw her look more beautiful. How many young women, hitherto unknown, on this day took their degree in the realm of beauty, beneath the brilliant beams of a mid-day sun, rendered more glowing in their passage beneath the stained windows of the cathedral! The First Consul himself, the same evening, remarked upon the blaze of beauty which shone in the gallery.

The ceremony was long. Cardinal Caprara, who officiated, was tedious in the extreme; and M. de Boisgelin was equally prolix in his sermon. At near three o'clock we returned to the Tuileries completely tired. The most striking circumstance of the day was its military display. The firing of musketry, the troops lining the streets, the salvoes of artillery, which, from the earliest dawn, had shaken every window of Paris; mingling the sounds of the camp with religious chants, and with that ecclesiastical pomp so justly in accordance with the solemnity, formed a combination truly imposing.

The First Consul was vehemently irritated by the answer of General Delmas to his question, How he liked the ceremony?

"It was a very showy harlequinade," said the general, "and, to render it complete, wanted only the presence of those million of men who have shed their blood for the destruction of that which you have re-erected."

My uncle, Bien-Aymé, was nominated at this period to the bishopric of Metz; this reminds me of a conversation he had with the First Consul soon after his admission to the College of Episcopal Prelates. When first canon of the Cathedral of Evreux he had been for many years the intimate friend of M. de Buffon. The First Consul, whom Junot had informed of this circumstance, wished to

converse with the Bishop of Metz of this extraordinary man ; and my uncle's astonishment at finding him intimately acquainted with the privacy of M. de Buffon, who lived at a distance from him, and was precluded by all his habits from intercourse with Bonaparte, was particularly diverting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Death of my mother—Junot's kindness—Napoleon's condolence in my loss—Delicacy of Lucien Bonaparte—Misunderstanding between the two brothers—Lucien's conduct in Spain—Madame Leclerc—Ridiculous scene with her—Creole costume—Her mad project—Failure of the Expedition to St. Domingo—Death of Leclerc, and return of Pauline—The offering of the widow's hair.

A GREAT misfortune had befallen our family; my mother had ceased to exist. Her sufferings were over, but we had lost our friend, our delight. Her loss was to us irreparable. Before its occurrence she had occupied all my time and thoughts, and the vacuum produced by the removal of this adored object, continually striking on my heart, occasioned an anguish to which I know of nothing comparable. The affectionate and considerate conduct of Junot on this sad occasion sweetened the bitterness of my grief. A proof that Junot well understood the heart of her he honoured, was his liberality to three hundred of the most distressed amongst the poor of Paris. They were all relieved, and entirely clothed in the name of her whose funeral car they surrounded, and for whom they were mourning and offered prayers of gratitude. How much did this delicacy in giving and administering the consolation of which I should be most sensible endear my husband to me.

The First Consul was very kind under my affliction. He appeared to bury in oblivion all his former disagreements with my mother. Junot brought me messages of the most friendly consolation from him, and Madame Bonaparte did me the honour of a visit, with Lucien, who

had just arrived from Spain. The sight of Lucien deeply affected me. I knew how dear he was to my mother! She loved him almost equally with my brother Albert; she rejoiced in his success and suffered in his disasters. His departure for Spain had much distressed her, and in her greatest agonies she made Junot repeat to her all the honourable traits of his mission to Madrid. Junot felt a degree of partiality for Lucien, as did all those who were attached to the First Consul. I have always been at a loss to account for the schism between the brothers, and I must in justice declare that I never heard from Lucien an unkind word against his brother, although the First Consul frequently made use of expressions which must have been wounding to him even in his absence. But Lucien's conduct in Spain, the treaty of Badajos, that of Madrid, the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, by which Louisiana, surrendered to Spain by the shameful treaty of 1793, was re-ceded to us; all this made one esteem the man who, at a distance from France as well as in the chamber of her representatives, invariably defended the interests of his country and raised his voice in vindication of her glory and her prosperity.

Meanwhile we had lost Madame Leclerc; she had been strongly urged by her brother to follow her husband to Saint Domingo. I believe General Leclerc would willingly have dispensed with this addition to his baggage, for it was a positive calamity after the first quarter of an hour's interview had exhausted the pleasure of surveying her really beautiful person, to have the burden of amusing, occupying, and taking care of Madame Leclerc. In public she professed herself delighted to accompany *her little Leclerc*, as she called him, but she was in reality disconsolate, and I one day found her in a paroxysm of despair and tears, quite distressing to any one who had not known her as well as myself. "Ah! Laurette," said she, throwing herself into my arms, "how fortunate you are! You stay at Paris. Good Heavens, how melancholy I shall be! How can my brother be so hard-hearted, so wicked, as to send me into exile amongst savages and

serpents! Besides, I am ill. Oh! I shall die before I get there." Here her speech was interrupted, for she sobbed with such violence that for a moment I was fearful she would have fainted. I approached her sofa, and taking her hand endeavoured to encourage her, as one would a child, by talking of its playthings or new shoes; telling her she would be queen of the island; would ride in a palanquin; that slaves would watch her looks to execute her wishes; that she would walk in groves of orange-trees; that she need have no dread of serpents, as there were none in the Antilles; and that savages were equally harmless. Finally, I summed up my consolatory harangue by telling her she would look very pretty in the Creole costume. As I advanced in my arguments, Madame Leclerc's sobs became less and less hysterical. She still wept, but her tears were not unbecoming. "You really think, Laurette," said she, "that I shall look pretty, prettier than usual, in a Creole turban, a short waist, and a petticoat of striped muslin?"

Description can give but a faint idea of Madame Leclerc at the moment when her delight at being presented with a new hint for the toilet chased away the remembrance that she was on the eve of departure for a country where she expected to be devoured. She rang for her waiting-maid. "Bring me all the bandanas in the house." She had some remarkably fine ones which my mother had given her from a bale of Indian silks and muslins brought over by Vice-Admiral Magon. We chose the prettiest amongst them, and as my mother had always worn silk handkerchiefs for nightcaps I was accustomed from my infancy to the arrangement of the corners in the most becoming manner; Madame Leclerc, therefore, when she examined herself in the glass, was enraptured with my skill.

"Laurette," said she, replacing herself on the sofa, "you know, my dear, how I love you? You preferred Caroline, but we shall see if you won't repent yet.—Listen! I am going to show you the sincerity of my affection. You must come to St. Domingo,—you will be

next to myself in rank. I shall be queen, as you told me just now, and you shall be vice-queen. I will go and talk to my brother about it."—"I go to St. Domingo, Madame!" I exclaimed. "What in the name of madness are you thinking of?"—"Oh, I know there are difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, but I will talk to Bonaparte about it; and as he is partial to Junot he will let you go to St. Domingo."

While I looked at her in perfect amazement she proceeded, arranging all the while the folds of her gown and the fashion of her turban: "We will give balls and form parties of pleasure amongst those beautiful mountains" (the serpents and savages were already forgotten); "Junot shall be the commander of the capital. What is its name? I will tell Leclerc I expect him to give a *fête* every day. We will take Madame Permon too." And as she said this she pinched my nose and pulled my ears, for she liked to ape her brother, and thought such sort of easy manners had an air of royalty.

But both the ludicrous effect of this scene and the heaviness I was beginning to feel from it fled at once before the sound of her last words. My mother, who loved her with a tenderness equal to that of Madame Lætitia—my poor mother, who already lay on a bed of suffering from which she was never more to rise. I felt the possibility that I might make an answer harsh enough to awaken the beautiful dreamer from her reverie; therefore, putting on my gloves, I was about to take leave, when Junot was announced; he had seen my carriage at the door, and stopping his cabriolet, came to my rescue. "You are just arrived in time," cried Madame Leclerc; "sit down there, my dear general, and let us settle everything; for it is high time," said she, turning to me, "you will have no more than enough for preparing Mademoiselle Despaux, Madame Germon, Le Roi, Copp,[1] Madame

[1] Copp was a famous shoemaker, the same who, after a most attentive examination of a shoe which one of his customers showed him, complaining that it split before she had worn it an hour, detected at length the cause of such a misfortune befalling a specimen of his workmanship:—

"Ah," said he, with the air of making a discovery, "I see how it is, Madame, you have been walking!"

Roux—no, Nattier will do better, Mademoiselle l'Olive, Lenormand, Le Vacher, Foncier, Biennais" (and at each name of these celebrated contributors to the toilet, as she counted them on her fingers, she cast a glance of triumph towards us, that seemed to say, "See what an excellent memory I have, and how admirably I can choose my ministers"). "As for myself," she added, "my preparations are made, I am quite ready; but as we set out very shortly you had better make haste."

Junot's countenance would certainly have diverted any fourth person who might have been a spectator of the scene; his eyes wandered from me to Madame Leclerc, who, perceiving his perplexity, said: "I am going to take you both to St. Domingo, Madame Permon too, and Albert; oh! how happy we shall all be together." Junot was for a moment motionless, till a tremendous burst of laughter interrupted the silence, not very politely it must be confessed, but I afterwards learned that the explosion was provoked by a wink of peculiar intelligence. Madame Leclerc was astonished at such a mode of testifying his gratitude, expecting to see him throw himself at her feet; but she reckoned without her host. "Very pretty," said she, pouting; "will you please to explain the meaning of this gaiety? Methinks it is not exactly the way to thank an old friend who intends you a kindness."—"Have you had the goodness to mention your intentions to the First Consul, Madame?" said Junot, who, though growing more decorous, could not yet entirely overcome his risible propensities. "No, certainly not, for your wife has but just suggested the idea."

Junot turned to me with an astonishment that nearly set me laughing in my turn. "What! my wife go to St. Domingo?" said he. "And why not?—she will be the first person there next to myself; she is used to the world; she dresses well; she is elegant. I will give her some slaves, and Leclerc will make you commandant of that town—the—the——"—"The Cape," said Junot. "Exactly, the Cape—the Cape"—and she repeated like a parrot the word which in five minutes she would alto-

gether have forgotten. "I am infinitely obliged to you, Madame," said Junot, with comic seriousness, "but really, with your permission, I should prefer remaining Commandant of Paris. Besides, there is a slight obstacle which you do not appear to have taken into contemplation." And throwing his arms round me he drew me towards him, embraced me, and hinted at my being in the family way.

Madame Leclerc opened her eyes even wider than was usual with her when surprised, and that was not unfrequently—a little mannerism that was not unbecoming; looked first in my face and then at the obstacle before me, and said: "I did not think of that."—"But what of that," said she the next moment; "what does it signify whether your infant utters his first cry on the waves or on *terra firma?* I will give Laurette a vessel to herself. Ah! what say you to that, M. Junot? Am not I a capital manager? I will write immediately to Brest, where we are to embark, and order a vessel to be expressly prepared. Villaret-Joyeuse is a good-natured man; he will do anything that I desire. Come, let me embrace you both."

"As for embracing you, Madame," said Junot, laughing himself almost out of breath, "I am assuredly too happy in the permission not to take advantage of it; but for our voyage we will, if you please, drop that project which Laura's friendship for you no doubt inspired. Besides," added he, "I do not think the First Consul would consent to it. You know he likes to nominate his generals spontaneously, and without reference to private feelings, such as would influence this affair." And he laughed anew. "But," he continued, "I am not the less grateful for your intentions, Madame, and be assured I am fully sensible of them; only——" and again the unfortunate laugh redoubled; "another time be kind enough to prove them otherwise than by putting my little Laura to bed on the wide ocean, and giving me the command of the Cape instead of Paris, and all this for old friendship's sake."

Junot, kneeling on a footstool beside Madame Leclerc's settee, was kissing her hands all the while that he said this, in a tone which, though certainly of derision, and perhaps of a little innocent impertinence, could not be offensive. Madame Leclerc was not competent to understand the raillery of his expressions, but by a sort of instinctive cunning she perceived that he was making game of her; and, whether really distressed at so peremptory a negative to her project, or not less so at being laughed at in my presence by Junot, of whose former attachment for her she had a thousand times boasted to me, the fact is she repulsed him with such violence as to throw him from the footstool on the carpet, and said in a voice choked with sobs: "This it is to attach oneself to the ungrateful!—I who love Laura like a sister!" (and in truth that was not saying much). "And you too, Junot, who refuse to accompany and defend me in a country where I am to be deserted . . . " And her tears rolled in floods.

"I will never refuse to assist a woman in peril," said Junot, rising, and with an expression half in jest and half earnest; "but permit me to say that is not your situation." —"Ah!" continued she, still weeping, and without listening to him, "you would not have made all those reflections when we were at Marseilles! . . . you would not so tranquilly have seen me set out to be devoured perhaps . . . How can I tell? In short, to face all the dangers of a land filled with savages and wild beasts! I who have said so much to Laurette of your attachment to me." This time it was impossible to restrain my laughter. Such an appeal to a husband in the very presence of his wife threw me into such a paroxysm of mirth that Junot, though beginning to be weary of the scene, could not forbear joining. "Come, be reasonable," said he to the beautiful Niobe with the freedom of an old friend; "do not weep, it destroys the lustre of the eyes, the bloom of the cheek, and renders the prettiest woman almost ugly—beautiful as you are!" After our departure we indulged for several minutes in a most immoderate fit of laughter.

"Is it possible," said Junot at length, "that you can have said anything tending to inspire her with the barbarous notion of your inclination to visit the country of the blacks?" I told him the whole story, and he in return explained to me why he had been so excessively amused by the capricious beauty's sudden proposal to carry me off eighteen hundred leagues from Paris, made with as much ease as one invites a friend to a week's visit at a country seat. "She still loves you, then?" said I. "She!—in the first place, she never loved me; and in the next, supposing her to have returned in the slightest measure a love as passionate as beauty can engender in an ardent mind and volcanic head, at the age of twenty-four, she has long ago lost all remembrance of it. No! you visited Madame Leclerc at a moment when she was under the dominion of one of those nervous affections to which women, and especially such women, are frequently subject. The sight of you instinctively redoubled her emotion, simply because it recalled happy days; then you talked to her of dressing *à la* Virginia, and she immediately recollected that at Marseilles, when I was madly in love, when the excellent Madame Bonaparte the mother was willing to accept me as a son-in-law, and the First Consul, ever prudent and wary, observed: 'You have neither of you the means of living,' I in my delirium answered: 'But, my general, think of Paul and Virginia—their friends preferred fortune to happiness, and what was the consequence?' The First Consul, who was never romantic, did but shrug his shoulders and repeat his usual phrase: 'You have neither of you the means of living.'"

"But," said I, "it could not be the bandana and the fashion in which I turned up its red and green corners that produced this jargon of unconnected folly."—"You need seek no deeper for it. Madame Leclerc's imagination is perfectly stagnant on many points; and compensates itself by an incredibly creative faculty in others. Her ignorance is unbounded, and equalled only by her vanity. Well, these two properties, which make up her

whole composition, easily open themselves a way which the most sprightly imagination, united with a few grains more of sense, would find it difficult to trace. I know her well; her vanity made her veritably believe that I should be but too happy to join this expedition to St. Domingo."—"And you think she would really have spoken to the First Consul if you had not arrived?"—"Beyond all doubt; for she is perfectly sincere. She was convinced that all she was arranging, or rather deranging, in her pretty little head, was entirely for our interests, and would have requested her brother's permission for my joining her husband's army as a special favour towards me."

"I do not know whether it was a suggestion of the female imagination, ever restless, or perhaps more properly jealous, that made me observe on the possibility that Madame Leclerc, tenacious of her project of roaming with me amongst the blacks in a gown of striped muslin, and a bandana jacket and turban, might yet mention it to her brother."—"Faith! you are very right," said Junot. "Beautiful creature as she is (and good and excellent moreover; for her heart is free from malevolence), this affair might prove a rehearsal of the story of the bear knocking his friend on the head. We must forestall such favours."

The event proved my sagacity. The same day Junot related to the First Consul all that had passed between his sister and me, taking care, as may be supposed, not to throw in too strong a colouring. As for the picture itself, with all its subordinate attributes, the First Consul knew his sister too well to suppose the relative situation of the parties exaggerated. Three days afterwards he said to Junot with a smile: "You are bent, then, on going to St. Domingo?" Junot replied only by a bow and a corresponding smile. "I am sorry, but you cannot go at present. I want you here, as I have given General Leclerc to understand, who wanted to persuade me that you would be more useful to me at the Cape than in Paris." Junot assured me that it was amusing to observe the countenance of the

First Consul as he spoke this; it exhibited a rapid succession of novel impressions, recalling images of the past.

Yet the whole affair passed over Madame Leclerc's mind without penetrating beyond its surface; for she possessed no solidity, and all her conceptions were as uncertain and fugitive as her head was incapable of methodising any plan. The next time I saw her she had forgotten everything but the bandana. She had been that very morning to my poor mother's to have her turban arranged by her hands; and my mother, though in extreme pain, had taken a sort of pride in setting it off to the best advantage round a head which in this dress was one of the prettiest imaginable.

The squadron at length set sail in the month of December 1801. The dresses, hats, caps, and other frivolities which Madame Leclerc took out with her were innumerable. Thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-two frigates, and an immense number of gunboats followed the vessel which bore the lovely Cleopatra, and which had been furnished with every appurtenance of luxury, elegance, and utility, that the fair voyager might have no desire ungratified. The general was disposed to have refused admission to so many useless indispensables, but Madame Leclerc, at the first sound of objection, assumed a tone that instantly reduced her spouse to silence for the sake of peace during the exile to which he was condemned. This was a singular match: I could never comprehend its inducements—for the reason ascribed by report was absurd. Madame Leclerc treated her husband pretty despotically, and yet was afraid of him, not, indeed, properly of him, but of the First Consul.* She required from him observances that would be very amusing in the relation.

The expedition to St. Domingo encountered in its day plenty of approbation and plenty of censure. The censures alleged that it was folly to oppose the entire population of a distant colony, whose savage disposition refused all quarter to their adversaries, thus exposing our troops to the double perils of a murderous warfare and no less

murderous climate. They were grieved to see so fine an army despatched to America before the remnant of that which the deserts of Africa had nearly engulfed was restored to us. They contended that, in spite of his profound ambition, in spite even of his cruelty, it was necessary to guarantee to Toussaint-Louverture the government for life which had been conferred upon him by the colonists. He had very considerable military talents, a political address, or rather an ingenious cunning, which had saved St. Domingo from the English yoke, and above all from its own passions. They were therefore of opinion that the First Consul should leave Toussaint-Louverture at liberty still to call himself, if he so pleased, *the first of the blacks*,[1] and that he should be acknowledged Governor of St. Domingo, subject to the dominion of France—terms to which he would most willingly have agreed. But the First Consul justly observed that Toussaint was a hypocrite, who, while protesting his devotion to the consular Government, was meditating the liberation of the French Antilles from the authority of the Republic. "I am the Bonaparte of St. Domingo," said he; "the colony cannot exist without me; I must be preserved to her."

Such language on the part of such a man must have excited alarm for the future fate of the island and its dependencies, especially considering the character of his two lieutenants, Christophe and Dessalines. A cousin of mine, in the marines, who, having arrived at St. Domingo, served as a volunteer in the army, and was prisoner to Dessalines, has told me anecdotes of this *monster*—for he does not deserve the name of man—which surpass in sanguinary horror all the most tragical conceptions of the most gloomy and terrific imagination. Bonaparte knew the character of these men of blood; but he was desirous of restoring peace and abundance to that fine colony, and it could only be accomplished by maintaining the blacks.

[1] When acknowledged by the consular Government Commandant of St. Domingo, he had written a letter to the First Consul with this superscription: "Toussaint, the first of the blacks, to Bonaparte, the first of the whites."

In the short interval between the submission and the second insurrection of the island (that is to say of the blacks) for which the re-establishment of slavery at Guadeloupe was the pretext, St. Domingo recovered its prosperity; the lands were cultivated, and commerce revived. But Toussaint, who, on the submission of the colony, had ostensibly retired to live peaceably on one of his estates, soon began to contrive and organise another massacre of the whites.

England was no stranger to these new projects of Toussaint; she excited them, and, more than once, English gold paid the price of our blood. Toussaint-Louverture was carried off in the middle of the night, transported on board a vessel and brought to France; he was consigned to the castle of Joux, and from thence removed to the citadel of Besançon, where he died suddenly; which gave rise to an absurd rumour; for if the death of Toussaint was violent, as some voices have proclaimed, there should have been some actuating motive for the deed; but where can such motives be found?

Although General Rochambeau has been much censured, because none could venture openly to blame the First Consul's brother-in-law, it cannot be denied that one principal cause of the loss of St. Domingo, and the destruction of that immense expedition which had sailed from Brest, l'Orient, and Toulon, was the unskilful and imprudent administration of General Leclerc.

Before we hastily decide on Rochambeau's errors we should take all the circumstances into account; and, judging candidly of his situation, consider what he could have done without resorting to arbitrary measures, but which the unhappy state of affairs drove him to the hard necessity of employing. Pressed on one side by the blacks, who thus irritated by the faults of his predecessor had raised the standard of revolt with more frantic fury and sanguinary rage than ever, he was hemmed in on the other by an English fleet, to whom he surrendered with the six thousand men that remained to him. Death seemed to have brandished his sickle with ambitious

eagerness through the ranks of that army but two years ago in so flourishing a condition ; sickness, assassination, battle, had afforded him an ample harvest ; the means of destruction multiplied around this devoted army, and only a very small remnant ever set foot again on their native soil.

Madame Leclerc returned to Europe bearing the corpse of her husband, which she had enclosed in a coffin of cedar, and then cutting off her beautiful hair affected the Artemisia. Her parade, however, of immoderate grief and ostentatious despair made but little impression ; the First Consul himself, when told that his sister had sacrificed her hair to the Manes of her husband without preserving a single lock, answered with a significant smile : "Oh, she knows full well it will only grow the more luxuriantly for its cropping."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Peace with England—Remarkable speech of Bonaparte to the Belgian deputies—Glory of France under the Consulate—State of the principal continental powers at this period—Concourse of foreigners at Paris—English and Russian visitors—Characteristic anecdote of Mr. Fox—Lord and Lady Cholmondeley—The Duchess of Gordon and her daughter Lady Georgiana—Public magnificence and private economy of Napoleon—Bonaparte's fine coat—Story told by the First Consul to Josephine—The power of masses—Characteristic of Napoleon's policy.

PEACE with England was definitely signed. The treaty of Amiens had confirmed the preliminaries of reconciliation with our great rival on the 25th of March 1802. On this occasion, which terminated all the differences of Europe, Joseph Bonaparte was again our messenger of peace. The temple of Janus was at length closed, and France exalted to a higher pinnacle of glory and real power than she has ever since attained, for she had emerged from a struggle which united Europe, victorious, aggrandised, and respected. The colonies captured by England were restored to us. The course of the Scheldt was left in our hands, as well as the Austrian Netherlands, part of Brabant, Dutch Flanders, and a number of cities, as Maestricht, Venloo, etc.

A noble speech of the First Consul to the Belgian deputies is connected with this point of our history. On the opening of the conferences of Luneville they waited on the chief of the Republic to offer him their thanks for having supported the rights of a people who would accept no other protection than that of France. "It was in justice to ourselves," replied the First Consul to the

deputation;[1] "the treaty of Campo Formio had already recognised the position of Belgium. During the years which have elapsed since that treaty our arms have suffered reverses, and it was supposed that the Republic, less favoured by fortune, would weakly yield; but this was a serious mistake. Belgium, like all other territories acquired by treaties solemnly guaranteed, forms as integral a part of France as the most ancient of her provinces, as Brittany or Burgundy, and were the FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE IN THE OCCUPATION OF AN ENEMY, FRANCE COULD NEVER ABANDON HER RIGHTS." Such were the words of Napoleon, addressed to the Belgian deputies.

Yes, France was then resplendent in glory! Independently of the northern possessions, forming that national boundary for which it is the duty of every Frenchman to contend with his life, she was mistress of the German territory on the left of the Rhine, as well as of Avignon and the Venaissin, Geneva, and almost the whole bishopric of Basle, Savoy, and Nice. The Republic founded and protected States; she erected the Grand Duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom; Austrian Lombardy was transformed under her auspices into an Italian Republic; Genoa rose into a sovereignty under the name of the Ligurian Republic,—and all these States sheltered themselves beneath the spacious folds of the tricoloured banner, relying on the vigour and vigilance of the Gallic cock. The Republic extended her protection to aquatic Batavia. By her recent treaties with Spain and Portugal she had recovered colonies capable of reviving her preponderance in another hemisphere. By the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, and the care of Lucien Bonaparte, her flag waved once more over Louisiana, that fine and fertile province, surrendered to Spain by the disgraceful and humiliating peace of 1793, but the possession of which now placed us in an imposing attitude in the Gulf of Mexico, and would prove a formidable point of attack against the American Union, in case of a rupture. She had wrested from the Portuguese sceptre territories which,

[1] See the *Moniteur* of the month of October 1800.

with their broad deserts, formed an impenetrable barrier for French Guiana. In short, the Republic, at this period of the consular Government, was greater even than the Empire ever was. Napoleon's orb of glory was then, indeed, immensurable.

These are not prejudiced opinions, overlooking ulterior events in the impressions of the past; they have reference solely to that year 1802, when England deserted her shores to come and admire the man whom indeed she might not love, but whose heroic qualities and splendid genius that eminently judicious people knew how to appreciate.

At the brilliant period of the peace between England and France the name of the First Consul was enshrined in dazzling glory. Austria had lost her federative sway, together with her preponderating power, not only in the north of Europe, but in Italy. England, after sacrificing so many millions, both of gold and men, in support of her quarrel with France, derived no other advantage from so sanguinary a struggle than the possession of the Island of Trinidad and the Dutch settlements in Ceylon; to which may, indeed, be added the devastation of the Mysore; the death of Tippoo Saib, to whom our alliance proved fatal; and the overthrow of that Nizam which a Frenchman had exposed himself to the burning sun of India to erect. These are all the fruits our haughty rival could boast of having gathered from the fields that had witnessed her military contests with us; though it cannot be denied that she had nearly annihilated our marine.

Prussia had endeavoured, in this as in every former instance since the death of her hero, to appropriate to herself some share of the booty in the general scramble; but her ill-acquired additions, ill-adjusted to a territory originally defective in concentration, furnished at last but a disjointed sovereignty. Her frontiers were exposed; the pivots upon which the great Frederick had rested his truly great monarchical machine, either from being worn out, or because he had carried to the tomb with him the secret of their action, had lost their play, and no longer

revolved upon their axles. That prime mover, so much insisted on by the great king,—the treasure, regarded by him as the sole source of success in war, was dissipated, and her coffers empty. The influence of Frederick's memory still conferred on Prussia a preponderance in Germany, which, if it did not balance ours, was yet considerable; it was, however, but an illusory domination, dissipated like the fog of an autumn morning before the fire of the first cannon at Austerlitz. Caroline, Queen of Naples, entertained a hatred for France exceeding the ordinary limits of human passion; yet her court, though scarcely deserving of consideration, had at length entered into alliance with the First Consul and the Republic. Sweden had long done the same. It is true she liked us no better; but what did that signify to us? We had achieved a universal peace, and a peace glorious for France. When I retrace those days, those hours of dazzling glory, abounding in laurels, to whose growth and verdure he whose name I bear had contributed, my heart beats with that pride which once made us elevate our heads when we said: "I am a Frenchwoman."

Paris now realised the vision of the First Consul for his great city;—it had become the capital of the civilised world. Such was the concourse of foreigners that exorbitant prices were charged for the most inferior lodgings, and paid without hesitation. My situation as wife of the Commandant of Paris introduced me to all strangers of any celebrity, and I confess my most interesting recollections belong to this portion of my life. Russians and English were the principal actors on this scene. The English, greedy of travelling, and so long shut out from their European tour—for Italy, Switzerland, and part of Germany had, since 1795, been as inaccessible to them as France—gave loose to their joy with all the frankness and sincerity of their national character, which is so totally in opposition to the sophistry and artifice of their Cabinet. They flocked in crowds to Paris, and entered with ardour into the pleasures which France offered them in abundance, which they felt too happy in repaying with their gold:

society, too—the best society, then beginning to reorganise itself, presented attractions which their acute and judicious perceptions were equally capable of appreciating.

Among the English arrivals of that day were some names whose undying reputation fills the memory nearly to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Fox, for example, was one of those beings whom it is impossible to see, though but once, without remembering for ever, as a happy epoch in one's life, the day of introduction. His fine talents and noble character were the adoration of a majority of our countrymen. I shared with others in admiring the high feeling of Mr. Fox, when, seconded by Grey, and I believe by Sheridan, he summoned Mr. Pitt, the minister of the day, to adopt a course not menacing but conciliatory; in short, to make an attempt, by entreaties addressed to the Convention, to save the life of Louis XVI. "In the name of English honour," said this great man, "however vain your efforts, however useless your endeavours, try them at least, and show the world that kings do not stand by unmoved to see a brother sovereign murdered. Why do you talk of armaments?" he added with warmth, in reply to Mr. Pitt. "By what right would you immolate a thousand heads to revenge the fall of one, when a few decisive words might prevent the sacrifice?" What a contrast do these admirable arguments offer to the proceedings of the inflexible minister, who by arming England, exciting Spain, and making a clamorous display of hostility, did but too probably accelerate the fate of the unfortunate Louis.

Mr. Fox's aspect did not at the first glance seem to justify his prodigious fame; his demeanour was even ordinary; and the first time that I saw him, dressed in a dark-gray coat, and with his head somewhat inclined, he gave me the idea of a good Devonshire farmer—a man incapable of any pretension. But how rapidly were these opinions put to flight when the course of conversation brought the energies of his mind into view. His countenance became animated with the first sentence of interest that passed his lips, and gradually brightened with

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

increasing intelligence till it was absolutely fiery and sparkling. His voice, subdued at first, rose in modulation till it burst upon the ear like thunder; and the same man who, but a few minutes before, had appeared the most commonplace of mortals, was now an object of intense admiration.

I first saw him at a distance; he was next introduced to me at the Tuileries, where, in the midst of a multitudinous and noisy throng it was impossible to put in operation any of the plans I had concerted for drawing forth the sentiments of one of the most distinguished and most justly celebrated men of the eighteenth century. At length he dined at my house, and the conversation having first been of a general kind, turned afterwards on such topics as were more especially adapted to the illustrious stranger. The entire concurrence of opinion between Mr. Fox, Junot, and some of his other guests, precluded debate; but the affairs of England and the ministry which had replaced Mr. Pitt were long under discussion, and the conversation, though tranquil, was of a remarkable character; when one of the company, who had been of the Egyptian expedition, and had returned with his mind violently exasperated, brought forward the awkward subject of the events in that quarter, freely indulging his rancour against England, Mr. Fox's countenance changed with a rapidity it is impossible to describe; we no longer beheld the leader of the English opposition, but the advocate of Mr. Pitt, defending him with his eloquence amidst a circle of enemies. The conversation grew warm, and Junot soon took an unfortunate part in it. He had been made prisoner on his return from Egypt by a Captain Styles, conducted to Jaffa, and introduced to Sir Sydney Smith, who was negotiating there with the Grand Vizier the treaty of El-Arich, for the evacuation of Egypt; from thence he accompanied Sir Sydney on board the *Tiger* to Larnaka in Cyprus; here Junot, as I have before observed, contracted for Smith one of those chivalrous friendships which he was very capable of feeling, and the brave English commodore well calculated to inspire.

He had more than once laid lance in rest as the champion of his friendly foe; and now, believing him compromised in something that was said respecting the infamous infraction of the treaty which he had guaranteed, and satisfied in his own mind that his gallant friend was the most honourable of men, "It was not his doing!" cried Junot, animated by a sentiment of truth and justice, "he would never have said, with Mr. Pitt, 'The destruction of that perfidious army is a matter of rejoicing; the interests of human nature require its total annihilation.' No! Sir Sydney Smith would be incapable of uttering such a libel on his profession and on human nature." Mr. Fox turned crimson, then pale as death, passed his hand over his eyes, and made no immediate answer; at the end of a minute that striking voice, which, with its sonorous tone, could overpower all others, murmured rather than articulated, "I beg your pardon; Mr. Pitt never used such words. No," answered the statesman, to whose upright and patriotic soul the imputation was truly painful, "those terrible words never fell from the lips of Mr. Pitt,—they are Mr. Dundas's."[1]

Paris was also at this time the rendezvous of a multitude of English, who, though less celebrated than Mr. Fox or his brother, proved very agreeable acquaintances

[1] The following anecdote illustrative of Fox's character was communicated to me by an Englishman: At a time when he was much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, a note of hand of his for three hundred guineas was presented for payment. There were no funds to meet this, and the unlucky creditor made repeated but useless application to get the bill cashed. By a stratagem he succeeded at last in seeing Mr. Fox, who was actually employed at the time in counting out several hundred guineas. The creditor's hopes of a satisfactory settlement of his claim were now very sanguine, especially as Mr. Fox showed no signs of embarrassment at being discovered in the employment he was engaged in. His dismay may therefore easily be imagined when he was calmly told that, in spite of the display of wealth before him, Mr. Fox had not ten guineas at his own disposal. In fact, that the whole of the money on the table—about eight hundred guineas—was destined to discharge a *debt of honour;* a gaming transaction of the previous evening. When the creditor remonstrated upon the injustice of passing by his own legitimate debt in favour of one so much less pressing, Fox appeared astonished, and endeavoured to show that the *debt of honour* had a much higher claim upon his immediate attention, in so far as there existed no other security for its liquidation than his verbal assurance; whereas the holder of the bill possessed his signature, which would be ultimately honoured. "If this be a just mode of discrimina-

Those whom I chiefly preferred were Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Mrs. Harrison, a young widow from India, of most simple, unaffected, and fascinating manners, the Duchess of Gordon and her daughter Lady Georgiana, Colonel James Green, and Lady E. Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Cholmondeley had considerably the advantage of me in years; but her manners and those of her lord were courteously polished; she talked to me of the glory of the First Consul and his companions in arms in a tone of perfect sincerity and good-will, she blended so amiably with unqualified respect for the dignity of her own nation a just appreciation of the qualities of those I loved, that I was almost attached to her. The First Consul, who received every morning circumstantial intelligence respecting the English in Paris, had a high esteem for the Earl and Countess Cholmondeley. The Duchess of Gordon is assuredly not forgotten by those who had the supreme happiness of seeing her in Paris in 1802. When I wish to recreate my thoughts I call to mind her burlesque appearance and manners, which, as is well known, were, notwithstanding her duchess-mania, very far from ducal.

The general aspect of society in Paris at that time deserves a place in contemporary Memoirs. The First Consul required all the principal authorities to maintain, not only a creditable, but a splendid establishment. Nothing could exceed (and this fact will be attested by all living persons who knew Napoleon as I did) his extreme and rigid economy in all his private concerns; but when circumstances required it he could equal in magnificence the most sumptuous sovereign of the East; the liberality of Aboul-Cazem then presided over every

tion," drily remarked the creditor, "I will instantly convert my claim into a debt of honour," at the same time tearing the bill into pieces; "and you will allow that as my demand now stands upon an equal footing with your last night's loss, as being simply a debt of honour, I have the advantage of priority at all events." He well judged his man. Fox was too generous and right-minded to hesitate; he accordingly took the necessary sum from the heap before him, and satisfied the creditor whose debt, in justice, required immediate payment; and cheerfully resigned himself to fortune, in the hope of discharging the mere debt of honour.

arrangement. I remember his once admonishing Duroc for neglecting to transmit an order regulating the private breakfasts at the palace, which he had given him the evening before; the order therefore had been delayed but a few hours, "but an additional day's expense," said the First Consul, "is too much."

A few minutes afterwards one of the ministers arrived. The First Consul immediately entered into consultation upon a *fête* that was to be given the following week, on the 14th July; the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, which was observed till the re-establishment of royalty; the Tuileries were illuminated, and, as far as I can remember, the theatres were opened gratis. "Josephine," said he, with the tone of kindness he generally adopted towards her, for he was tenderly attached to her, "I am going to impose upon you a command you will have much pleasure in obeying. I desire you will be dazzling—make your preparations accordingly; for my part I shall wear my fine suit of crimson silk embroidered with gold, presented to me by the city of Lyons,—I shall then be superb!" This dress was, as he said, presented to him by the city of Lyons on the occasion of the *Helvetic Consulta*, in the month of January preceding; and to say the truth, he had already worn it and made a most singular appearance in it, which instantly occurred to my recollection when he talked of his *fine suit*, and I could not suppress a laugh; he perceived it, for nothing escaped his observation; and coming up to me said, as he surveyed me with a half-angry and half-smiling air—"What do you mean by that sarcastic smile, Madame Junot? you think, I suppose, that I shall not be as smart as all those handsome Englishmen and Russians, who look so sweet upon you and turn all your young heads. I am sure I am at least as agreeable as that English colonel—that dandy, who is said to be the handsomest man in England, and whom I can compare to nothing but the Prince of Coxcombs."

This expression, a 'dandy,'[1] was a favourite word with

[1] *Godelureau.*

Napoleon for designating men who displeased him. In the present instance he alluded to a tall Englishman, called Colonel or Captain Matthews, and who passed for a devourer of hearts—English ones, be it observed. I could not avoid laughing still more heartily at this idea of the First Consul and his pretensions to elegance and fashion; whereas he had at that time an utter antipathy to everything that is called fashionable, and showed it in the most unqualified dislike of such young men as had the misfortune to pass in the world for agreeable and elegant. Soft speeches, graceful attitudes, and all other qualifications of a beau, he treated with even more bitterness and contempt than he generally bestowed on the persons he most disliked. Madame Bonaparte presently afterwards made an observation in praise of M. de Flahaut, who, she said, possessed a variety of talents. "What are they? Sense? Bah! who has not as much as he?—He sings well! A noble talent for a soldier, who must be always hoarse by profession. Ah! he is a beau—that is what pleases you women. I see nothing so extraordinary in him; he is just like a spider, with his eternal legs; his shape is quite unnatural; to be well shaped ——" Here his speech was broken in upon, for, being at that time much given to laughing, I could not restrain a second fit on seeing the First Consul look with complacency at his own small legs (which, like his whole person, were then very shapely), covered with silk stockings, and a shoe sharp pointed enough to have pierced the eye of a needle. He did not finish his sentence, but I am certain he meant—"to be well shaped his leg should be like that."

And yet no being could have less vanity than Napoleon; he was neatness itself, and extremely particular in his dress, but made not the slightest claim to elegance. For this reason, the movement which approached his hand to his leg, as he mentioned the spider legs of M. de Flahaut,[1] set me laughing by its *naïveté*. He both saw

[1] This gentleman was subsequently one of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor.

and heard the laugh; and, what is more, he understood it; and coming towards me again said: "Well! you little pest! What do you find to laugh at? So you must make game, in your turn, of my legs. They do not figure as well to your fancy in a country-dance as those of your elegant friends. But a man may both sing and dance without being a dandy. Let me ask yourself, Madame Junot, if Talleyrand's nephew is not a pleasing young man?" My answer was ready; the person he alluded to was Louis de Perigord, who, as well as his brother and his sister, now Madame Justus de Noailles, had a large fortune; he was then nineteen years of age, and already united to the acuteness of his uncle a sound judgment, sprightly wit, polished manners, and the vivid resemblance of his father's person; the last is a eulogium of itself.

Napoleon then addressing Josephine, said, "I desire you will be dazzling in jewellery and richly dressed; do you hear?"—"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and then you find fault, perhaps fall into a passion; or you erase my warrants of payment from the margin of my bills."[1] And she pouted like a little girl, but with the most perfect good-humour. Madame Bonaparte's manners possessed, when she chose it, a seducing charm. Her graciousness might be too general; but, undeniably, she could be, when she chose, perfectly attractive and lovable. When the First Consul announced his wish regarding her toilet she looked at him so prettily, walked towards him with such graceful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone who could resist her. Napoleon loved her; drew her close to him, and embraced her. "Certainly, my dear love, I sometimes cancel your warrants of payment, because you are occasionally so imposed upon that I cannot take it upon my conscience

[1] This circumstance happened many times. I have myself seen two bills erased with the Emperor's own hand; one was for linen, the other for essences and perfumery. "You have your own linendraper, Mademoiselle l'Olive," said the Emperor, "why try an unknown warehouse. You must pay these new fancies out of your allowance."

to sanction such abuses; but it is not, therefore, inconsistent to recommend you to be magnificent on occasions of parade. One interest must be weighed against another, and I hold the balance equitably, though strictly. Here, I will tell you a story, which will do wonders as a lesson if you will but remember it. Listen, too," beckoning us to draw near, "listen too, you young giddy-pates, and profit by it.

"There lived at Marseilles a rich merchant who received one morning, through the hands of a young man of good family and fortune, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the merchant, after having read the letter, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, when he found that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and the other half that would serve for writing a note upon into another portfolio, which already contained a number of similar papers. Having attended to this act of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of luxury, felt but little inclination to dine with a man apparently so mean. He accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow counting-house staircase his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with dusty ledgers, and where a dozen young men were working in melancholy silence; he then repented of his folly in accepting the invitation. The duties of the toilet were discharged more for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done he proceeded to the banker's house. On arriving there he desired to be conducted to the merchant's lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found the banker, who presented him to

his wife, who was young and pretty, and elegantly attired: he himself was no longer the unattractive-looking personage his guest had seen in the morning, while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that this house was one of the most refined in the city. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver-plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit that he had never partaken of more delicate fare or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving he ruminated on all that he had witnessed. The banker, observing his fit of abstraction, succeeded, by drawing him into conversation, in finding out the cause of his perplexity, and observed emphatically: 'You are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun — it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning are one among the many means I employ for attaining it.'"

I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power, so characteristic of Napoleon's policy.

CHAPTER XXV.

The First Consul the admiration of foreigners at Paris—Eagerness of foreigners to see Bonaparte—Bonaparte's dislike of them—The Princess with five or six husbands—The Duchesse de Sagan, and the Duchesse de Dino—The Prince de Rohan, and the pensioned husband—The Princess Dolgoroucki—Prince Galitzin—Lord and Lady Conyngham—Lord Whitworth, and the Duchess of Dorset—Lord Yarmouth—Prince Philip von Cobentzel—Madame Demidoff—Napoleon desires me to show the objects of art to the distinguished foreigners at Paris.

THE First Consul said one day to Junot, "You and your wife see a great many foreigners, do you not?" Junot replied in the affirmative; and in truth, English and Russians, the latter especially, constituted the chief part of our society. Junot had just bought a country house at Bièvre, where we frequently had large parties; and the First Consul had given us for the baptismal gift of my Josephine the house in the Champs-Elysées, which enabled us to receive our guests with convenience, and creditably to fulfil the duties of the post Junot occupied, as well as those to which he was bound as the oldest friend and servant of that astonishing man on whom the eyes of the whole world were at this time fixed. To such an extent was this admiration of Napoleon carried, that it sometimes happened that Englishmen came to France only for a few hours, went to the parade, saw the First Consul, and returned to England. Junot enjoyed this triumph. I have sometimes seen a dinner interrupted for half an hour, while the company listened with avidity to his account of his beloved general's glorious early years. The ladies were not outdone in curiosity respect-

ing the previous life of Napoleon; they asked even more questions than the men. We had for neighbours in our new habitation a Russian family, whose enthusiasm for the First Consul surpassed that of his most ardent admirers. This was the Diwoff family; the Countess Diwoff, in particular, had such an exclusive passion for him, for his glory, for his most trifling actions, that Junot and I did not hesitate to admit her to the intimacy she demanded, and which the proximity of our respective residences increased; so that I always found pleasure in spending an evening with my *little sister*, as she insisted on my calling her, though thirty years older than myself; and the more so, as her many parties included all the foreigners of distinction in Paris.

One of Napoleon's peculiarities, perhaps but little known, was his extreme aversion, during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, for the society of foreigners and of that of the Faubourg St. Germain, but amongst the travellers with whom France was then inundated were a few whose names he held in consideration, and a very limited exception was made in their favour. He had generally some bitter remarks to make upon persons of notoriety, whose reputations had preceded them in France. No one was more the object of these remarks than the Princess Louis de Rohan, alias *Princess Troubetskoi, Duchess of Sagan, Duchess of Courland*—I scarcely know by what name to call her, filled as the history of her life is with divorces. Her beauty at this period could not be questioned; but it was not a beauty to my taste. I may be deemed fastidious, and I will plead guilty; but I could never like those snowy charms, destitute of all animation—that swan-like transparent skin—those eyes, whose only expression was pride; a pride for which it would be difficult to assign a cause, unless it was intended as a compliment to the memory of her grandfather, Biron. I could discover no beauty in that neck, certainly fair, and dressed in the most shining satin, but stiff, formal, and devoid of feminine grace. This is an attraction which, however, she ought to have possessed, for she ruined her-

self in husbands—a singular article to set down among the expenses of a pretty woman, but it was nevertheless true. A clause in the last marriage contract stipulated that M. Louis de Rohan should have a pension of 60,000 francs in case of a divorce demanded by the princess; but if the demand was made on his part it was to be but 12,000. M. de Rohan, therefore, left matters to the will of Providence, or rather to the will of his wife, contenting himself with the enjoyment of present possession, and leaving her operations to her own choice without disturbing himself about the future. Various strictures of the Princess of Rohan upon the court of the Tuileries, and especially upon his sisters, had reached the First Consul, who in consequence, perhaps, concerned himself more with her than he would otherwise have done. One evening he enlarged upon the absurdity of founding pretensions on rank and riches, in a country altogether republican, and where all such distinctions were confounded in perfect equality.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries, and Mrs. Fox would in France always take precedence of the Princesse de Rohan, because the reputation of her husband is reflected upon her. As for Madame de Courland, as she is called, I really do not understand upon what high merit she founds her right to treat with rudeness a people who do not desire her company, and are well versed in her genealogy."

This sally showed me the danger of injuring those who have not attacked us. There can be no doubt that the First Consul, desirous as he was of preserving with the young Emperor the friendly relations he had held with his father, would have been particularly gracious towards a lady who was partly his subject, had not her own proceedings drawn his ill-will upon her. The airs of the princess were especially ill-judged at a period when France, so great in herself, saw assembled within her bosom all the greatest and most illustrious denizens of England, Germany, Italy, and Russia. When the princess trespassed on the rules of politeness, which continually happened,

the source of her high pretensions was naturally looked into, and her genealogy was found to be but of seventy years' standing;—sufficient, it is true, to confer nobility on a really illustrious extraction, but by no means adequate to support an hereditary title to arrogance.

The Duchess of Courland, her mother, united with a haughty carriage considerable amenity of speech and manner, and pleased me much. She had been beautiful—more so, indeed, than her eldest daughter. I was not acquainted with her daughter, whom they called *Eccellenza*, but I think the beauty of the Duchesse de Dino, the youngest daughter, incomparably preferable to her eldest sister's; there was more fire, more feeling, more intellectual vivacity in one of her black eyes than in the whole person of Madame de Sagan; at the time I am speaking of, however, she was a child, and could not enter into rivalry with her sister. What an admirable picture is Gérard's of the Duchesse de Dino! It is the most enchanting of the children of the desert. Her turban, her robe, the sky which surrounds her, all is in harmony with the Oriental character she assumes; the picture, like all others from Gérard's hand, is admirably poetical.

Madame Dolgoroucki, of whom I have before spoken, had the power of being extremely agreeable if she had had the inclination, but this was unfortunately wanting. She found us more lenient in our judgment upon her than her own countrymen, one of whom, Prince George Galitzin, declared a mortal enmity against her. I have known few men so witty, but he was too satirical to be liked. Without absolute misanthropy, he was no friend to human nature, which was neither good nor amiable enough to please him, but such characters as the Princess Dolgoroucki he persecuted incessantly. The prince was for ever in chase of some of her absurdities, her pride, her literary pretensions, her passion for splendid attire; he drew admirably, and possessed the difficult art of making the most exact resemblances in caricature without disfiguring his persons.

Who does not remember with sensations of tenderness

and pleasure the charming Pole, Madame Zamoiska. How attractive was her mild, amiable, and intelligent countenance! The sweetness of her disposition, the grace of her manners, and the symmetry of her figure! Her husband, though colder in manner than is usual with the Poles, was agreeable and much liked in society.

The lovely Lady Conyngham, since so celebrated in England, was then in the first bloom of that beauty which acquired such general and just admiration, though I must confess that a countenance so devoid of expression could never interest me. In contemplating the Venus de Medici I know that the almost divine vision before me is but a marble statue, and look for no smile responsive to mine; but in a living and intellectual being I have a right to expect something more than mere regularity of feature—some emanation of mind; the face of the beautiful marchioness, however, exhibited none. She was extremely elegant, dressed well, and carried her solicitude for her complexion to the extent of saving it by spending the day in her bed, from which she rose only in time to prepare for a ball or other evening engagement. Lord Conyngham was a striking contrast to his wife. The Duchess of Gordon, who, amongst her masculine language, often hit upon a witty truism, once said of him:—"Lord Conyngham! Oh! He is a perfect comb—all teeth and back."

The English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, appeared to have been selected by his Government expressly for qualifications likely to prove disagreeable to us. His fine figure and handsome face could not atone to French society for his haughtiness, in which his wife the Duchess of Dorset seconded him to admiration. Their manners speedily rendered both so unpopular in the circles they frequented that their stay at Paris must have been anything but pleasant to themselves; his lordship, however, knew it would not be of long duration. There were other Englishmen in France of greater distinction, for originality at least, if for no superior attribute. Amongst these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, respecting whom a greater diversity of opinion was entertained as well by his

own countrymen as ours; but one qualification which he indisputably possessed was a clearness and acuteness of intellect rarely met with in the most subtle Venetian or Gascon. The faculties of Lord Yarmouth's mind were incomparably more penetrating than those of his countrymen generally, whose capacities, however extensive, are for the most part slow of conception. Young as he then was, an indifferent opinion of his fellow-creatures was but too visibly imprinted on his features; his countenance, his smile, expressed utter coldness, or a sardonic and cynical criticism of all that was passing around him. The world of fashion was not to his taste; but when he was induced to *put on harness*, as he termed it, he made himself perfectly agreeable to those with whom he associated. He was passionately fond of gambling, and played nobly and generously.

One of the new comers, who was generally well received, was the Count Philip von Cobentzel, Imperial Ambassador to the French Republic. I never knew a man whose excellent sense and judgment, courteous manners, and goodness of heart, were more perfectly in harmony with talents of the highest order, or more absolutely out of keeping with his countenance and the whole exterior man. His person was less comic than his cousin's, when the latter received couriers in black silk breeches and puffed hair—but scarcely less unique. In contrast to Count Louis's slovenliness and perpetual action, Count Philip, a little man, was neatness and precision personified. Amongst his striking peculiarities may be reckoned his well-tied queue, and his front hair carefully turned up above the forehead, which gave him a perfect resemblance to *the ace of spades*, a nickname which was accordingly given to him: his dress, always strictly suited to the season, of the make of Maria-Theresa's court, and most incongruous with the fashions of the day; his clear shrill voice, like that of a good old active and gossiping woman; and the odd constraint of his gait, shuffling between the quick pace, most natural and convenient to him, and the slow motion which he considered most becoming

to an ambassador. With all these eccentricities he was an excellent man, of observant habits and retentive memory, and chatted freely and very agreeably with such persons as pleased him.

He was once the subject of a humorous adventure. At a ball at my house, about two o'clock in the morning, the Duchess of Gordon took Count Philip by the hand and led him down the whole length of an English country-dance, at that time the favourite amusement, and introduced about four times at every ball. The duchess bustled about not the less actively for her respectable rotundity, dragging after her the illustrious diplomatist, not in the habit of moving his slender legs with such impetuosity. The count, who enjoyed a joke, but did not relish being its object, was conscious of the ludicrous spectacle in which he was figuring ; the unrestrained joviality of his partner, however, got the better of his vexation, and he good-humouredly attended her up and down the dance, making one of his formal bows whenever he asked her hand, acquitting himself on the whole with good grace, and laughing heartily afterwards at the mad prank in which the duchess had made him share. The singular effect of a couple so oddly assorted, not only with each other, but with the young and merry group amongst whom they mixed, might well make an impression which time has not effaced from my mind.

While passing in review the persons who in 1802 enlivened the society of Paris, I must not omit my beloved friend Madame Demidoff, who created a great sensation there by the luxury and splendour of her establishment, which exceeded all that had yet been witnessed in Paris since the Revolution. Her husband, who was then a different being from when we last saw him on his road to die in Italy, but neither more amusing, good-humoured, nor agreeable, gave *fêtes* and balls, as he afterwards did at Florence ; but in 1802 my amiable Elizabeth was present to do the honours of his house, and the fine salons of the Hôtel de Praslin were continually opened to a joyous multitude, happy not only in the gaiety of the scene, but in the charm, so seldom experienced in such

crowded assemblies, of a friendly and kind reception. Madame Demidoff did not, however, bestow her affections indiscriminately ; it was not every one that she loved, but there was a magic in her simplest word or look which charmed all who approached her.

"I am very glad to see you," said she, in her soft sweet voice, smiling, and inclining her head with a grace peculiarly her own. And these simple words, addressed to a stranger whom she saw, perhaps, for the second or third time, comprised all that the most cordial hospitality could offer; but when any one she loved, myself for example, approached, "How happy I am to see you!" said she; and the pressure of her hand and animation of her countenance plainly spoke her sincerity. Madame Demidoff was not pretty, and yet she was universally pleasing; because she possessed charms which are superior even to beauty—unaffected grace and suavity. Who that has seen her waltz can forget her sylph-like movements? unequalled in ease and suppleness by any other person I ever knew, except Madame Lallemand. I have about two hundred letters from Madame Demidoff; in all of which may be traced that warmth of heart and strength of affection she bestowed on her friends, united with a playful but harmless wit. I have seen her in the most sorrowful periods of my life, and in moments of anguish excited by her own sufferings, and always observed the same indifference to self, and the same devoted solicitude for her friends. And what would not those friends have done for her? She has often found that neither distance nor season could present obstacles to a heart that loved and had the opportunity of obliging her.

Her husband treated her with harshness. But the heart of Elizabeth was formed to feel and return kindness; —affection is a bond she could never have loosened. The world has passed judgment between them, and, as usual, the world was mistaken; because it hastens forward, unheeding the obscurity of the road, and without waiting for daylight to guide its steps; but she whose life was so disturbed, so grievously agitated, now reposes

in peace on the marble pillow of her stately monument —the most magnificent in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

During the visits of these distinguished foreigners in Paris much attention was directed to the treasures of art it contained, as well as to the specimens it afforded of the national industry and skill. I had hitherto, from various causes, more particularly from my attendance upon my dear mother during her long illness, been prevented from becoming acquainted with the extent of these splendid objects, and accordingly embraced eagerly the opportunity now afforded me of making many excursions in the company of artists and scientific men, in order to gratify my taste for the arts. When the First Consul heard of this he reproached me for not including our foreign visitors in the parties. "You are the wife of the Commandant of Paris; it would be an agreeable way of doing the honours of the city to show your friends that we are worth the trouble they take in visiting us."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Our Russian and English friends—M. von Cobentzel's travelling costume—French Institute—Messieurs Denon and Millin—David the painter—The steam-pumps of the brothers Perrier—Mirabeau and Beaumarchais—The Museum of the Louvre—The Committee of Public Instruction—M. Denon, and the old paintings—Original drawings of the great masters—The Gallery of Apollo—Visit to M. Charles the philosopher—The camera obscura and M. von Cobentzel's secretary—Mademoiselle Chameroi—Scene at Saint Roche—Napoleon's anger—The Archbishop of Paris—The cabinet of medals—Vigilance of the police under M. de Sartines—The National Library—Its rich contents—Charitable institutions—The barriers round Paris.

IN compliance with the expressed wish of the First Consul several English and Russian friends were invited, to their great satisfaction, to join all our excursions to view the objects of art; and M. von Cobentzel, hearing that intruders were admitted, begged to be included among the elect, and was not refused. The recollection of his travelling costume affords me, even now, a portion of that hilarity with which my young mind first scanned it. He arrived at my house at twelve o'clock, accoutred like Baptiste the younger, in the *Orator Thwarted*, with the exception of the helmet, the absence of which was fully redeemed by a little turned-up three-cornered hat, and all this preparation was for a ride, not to the valley of Montmorency, but to the Rue de Richelieu, or the Louvre. He proved, however, the best and most agreeable of companions on such occasions, for he was remarkably well informed, and could converse with interest on all scientific subjects. Among our most intelligent and most polite guides were Millin, Denon, the Abbé Sicard, who was at the head of the institution of the blind; M.

Lenoir, of the Museum of the Petits-Augustins; and Reigner, director of the armoury.

David was also one of our most useful cicerones. Although he and Robert did not very readily understand each other's vernacular tongue, they were both versed in the language of science, which needed no interpreter between them. I indulged a few moments of pride in the triumph of French talent over foreign prepossession. The name of David produced at first rather a singular effect; but the mist of prejudice speedily dispersed in presence of the head of our regenerated school, and David was not only received, but sought after by all that was noble or enlightened in Paris, even from the most distant lands. It was, however, in his own gallery that the victory was completed. His Belisarius was there to be retouched, which is not the less a fine picture for being somewhat inferior to Gérard's. There is poetry in the old soldier recoiling with surprise and pity at the sight of his aged general, blind, and soliciting alms. It must, I think, have been this picture which inspired Le Mercier's admirable cantata, for I can call it nothing else, which Garat has so finely set to music.

We visited the *Gobelins*[1] and other manufactories of Paris, and extended our excursions to some leagues distance, to Jouy, Virginie, Versailles, etc., and amongst other curiosities saw the steam-engine of Chaillot, called the Perrier waters, which Paris owed to the skill of two brothers of that name in 1778.

A circumstance, not generally known, relating to the Perrier waters, is the controversy between two highly celebrated men on the subject of the original company's proceedings. Beaumarchais and Mirabeau were the parties in this paper war, which degenerated into virulence and

[1] It has been generally said that this establishment was first instituted by Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV. This, however, is a mistake. *Jean Gobelin* had a manufactory on the same site as the present, about the year 1400, and chose this spot, as well as many other dyers, owing to the excellent quality of a small stream, the Bièvre, for the purposes of dyeing woollen goods. This man realised a fortune, and added considerably to his premises. Subsequently Colbert purchased the whole, and it then became a royal manufactory.

abuse for want of temper on both sides; not content with carrying it through the medium of the journals, pamphlets were circulated, which are now extremely scarce, and not to be met with at all in the shops. Mirabeau accused Beaumarchais of making a stock-jobbing affair of it. The fact is, that several proprietors having treated with the Government, the latter came into sole possession, and the pumps were placed under the direction of public functionaries.

One of our earliest visits was paid, as may be supposed, to the museum of paintings, which, independently of the curiosity so admirable a collection (then the finest in the world) must universally inspire, was moreover a novelty to the French themselves; as the gallery had been but a very short time adorned with those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* that we had conquered from barbarism and indifference, and in many instances, as I shall presently prove, from approaching and total ruin.

The establishment of the museum of painting and sculpture, in the situation it now so beneficially occupies, is due to M. Thibeaudeau, who, in 1792, was a member of the committee of public instruction, where his voice was as influential as it deserved to be; and the convention, in compliance with the report of that committee, ordered the establishment of a national museum, and fixed the 10th of August in that year for its opening.

On the first opening of the Gallery of the Louvre for the reception of works of art, nearly five hundred and fifty paintings, by the first masters of every school, were deposited in it; but it was not till 1798 that the museum was enriched by that profusion of inestimable treasures of art, from Italy, Piedmont, Holland, and the Netherlands, which rendered it the first in Europe. In the spring of 1800 they were opened to general inspection; but the restoration of such works as had sustained injury was not completed till 1801, when we were at length enabled fully to enjoy the rich fruits of our various conquests. Denon had himself restored many of the finest productions to more than their pristine beauty; these were yet in

the grand salon of the Louvre, waiting to be placed in the gallery, where they were to make an incalculable addition to the value of the treasures already committed to his charge.

The institute had published notices of the paintings exhibited, and Denon, though a contributor to that catalogue, had himself compiled a similar one. Both contained curious details respecting the pictures and their adventures. The walls of the gallery then displayed twelve hundred and forty pictures by the first masters, and of all the schools.

The Gallery of Apollo had been opened to the public a few days previous to our visit, and contained a new treasure, consisting of original drawings, not only of French painters, but of all the Italian schools. There we contemplated the first ideas of Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Guercini, the three Caraccis, Julio Romano, Perugino, Tintoretto, and a number of other illustrious names. Denon told me that this gallery had always been dedicated to drawings, which, however, till the resurrection of our museum, remained nearly in obscurity, though amounting in number to more than eleven thousand, principally by Lebrun, Jabach, Le Sueur, Lanoue, Poussin, and others, whose slightest efforts are deserving of attentive study.

There were, however, but few drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools. Amidst that profusion, where the eye, fatigued with the beauties and wonders of the Italian school, reckoned more than three hundred original drawings of each of the famous painters I have mentioned, but one could be found of Rembrandt's, one by Ruysdael, and three by Teniers, so fertile in the productions of his easel. At that time we had only one drawing by Van Huysum; Rubens alone produced seventeen or eighteen.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the rarities that enriched the Gallery of Apollo! Magnificent tables of the finest mosaic, ancient bronzes, Etruscan vases, etc.; and in the

adjoining room how many precious curiosities were deposited!

The museum of armoury was not in existence at the time of our rambles, but was already commenced under the superintendence of M. Reigner, and we were shown at his house a number of singular curiosities: such as a small missal, enclosing a pistol; an ancient emblazonment, partly effaced, was still sufficiently distinct to indicate its having been formerly the property of a high dignitary of the church. M. Reigner had already amassed a large collection of rare and curious arms, which his care had preserved from the revolutionary wreck. Many notable articles from the château of Chantilly and the royal wardrobe were in his possession. The armour of Joan of Arc and Charles the Bold were also among these treasures of antiquity. Joan's armour was not complete, yet the weight of the remaining portions amounted to sixty-six pounds. This feminine panoply was of most singular construction, uniting the uttermost extremes of deficiency in safety and ingenuity to avoid fatigue. I know not whether Agnes Sorel was attired in similar armour, when on her white palfrey she occasionally followed her royal paramour to the field.

During a visit we paid to M. Charles, a scientific man, who had constructed in the upper story of his house a magnificent camera obscura, a ludicrous incident occurred.

M. von Cobentzel had solicited the addition of one of his private secretaries to our party, for the purpose of taking notes of all that passed under our observation; and he desired the poor secretary to go down to the court, walk twice across it, and when in the middle to take off his hat and make us his best bow. The unfortunate wight, who did not much like the part he was to perform, set out with all the reluctance of a jaded horse. To descend two or three hundred steps, then mount again, and afterwards return by the same circuitous route, and all for the simple purpose of making a genuflexion, was not indeed calculated to afford much diversion to the actor; but he would have been amply repaid could he

have witnessed the intense delight of M. von Cobentzel. No sooner did he perceive his man at the extreme point of vision than he broke into the most joyous exclamations. As he advanced, the raptures increased; but when at length the secretary, faithful to his injunctions, stopped in the middle of the court, and made us his three obeisances, civilly taking off his hat, as every man who knows how to salute is in duty bound to do;—oh! then M. von Cobentzel screamed with delight, as children do the first time they see the magic lantern—clapped his hands, danced, and returned the salutations of the secretary, addressing him in German; in truth, it must be confessed in extenuation of his absurdity, that it was not a little amusing to see before us, at the distance of a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty feet, a little figure offering to our view, not a resemblance, but the very identity of a person who, but the moment before, was of our party.

About this time an event occurred which made much noise at Paris. Mademoiselle Chameroi, a famous dancer, had died in childbed, greatly lamented by Vestris. The Curé of Saint Roche deemed the profession of the deceased and the mode of her death doubly scandalous, and in all charity refused her admission within the pale of the church.

The people of Paris were not yet, as in 1816, replaced under the ecclesiastic sceptre; they were discontented; the Curé did but augment the evil by grounding his refusal on facts injurious to the memory of the unhappy deceased; the storm had begun to threaten when it was dispersed by Dazincourt, who acted in this emergency with courage and firmness, and succeeded in preventing a scandal still greater than that which the Curé sought to avoid, for the people were beginning to talk of forcing the church doors. Dazincourt prevailed on them to carry the body to the church belonging to the convent of the Filles Saint Thomas, where the functionary performed the funeral service, and the matter terminated.

Not so the First Consul's displeasure; his recent restitution of the clergy to their churches, and provision

for their support, was accompanied by the implied condition that intolerance and fanaticism should be expunged from their creed; and a sort of hostile declaration on their part, following so closely upon the recovery of their immunities, extorted a frown, and excited him to let fall some of those expressions which never escaped him but when he was violently agitated. "They were foolish to insist," said he, in the presence of a large company; "if the Curé of St. Roche was determined to create scandal, they should have carried the corpse straight to the cemetery, and induced the first wise and tolerant priest who passed near to bless the grave; there are still many good ones —the Archbishop of Paris, for instance! He is a worthy clergyman. What a venerable old age is his! That man may say within himself:

"'I have attained this advanced age without having injured any one: I have never done anything but good.' And do you know why? Because he acts upon the moral precepts of the gospel. Whenever in his former diocese he wanted alms for the poor, and a ball or *fête* was given in the neighbourhood, he appeared among the company to plead the cause of charity, while his heart was opened by mirth and pleasure: he knew that it was then most sensible to virtuous impressions, and his austerity did not take alarm at the tune of a dance. Yes, he is a worthy priest."

The Curé of St. Roche was condemned to do penance, which was announced officially to his parishioners in the *Moniteur*. The latter article is in a peculiarity of style which betrays the hand, or at least the mind of the First Consul; those who intimately knew him will recognise the turn of his peculiar phraseology in the following copy:

"*The Curate of St. Roche, in a temporary forgetfulness of reason, has refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroi, and to admit her remains within the church. One of his colleagues, a sensible man, versed in the true morality of the gospel, received the body into the church of the Filles St. Thomas, where the service was performed with all the usual solemnities. The Archbishop has ordered the Curé of St.*

Roche three months' suspension to remind him that Jesus Christ commands us to pray even for our enemies; and in order that, recalled to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious practices preserved by some rituals, but which, begotten in times of ignorance, or created by the over-heated imagination of zealots, degrade religion by their frivolity, were proscribed by the Concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal."

Poor Mademoiselle Chameroi was a charming dancer, and pirouetted delightfully; but how would her reputation fall off now, if compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni! The career of the Opera has effaced that of all the other theatres; their glories are extinct while it has risen higher —but in its company and decorations only; such beautiful ballets as *Psyche* and, the *Danso-Mania*, *Flora* and *Zephyrus*, and many other charming compositions of the olden time must no longer be looked for.

The cabinet of medals and antiques was much less frequently visited during the Consulate than at the present day.[1] Millin, its guardian, was truly proud to usher us into his own domain, as that portion of the national library confided to his care may be properly called. Such historical memorials of the earliest ages and of all nations offered an interesting field of investigation, half the plea-

[1] A slight history of the formation of the cabinet of medals will not be uninteresting here. The cabinet was not always in the royal library. It was commenced at the Louvre. Francis I., who appears to have been the first king of France who interested himself with such subjects, collected some gold and silver medals of the Middle Ages, not to form a cabinet, but as ornaments for his apparel, and for that purpose had them enchased in rich gold and silver filigree. He was followed by Catherine of Medicis, who brought an abundant store of such curiosities from Florence. Charles IX. increased his mother's collection by that of the learned Grosher. But the civil wars, the commotions excited by the league, produced an era of destruction that nothing could resist, and the medals were almost entirely pillaged and dispersed. The good king who succeeded would willingly have remedied all the evils of those disastrous times: he recovered some of the stolen gems, and summoned the learned Bagarris to Paris, to superintend the cabinet of medals he intended to form.—But alas! death intervened, and his son, a perfect cipher, did not concern himself with following up the plans of his predecessor. Bagarris quitted Paris, carrying with him the treasures he would have contributed.

The fine cabinet of medals and antiques of the Louvre was at length instituted by Louis XIV., that is to say by Colbert, who, far more deserving of

sure of which may fairly be challenged by our learned instructor. The medals, when we saw them in his keeping, were not yet arranged with all the care which had been bestowed on them before the disgraceful robbery[1] a few years later, but the collection already boasted of upwards of sixteen hundred drawers.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was General Hitroff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, then in Paris, and one of the best-informed persons I have ever met with in the numismatic science, that accompanied us to the cabinet of medals, or a Germanised Dane; but whichever it was, his presence gave rise to a warm discussion respecting one of the votive bucklers found in the Rhone, upon which opinions were very much divided; the foreigner maintaining that the design represented the continence of Scipio, while Millin defended the antiquity

the name of great than his vainglorious master, augmented that rich collection by whatever treasures his extreme economy enabled him to purchase: he despatched enlightened connoisseurs into Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, to select the most valuable specimens, but it would seem that a sinister fate has invariably attended an institution which should be distinguished in the annals of science alone. In 1662 the Duke of Orleans, father of the celebrated Mademoiselle, bequeathed to the king all the rarities, medals, and manuscripts in the Château de Blois, where he resided; and Bruneau, the well-informed keeper of the collection, was appointed by Louis conservator of the medals of the royal cabinet. In November 1666 this unfortunate man was assassinated and robbed in the Louvre itself: and the circumstances of the crime made it apparent that the medals were the object of the assassins. The precious deposit was in consequence transferred to the royal library, which was then, as it is now, in the Rue Vivienne.

An antiquary named Vaillant enriched the cabinet of medals by an ample harvest brought from Africa, Persia, and the most distant countries. In 1776, under the reign of Louis XVI., it acquired the immense collection of M. Pélerin, comprising many rare and precious articles, and amounting to no less than thirty thousand medals.

[1] In M. de Sartines' days the police was of another complexion; but, without travelling so far back, such an event would not have occurred under Count Dubois' administration.

During M. de Sartines' lieutenancy of police in France he received a letter from the minister of the same department at Vienna, stating that a great criminal had taken refuge in Paris, to the certain knowledge of the police at Vienna; and entreating M. de Sartines, in virtue of the friendly relations existing between the two courts, to adopt every means for the arrest of the criminal, whose person and dress were described with the utmost minuteness. M. de Sartines issued his orders accordingly: his subordinates were set to work; neither garret nor cellar escaped their scrutiny; the most active search was continued upwards of a month. At length, after five or six weeks had elapsed, M. de Sartines writes to his brother of Vienna:

of his buckler, declaring it to mean the restoration of Briseis to Achilles, and this opinion agrees with that of Winckelman. It weighs forty-two marks, and is six feet and a half in circumference; another is forty-three marks in weight and six feet nine inches round. The cabinet

"SIR AND DEAR BROTHER—Immediately upon the receipt of your letter, I hastened to make inquiries in every direction for the criminal you had described. The efforts of my people were for a long time fruitless, but we have at length succeeded in discovering him, and I have the pleasure of informing you that it is in your power to seize him immediately, for he is at this moment in Vienna, which he has never quitted; you will find him in such a faubourg, at such a number."

Every indication by which the fugitive could be traced was exactly given, even to a flower-pot standing on his chamber window.

This story reminds me of another and very amusing one respecting M. de Sartines.

He had a friend for whom he entertained a fraternal attachment. Such friendships are sometimes dangerous; but, be this as it may, his affection was as warm as two compatriots might be supposed to entertain for each other in Monomotapia, with no other civilised being near. His friend, on the other hand, thought it advisable to play the Monomotapian in earnest, but in quite a different sense, as will presently appear. One day, in the course of conversation, the friend said:

"The police is a fine thing, to be sure! I am sure nothing useful ever comes to your knowledge! you learn only what you are intended to know!"

M. de Sartines grew angry. To doubt the alertness of his myrmidons was to dispute his omnipotence, for his credit at Versailles rested entirely on their unparalleled ingenuity in tracing the most difficult clues. He asked his friend, in a tone of defiance, whether he would not be much astonished to hear the most circumstantial detail of everything he had done or said for a whole week.

A secret reflection made the latter smile at the proposal.

"Well, let us try," said he, "I consent; but I wager a hundred louis that your hounds are at fault; and remember, all you may accomplish will stand for nothing if a single hour is unaccounted for."

"That is a matter of course," said M. de Sartines.

The two friends shook hands upon it, and the execution of the enterprise was to commence the next day. On the second morning the scout who was charged with watching the friend, and whose new surveillance allowed a holiday to the pickpockets and cut-purses of Paris, made his appearance before M. de Sartines and delivered his report; which specified that the party had risen at nine o'clock, had put on his slippers and dressing-gown, had sneezed, yawned, and coughed for a quarter of an hour, then had taken chocolate, read the *Mercure de France* and one of Freron's bulletins, had written a note, but it was not known to whom, because he had instantly put it into his pocket, where even an emissary of police could not follow; but it was a love-letter, that was ascertained, for the paper was perfumed, and the note folded in a particular manner.—It was decidedly a love-letter. After this the friend had walked to the Tuileries, taken a few turns on the river terrace, then walked three times up and down a certain portion of the centre alley; had saluted Mademoiselle Arnould three times, Madame Dugazon once, Mademoiselle Gaussin twice; then had dined at M. le Premier's because one cannot stay in the garden for ever saluting one's friends, however

contains numerous similar pieces, but our scientific riches consisted chiefly in medals. We had many that were unique, and the nationality of such a treasure ought to have made cupidity itself tremble to covet it. The gold medallion of Justinian, which is justly at the head of the

charming. After dinner he had been Madame le Premier's partner at cribbage, had won eight louis, and nobly lost them again at quinze. After this he had been to the Opera, had directed his glass to all the boxes and scrutinised all the ladies—one especially. After the Opera he had supped with M. de Sartines. "It appeared," said the report, "that he must have made an indifferent dinner, for he supped like a half-famished man: he ate of five or six dishes, and, to do the spy justice, M. de Sartines found the delicacies of his table scrupulously recapitulated. But, Monseigneur," said the last lines of the report, "my comrades and I found it equally impossible to discover what became of M. de —— on leaving your hotel; his carriage drove with such rapidity that no human being could keep pace with it."

"What, wretch!" exclaimed M. de Sartines, "you have been wearying me to death these two hours with insipid details about slippers and dressing-gowns, and eating; and then you lose the scent at the very moment it should be most acute. Take care that you succeed better to-morrow; I must know how every minute of M. de ——'s time is employed."

"—My dear friend," said he, the next day, "I have heard news of you, as I will prove at the end of the week. . . . Ah! ah! ah! This is the way you proceed! stay, I will give you a bit of friendly advice:—do not seek the company of actresses so much. Yesterday, at the Tuileries, you were seen with the most fascinating ones; I do not like to see you the dupe of such infatuation. . . . And afterwards at the Opera!—Take my advice—choose better company. . . . The real pleasures of the heart are not to be met with in so low a sphere.—You understand me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered his friend, "and so much the more readily, that I have not waited to receive your advice before I followed it."

"Really?" said M. de Sartines, with a look of surprise.

"Really, yes!"

"Then you will make me your confidant?"

"Certainly not; it is your part to find out all you want to know; I am mute."

M. de Sartines, whose curiosity was excited by his friend's expressions, awaited with still greater impatience the next day's report; but was again disappointed. The slippers, the dressing-gown, the chocolate, all appeared in their turn; but from midnight to one o'clock M. de —— disappeared, as if by enchantment, and no trace of him could by any means be found. M. de Sartines flew into a passion, and told his scouts:

"I discharge you all, unless you bring me to-morrow such a report as I have required."

The good people thus menaced, looked at each other as they left their master's cabinet.

"What is to be done?" said one to the leader.

"There is no alternative," replied he, and communicated his plan.

The following morning M. de —— had just put on his slippers, and thrust his arms into the sleeves of the dressing-gown so well described in the informer's reports, and was about to seat himself before a cup of that smoking and savoury coffee the precise quality of which had been recited; his lips had just relaxed into that triumphant smile of roguish malice when his valet

collection, is three inches in diameter. Another choice medallion engraved with a fine head of Pescinnius Niger, is in silver. Next to this were medals of Romulus; Alexander, a tyrant in Africa; and the younger Antoninus. If this last medal has been stolen, it is an irreparable loss to art and to France, so indeed are all the others I have mentioned above.

Amongst other parts of the national library, we saw the cabinet of manuscripts, at the head of which at that time was M. Langles, containing Chinese manuscripts, those of the Arabian Tales, the thousand and one nights, so dear to all who have derived from nature a fertile and creative imagination; an immense quantity of Hebrew, Tartar, Greek, and Latin manuscripts, and amongst them perfect copies of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, and Sappho, and a poem by Claudian, etc. It is well known that the

announced three men who were earnestly desirous to see him; "They begged," said the valet, "as a particular favour, to be admitted."

M. de —— was not inaccessible; he ordered that they should be introduced, and then sent away his valet.

"M. le Comte," said the chief of the party, in a supplicating accent, "you would not deprive brave men, all fathers of families, of their subsistence. We come to beg you will save our lives; for if we are dismissed from our vocation we shall no longer have bread, and no resource will be left us but to hang or drown ourselves."

So saying, all threw themselves on their knees.

"My good friends," cried M. de ——, hastening to raise them; "for Heaven's sake, what is the matter with you? How can I influence your fate? I do not understand you."

"Alas! your wager with M. de Sartines is the matter in question: we are to inform him of your proceedings from minute to minute. We are fully acquainted with them . . . but . . ."

M. de —— began to unriddle the mystery.

"But, you understand, M. le Comte, it is impossible we can say that you are visiting Madame de Sartines at the hours when we are compelled to pretend that we lose sight of you . . . and yet we must speak. Either permit us to invent a falsehood, or change your direction."

M. de —— looked at the chief speaker, and smiled.

"Thou art a clever fellow," said he, throwing him a purse filled with gold. "There, divide that with thy comrades—I lose my wager."

He tried their discretion no further, as may be supposed, but admitted the accuracy of their next report, and acknowledged himself vanquished; while M. le Sartines, rubbing his hands, repeated:

"I was confident of it! how could you think, my dear fellow, that anything could be concealed from a lieutenant-general of police?" and afterwards added:

"I could only wish you were more regular in your habits; why? deuce take it, my good fellow, why can't you choose from good society?"

library now occupies the *Palais Mazarin*, and that the largest of its five rooms was formerly the cardinal's library. it is a hundred and forty feet long by twenty-two in width. The ceiling was painted by Romanelli.

The cabinet of engravings, water-colour drawings, title-deeds, and genealogies is also very curious; the collection of engravings made by the Abbé Marolles contains specimens from the year 1470, when the art was first invented, up to the present day. I would particularly recommend to the attention of visitors a collection of engravings or stamps made to illustrate an edition of Dante in the year 1481, only eleven years after the first invention of the art. At the time we thus visited, like foreign travellers, this magnificent depôt of human truth and error, the number of its printed books, as we were informed by the persons at the head of the establishment, was upwards of three hundred thousand; of the manuscripts, fifty thousand; and the cabinet of engravings contained about three hundred thousand subjects in ten thousand portfolios. We visited also the libraries of the various public edifices, but after examining that which I had so much admired it was mere waste of time. It must certainly be admitted that, in whatever advances the interests of science, Paris is the most amply endowed city in the world.

All the charitable institutions, of which I had partly the superintendence, by virtue of Junot's office as commandant, of course attracted our attention, as well as other establishments calculated to excite curiosity; such as the Orphan Asylum, the Museum of Natural History, that temple of Nature, comprising an abridgment of the universe, which the solicitous care of Messieurs Thibeaudeau and Fourcroy rescued from the general destruction of the days of terror; and to which M. Chaptal, when he rose to a place in the ministry, afforded his special protection, as belonging to the science he professed.

We dedicated one day to a survey of the barriers, those proofs of the folly of M. de Calonne, and no less of M. de Brienne, however he may have afterwards repented

it. Those barriers, destined to promote the interests only of the farmers-general of the revenue, excited horrible complaints all over the city. The new enclosure appeared to its inhabitants a species of prison, and even the unnecessary and ridiculous pains bestowed on the decoration of the barriers could not reconcile them to their confinement; but as the good citizens cannot even scold without a laugh, ballads were composed on the subject—for what do we not turn into ballads? Among other epigrams, the following was produced:

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

These excursions occupied altogether six weeks; the party constantly varying with the engagements of our friends, who had all occasionally other calls, some of business, others of pleasure; for my own part, I have preserved to the present moment a sweet remembrance of those days which passed so rapidly, yet were so well filled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The First Consul's sponsorship—The eldest son of Madame Lannes, and my daughter, the first godchildren of Bonaparte—Cardinal Caprara and the Chapel of Saint Cloud—Napoleon's ambassadors—Anecdote of the Prince Regent of England and General Andréossy, related by the First Consul—Madame Lannes, Madame Devaisne, Madame de Montesquiou, and Napoleon's preferences—Lannes the Rolando of the French army—My daughter's destiny—Ceremony of Baptism at Saint Cloud—Cardinal Caprara's cap—Baptismal gifts of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte—Return of the army from Egypt—Bianca, the heroine of the army—M. and Madame Verdier—Anecdotes—Marmont and his wife—General Colbert—General Menou and Monsieur Maret.

THE children to whom the First Consul stood sponsor with Madame Bonaparte (for he never admitted any one else to share the office with him, except, indeed, very rarely, Madame Bonaparte the mother, and Madame Louis, his sister-in-law) were always baptized with imposing ceremony. Soon after the publication of the Concordat, several children, and amongst them my Josephine, the first goddaughter of Napoleon, and the eldest son of Madame Lannes, were waiting till the First Consul should appoint the time to be admitted to the sacrament of regeneration. I received with pleasure an intimation to hold myself in readiness with my daughter, as in two days Cardinal Caprara, the Apostolical Nuncio, would perform the ceremony for all these little ones in the consular chapel at Saint Cloud. I do not know whether Cardinal Caprara may be very well remembered at present; but he was one of the most crafty emissaries that ever obtained, even from the seat of Saint Peter, a temporary currency in the commerce of diplomacy. Notwithstanding

the decrepitude of his mien, the weak and subdued key of his musical voice, the humility of his deportment, and the stealthy inquisitiveness of his glance, that head concealed under its gray hairs and the scarlet cap of his order, more subtlety, more cunning, more petty perfidy than can well be imagined.

The First Consul, at that time, liked him tolerably well, seeing in his various artifices only a source of amusement; for, as nothing could then exceed the frank simplicity of our diplomacy, the Nuncio's guarded reserve and insidious scrutiny were equally waste of time. General Lannes and Junot, ambassadors to Lisbon, General Beurnonville to Madrid, General Hedouville to St. Petersburg, Andréossy to London, Sebastiani to Constantinople; all these selections, made by Napoleon from the military ranks, sufficiently proved that the missions with which they were charged required no other enforcement than the will of him from whom they derived their credentials. It is true, the national vanity suffered a little from the proceedings of some of these personages, a rather diverting register of which is in existence, exhibiting sundry infringements of courtly etiquette; notwithstanding all which, this was, to my mind, the most glorious era of French diplomacy.[1]

[1] The First Consul once related an anecdote which he considered favourable to the Prince Regent's good taste, and it was very unusual for Napoleon to approve any word or act of the Prince of Wales, for whom he certainly felt no partiality, and was aware that the dislike was reciprocal.

General Andréossy had replaced M. Otto in London; the general was by no means deficient in politeness; he had been very well educated, but was unversed in the language of courts; he had entered the military service previously to the Revolution, and was then too young to have acquired, from intercourse with the best society of that day, those polished and deferential manners which are exacted by the highest ranks in all countries. England is, perhaps, of all the nations of Europe, the most rigorous in this exaction. He was frequently in company with the Prince of Wales, then the most amiable of heirs-apparent, the most liberal of men in all his notions. He frequently met the French ambassador at the Duchess of Devonshire's and other tables, where the affability, easiness of access, and apparently compliant and obliging disposition of a personage so near the throne, could not fail of giving universal satisfaction; while the profound and ceremonious respect observed by all who approached the prince, and of which his utmost condescension never tolerated a moment's transgression, imparted to His Royal Highness's popularity a tinge of aristocratic homage, the singular effect of which cannot be

But where have I been wandering? From the keen, wily, artful Cardinal Caprara, all reverential obsequiousness, coughing in the chapel of St. Cloud, in full canonicals, with his eyes, and great part of his cheeks, concealed behind an immense pair of green spectacles. A remedy, perhaps you imagine, for weakness of sight. No such thing; but fearing the penetrating look of the First Consul, that glance which was dreaded even by the most crafty, he intrenched himself behind a redoubt as the best means of escaping it. I have been told it was but a repetition of the part His Eminence had enacted at Florence during the negotiation of a treaty, in the course of the Italian wars; but Napoleon, who knew that the cardinal was not weak-sighted, rallied him so effectually, in the present instance, that the spectacles disappeared.

On the day appointed for the baptism we all went to St. Cloud with our children. Madame Lannes and I were the two most advanced in our maternity. Her eldest son, Napoleon, now Duke de Montebello, was only a few months older than my daughter. He was a good and lovely child, and possessed a degree of sensibility very rare at so tender an age; his mother doted on him, and not only punctually fulfilled all the maternal duties imperiously enjoined by nature, but entirely devoted herself to him with a self-denial highly meritorious in a young woman of such uncommon beauty and attractions. The

thoroughly understood by a stranger to English manners. General Andréossy, who was always politely saluted by the Prince of Wales, perceiving that His Royal Highness accosted with perfect familiarity several persons, whom he (the general) considered greatly his own inferiors, imagined he might use his discretion in the article of etiquette; and chatted accordingly with the prince in a style of easy indifference that soon became insupportable to one who prized above all things that extreme elegance and polished high-breeding of which he was the English model. Amongst his offensive familiarities, was a habit the general had contracted of always calling him *Mon Prince!* "Good God!" said he one day, to some one near him, "do pray tell General Andréossy to desist from calling me *Mon Prince!* Why, I shall be taken for a Russian prince." To comprehend the full point of this repartee, it must be recollected that both France and England were at that time inundated with foreigners, especially with Russians, the greater part of whom were called "My Prince," because their fathers, or perhaps their grandfathers, had been capital horsemen on the banks of the Borysthenes, or the Yaïk, the only qualification for nobility amongst the Cossacks.

First Consul professed a high esteem for her; and this was no slight distinction, for during the fourteen years of Napoleon's power I have known but two other females, Madame Devaisne and Madame de Montesquiou, to whom he gave ostensible proofs of similar respect; though he may have felt a warmer friendship for others, to say nothing of a more tender sentiment. The conduct of Madame Lannes has on all occasions justified the preference shown her by Napoleon over the other ladies attached to his military court, who were highly affronted at seeing her seated more frequently than themselves on the right of the First Consul at table; chosen for a party at cards, at a hunt, or an excursion to Malmaison. These decided marks of favour were no doubt partly ascribable to her husband, "that Rolando of the French army," as Napoleon called him; but those who, like myself, have intimately known Madame Lannes, can conscientiously certify that they were as much due to her own character as to the general's fame; and of this the Emperor gave her the strongest proof in nominating her as lady of honour to his second wife,—to her who was the object of his tenderest solicitude, and who in return conferred on him nothing but misfortunes, fetters, and death.

My daughter at the period of her baptism promised all the loveliness of grace which her advancing years matured. I may be pardoned this effusion of maternal pride, for that beauty, those graces, and, I may add, those talents, and, dearest of all, those virtues, are buried within a religious cloister, and my child has bid adieu to the world. Napoleon used to smile at the illusion I sought to pass upon myself at that period in dressing my child as a boy. "What is your design?" inquired he one day, rather seriously, looking at my little girl, beautiful as a Cupid, in a little dark-gray sailor's jacket and black beaver hat. "What object have you in putting that child into such a dress? Do you destine her for the superlative task of regenerating her sex, and restoring the race of the Amazons?" The inflexion of his voice, his smile, the expression of his eye, all indicated a degree of satire

which made me cautious in my answer. "General," replied I, "I have no intention of making a Joan of Arc of my child. The bronze circle of a helmet and its chin-piece would be a very unsuitable mounting for those pretty cheeks, where the lily and rose strive for mastery." The First Consul looked again at my daughter. "It is true that little noisy pet of yours is very pretty," said he, recollecting the circumstances of her baptism; "and if she is not to wear a helmet or set a lance in rest, I suppose it will one day be her vocation to be POPESS."

This was in allusion to an amusing little scene which took place at the time when with pride I carried my beautiful child in my arms to the baptismal font. She was then fifteen months old: the chapel, the numerous company, the clergy, and the bustle, so terrified the poor little creature that, hiding her pretty face in my bosom, she burst into tears. She had not yet seen Cardinal Caprara; his toilet, on occasions of ceremony, was not very quickly completed. He made his entrance at length from the sacristy, as red as a ripe pomegranate; resplendent in the blaze of many pastoral and cardinal rubies, and eminent in withered ugliness sufficient to scare infantine minds accustomed only to look upon gay smiles and merry faces. As soon as Josephine saw him I felt her cling closer to me and tremble in my arms, her rosy cheeks turning pale as death.

When the service was nearly ended, and the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte approached the font to present the infants for the ceremony of sprinkling; "Give me your child, Madame Junot," said the First Consul; and he endeavoured to take her, but she uttered a piercing cry, and casting a look of anger on Napoleon twined her little arms closer round my neck. "What a little devil! Well, then, will you please to come to me, Mademoiselle Demon?" said he to the little one. The little Josephine, however, did not understand his words; but seeing his hands held out to take her, and knowing that her will, whether negative or commanding, was pretty generally absolute, she raised her pretty head, fixed her bright eyes

on him, and answered in her childish prattle: "I will not." The First Consul laughed. "Well! keep her in your arms then," said he to me; "but do not cry any more," he added, threatening the child with his finger, "or else . . ."

But his menaces were unnecessary. Josephine now brought nearer to the cardinal, was no longer afraid of him, but no doubt thought him something very extraordinary; and her eyes, fixed on the prelate, seemed to inquire what sort of animal he was. The cardinal wore on his head the little black cap resembling those of our advocates, and which is the sign or ensign that bestows and sanctifies the purple; and the object of ambition to every man who enters the ecclesiastical profession. Its whimsical form, surmounting a face no less singular, captivated Josephine in the highest degree. She murmured no more, shed not another tear, suffered the First Consul to take, and even to embrace her, and imprint several kisses on her little round cherry cheeks without any other mark of dissatisfaction than wiping her cheek with the back of her little plump hand after every kiss. But her large eyes were meanwhile riveted upon the person of the venerable cardinal with an eager attention truly laughable. All at once, when no one could possibly guess what the little plague was meditating, she raised her round, fair, soft arm, and with her little hand seized and carried off the cap or *biretta* from His Eminence's head, with a scream of triumph loud enough to be heard in the courts of the castle.

The poor cardinal, and all the assistants at the ceremony, male and female, were as much alarmed and surprised as diverted by this achievement. Josephine alone preserved her gravity. She looked at us all round with an inexpressibly comic air of triumph, and appeared determined to place the cap on her own head.—"Oh no, my child," said the First Consul, who had at last recovered from his laughing fit; "with your leave,—no such thing Give me your plaything; for it is but a bauble, like so many others," added he, smiling, "and we will restore it to the cardinal."

But Josephine was in no humour to surrender her gay prize; she would put it on my head, or on her godfather's own, but she had no notion of restoring it to the cranium to which it rightfully pertained, and when taken from her by force her cries were tremendous. "Your daughter is a perfect demon," said the First Consul to Junot; "by heavens, she has as stout a voice as the most masculine boy in France; but she is very pretty—she is really pretty." As he spoke he held her in his arms, and gazed on that captivating face, which in fact was "really very pretty." She looked at Bonaparte without resentment, and talked no more of leaving him; she even made a slight resistance when I took her from his arms. "She is my *godchild, my child*," said he, pressing her father's hand. "I hope you rely on that—do you not, Junot?" Junot in such moments had not a word to offer; his heart was too full. He turned a moistened eye on the First Consul, and, when able to speak, said in a faltering voice: "My general, I and all mine have long been accustomed to owe all the blessings of our existence to your bounty. My children will experience its effects, as their parents have done; and, like their parents, they will devote their blood and their lives to you."

The day after my eldest daughter's baptism Madame Bonaparte sent me a necklace, consisting of several rows of fine pearls of the size of large currants; the clasp was composed of a single pearl of the purest whiteness; to which the First Consul added a present of a different kind—no other than the receipted purchase-contract of our hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which had been paid by Napoleon's order as a baptismal gift. It cost two hundred thousand francs.

I have not taken sufficient notice of an important event that occurred about this time—the return of the army of Egypt. I was already acquainted with many of Junot's friends; but every day now witnessed the arrival of troops of brothers-in-arms and companions in danger, whom Junot would run to meet, press their hands, embrace them with transport, and introduce them to me with a

faltering voice. So rejoiced was he to see them return safe and sound, after escaping the sabres of the Mamelukes and the perfidy of the English. One day the servant announced that General Verdier awaited him in his cabinet, and that there was a lady with him. "By Jove," exclaimed Junot, "that must be our dear gallant Bianca. I must run to see her. Laura, I bespeak your friendship for her; she is a charming woman." And away he flew. I had often heard of Madame Verdier, and knew that, having followed the army to Italy as a singer and actress under the name of Bianca, she had married General Verdier, and afterwards followed her husband in the Eastern campaign, where she never quitted his side. I had heard numerous traits of her admirable conduct, and had learned to esteem without knowing her; but the idea I had formed of the person by no means corresponded with the figure now introduced by Junot. My imagination had portrayed a tall masculine form, jet-black eyes, raven hair, tawny skin; and, in short, the whole semblance of a *Chevalier* d'Eon; my surprise may therefore be conceived on seeing a small, well-made, pretty, graceful woman enter the apartment, with chesnut hair, complexion rather inclining to fair than brown, pleasing manners, and a voice soft as music! Madame Verdier, in short, very rapidly gained my heart. Some portion of her history I knew almost from day to day, for she had traversed the desert in company with Junot, who had imparted to me his vivid remembrance of everything that passed during that journey. "What!" said I, taking her delicate little hands, "could this wrist lift a sword! fire a pistol! and guide a spirited Arabian horse?"—"Oh yes! dear madam," answered she, with that soft inflexion of voice which in an Italian is harmony itself, "to be sure I used a sword! but, Holy Virgin, not to kill! But you know I must follow the general."

And from the naïveté of her tone it might have been supposed it was obligatory on all wives to follow their husbands to the wars. Then she recited her fatigues in the Desert; spoke of the burning simoom, and of Junot's

giving the small remains of water he had preserved, and afterwards his cloak to shelter her from the abundant dew, and making her a seat of two cross muskets.

"*Caro, Caro!*" And she held out to him her pretty little hand, which he shook as heartily as he would have shaken her husband's. "Regard this amiable and charming woman with friendship," said Junot, addressing me. Then he told me that in crossing the Desert her horse was once a little behind; and she was hastening to rejoin her troop, when she met an unfortunate soldier afflicted with ophthalmia, which had quite destroyed his sight. The poor creature was wandering in that sea of burning sands without guidance or assistance, and gave himself up for lost. Madame Verdier approached and questioned him, and perceived with a shudder that his sight was totally lost. And no relief at hand! no possibility of procuring a guide! "Well, then! I will be your guide," said Madame Verdier. "Come here, my friend, give me your hand—there—now do not let go my horse; when you are weary you shall mount him, and I will lead you. We shall proceed more slowly, but God will protect us, no misfortune will overtake us."—"Oh!" said the poor soldier, "do those sweet sounds that I hear fall from an angel's voice?"—"Why, my friend, I am the wife of the brave General Verdier." And the excellent woman said this with an accent of simplicity and nature that went to his heart.

Madame Verdier brought me that day an article, which, with all my experience in perfumery, I have never since been able to procure—a large bottle of essence of roses. It was neither attar of roses, nor that rose water which we Europeans use for strengthening the eyes, but gave the perfume of an actual bunch of the living flower in its most odoriferous species. She told me that the Egyptian women use this delicious essence, to which no other perfume bears any resemblance, when bathing. It had none of the strength of the attar of roses, which affects the head so violently, and attacks all the nerves; it was mild, sweet, enchanting.

The Countess Verdier is no longer living, but the general survived her some years.

Among the most remarkable of the acquaintances recommended to me by Junot were—the excellent M. Desgenettes, for whom I speedily imbibed a sincere regard, that subsequent years have not diminished; General Davoust, since a marshal, whose return had preceded that of the rest of the army by some months. He frequently visited both me and Madame Marmont, to whom I was much attached, for no sooner did she arrive from Italy, after my marriage, than Junot said to me: "Laura, Madame Marmont is the wife of the man whom, next to the First Consul, I love best in the world. I cannot pretend to direct your affections, but if Madame Marmont should inspire you with sentiments similar to those I entertain for her husband, it will make me very happy." Fortunately I found her all I could desire in a friend; and our intimacy was based, on my side, on real affection. General Joseph Lagrange, General Menou, M. Daure, the two brothers of Augustus Colbert, one of whom, now Lieutenent-General Edward Colbert, was about this time aide-de-camp to my husband; these names, and many others which friendship's memory has safely guarded, but which space will not permit me to record here, were then pronounced in my hearing with expressions of attachment and esteem. Never did I see more convincing proof of Junot's goodness of heart than at this period of his life. His joy and emotion on again meeting his comrades were sincere and extreme. The First Consul was equally affected, but his feeling partook of that grief which the loss of a dear friend occasions; and though he never showed his dissatisfaction, I am sure he felt resentment and ill-will against General Menou. That officer owed it to the good offices of M. Maret, then Secretary of State, that he was not disgraced; and also his appointment at a later period to the government of the provinces beyond the Alps.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulate—*Senatus Consultum*—Remarkable answer and prophetic words of Napoleon—Breakfast given to Madame Bonaparte at my house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées—General Suchet and his brother—My ball, at which the First Consul was present—Present of a hundred thousand francs—Madame Bonaparte as *Erigone*—The Consulate for life—The wish of the nation—Junot's objections to the measure—His quarrel with Napoleon, and his illness—The First Consul's conversation with me at St. Cloud—His visit to Junot when ill—Junot's recovery—Rupture with England—Bad faith of the English Government—Napoleon's preparations—Lord Whitworth's departure—Consternation of the English at Paris—Military preparations—Napoleon commands Junot to arrest all the English in Paris—Napoleon grossly imposed upon by false statements—Colonel Green denounced—Junot's remonstrance upon the injustice of the step—Result of his discussion with the First Consul.

IT was about the same time, that is to say, returning to the spring of 1802, that the first appeal was made to Napoleon's ambition to reign, by his nomination as Consul for another ten years, after the expiration of the ten years fixed by the constitutional act of the 13th of December 1799. Very little attention was at that time paid to this renewal or prolongation of power; and the *Senatus Consultum*, which appointed Napoleon consul for life, conveyed the first warning to the French people that they had acquired a new master. It declared that "the French Republic, desirous of retaining at the head of her Government the magistrate who had so repeatedly in Europe and in Asia conducted her troops to victory; who had delivered Italy; who had moreover preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy, broken the revolutionary scythe, extinguished civil discords, and given her peace; for it was he alone who had pacified the seas and the Continent, restored order and morality, and re-established the authority

of the law; the Republic, filled with gratitude towards General Bonaparte for these benefits, entreats him to bestow on her another ten years of that existence which she considers necessary to her happiness."

The First Consul's reply is admirably conceived in the style of true simplicity and noble elevation; and is, besides, pervaded by a tincture of melancholy, the more remarkable, as the expressions are for the most part prophetic: "I have lived but to serve my country," replied he to the Senate,—"Fortune has smiled on the Republic; BUT FORTUNE IS INCONSTANT; AND HOW MANY MEN WHOM SHE HAS LOADED WITH HER FAVOURS HAVE LIVED A FEW YEARS TOO LONG. AS SOON AS THE PEACE OF THE WORLD SHALL BE PROCLAIMED, THE INTEREST OF MY GLORY AND MY HAPPINESS WILL APPEAR TO POINT OUT THE TERM OF MY PUBLIC LIFE. BUT YOU CONCEIVE THAT I OWE THE PEOPLE A NEW SACRIFICE, AND I WILL MAKE IT," etc. etc.

In the present day this historical event has been the subject of much discussion. The survivors of that brilliant epoch are still numerous; and I appeal to all who, like myself, have preserved its remembrance and fear not to reveal it. Let them describe the enthusiasm of France; let them repeat to those who in the present day will, with unblushing audacity, assert and reassert that Napoleon *seized power and usurped the crown*, that usurpation consists in some hundreds of individuals, profiting by the weakness and lassitude of a nation, to impose on her an unknown yoke, through the medium of miserable intrigues which honour disavows. Let them tell the succeeding generation with what acclamations of affection Napoleon was saluted when he travelled through France. Let them relate to their children and grandchildren how he was received in that Vendée, watered by so many streams of French blood—that Vendée of which he had been the pacificator!

The important organic *Senatus Consultum* I have cited above was presented to the First Consul, and his answer returned on the 6th of May 1802 (20th Germinal

of the year X.), Junot, who felt for him that passionate attachment which makes everything a matter of ardent interest which affects the happiness or honour of its object, said to me: "We must celebrate at the same time this memorable event in the life of my general, which testifies the love of a great nation, and our gratitude to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte for their generous favours. You must invite Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at our house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, before it is completed. She must see it in its present state; to wait till it is furnished would delay the project too long; and would, moreover, deprive us of a new opportunity of inviting her. Arrange the matter with Madame Bonaparte, and I will undertake for the First Consul."

I waited then on Madame Bonaparte and preferred my request: she received it with extreme kindness. She was gracious whenever an opportunity allowed, and with a charm of manner that enhanced her favours. She accepted my invitation, therefore, conditionally. "Have you mentioned it to Bonaparte?" said she. I told her that Junot was then with the First Consul making his request, and she replied: "We must wait his answer, then; for I can accept no *fête* or dinner without Bonaparte's special permission." This was very true; I had myself been witness to a sharp lecture she received from the First Consul for having breakfasted with a lady for whom he himself entertained the highest esteem, Madame Devaisnes, only because he had had no previous notice of it. I believe he was actuated by prudential motives, and a knowledge of Madame Bonaparte's extreme facility in accepting everything presented to her; at the Tuileries it was difficult to approach her, as no one could visit there without authority; yet even there a few intriguing old ladies paid their respects to her regularly three or four times a week, with petitions, demands for prefectures, seats in the senate, commands of military divisions, places under the receiver-general; in short, nothing was forgotten in this long list, except the good sense which should have prevented such unbecoming interference. The First Con-

sul was aware that her favours were so unsparingly and indiscriminately distributed that she would sometimes make fifteen promises at a single breakfast, dinner, or *fête*; he was consequently extremely particular where he allowed her to go. He knew, however, that at our house she would meet only the same persons who visited at the Tuileries.

Junot was delighted at the kindness with which the First Consul had received his request; he had granted it, but with the singular addition of desiring that no other men should join the party except Duroc and Junot, while the women were to be twenty-five. The breakfast took place, but was not honoured by the presence of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Louis came without him, Madame Bacciochi and Madame Murat were also present, and all my young married comrades, if I may apply that term to the wives of Junot's brothers-in-arms. Some were very agreeable, and all in the beauty of freshness and youth; so that no spectacle could be prettier than that our table exhibited, when surrounded on this occasion by from twenty-five to thirty young and cheerful faces, of which not more that one or two could be called ordinary. Madame Bonaparte was an astonishing woman, and must have formerly been extremely pretty, for though now no longer in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were still striking. Had she but possessed teeth, I do not say ugly or pretty, but only teeth, she would certainly have outvied nearly all the ladies of the Consular Court.

The breakfast passed off very well. When it was disposed of, Madame Bonaparte chose to visit every part of the house, and in this amusement the morning passed rapidly away. At three Madame Bonaparte proposed a ride to the Bois-de-Boulogne. General Suchet and his brother accompanied us, and did not take their leave till we re-entered Paris. During the ride Madame Bonaparte conversed with me respecting our new establishment, and concluded by saying that she was commissioned by the First Consul to inform Junot and myself that he pre-

sented us with the sum of a hundred thousand francs for furnishing our house. "It is ready," added Madame Bonaparte; "Estève has orders to hold it at your disposal. For it is of no use, Bonaparte says, to give them a house unless it be made habitable."

Some time afterwards I gave a ball for my housewarming, when its newly-finished embellishments appeared to great advantage. The whole ground-floor was opened for dancing. The First Consul, whom the Republic had just called to the Consulate for life, did us the honour to be present. Madame Bonaparte, had said to me the preceding day: "I am determined, in compliment to your ball, to dress in the very best taste; you shall see how charmingly I can perform my toilet." She made good her promise. She personated *Erigone;* her head was adorned with a wreath of vine leaves interspersed with bunches of black grapes, her robe of silver llama was trimmed with similar wreaths; her necklace, earrings, and bracelets were of fine pearls. Hortense accompanied her mother, and was on that occasion, as on all others, and in all places, graceful and fascinating. She danced like a sylph, and I seem to see her still, slender as an aërial nymph and dressed after the antique, in a short tunic of pink crape, embroidered in silver llama, her fair head crowned with roses. I see her, as she always was, the life of the party; her gaiety, good-humour, and spirit of pleasing, imparting the same qualities to all around her. The young people grouped about her, looked at her and loved her, as the crowd would now and for ever follow and love her. As for the First Consul, he insisted on seeing every part of the house, and Junot, at his desire, acted as his cicerone to the very cellars and garrets. He stayed only till one o'clock; but for him that was a very late hour, and we were proportionably grateful.

The *Senatus Consultum* requiring rather than declaring the prolongation of the Consulate, did not appear sufficiently satisfactory; another was presented to the First Consul on the 31st of July, or the 1st of August. Junot went early that morning to the Tuileries and had a long

interview with the First Consul; and on his return assured me that Napoleon was still undecided whether or no he should accept the Consulate for life. It was two months after the requisition for the prolongation of the Consulate for ten years, that the nation, sensible of the necessity of preserving to the utmost possible extent that protection under which France had seen her prosperity revive, demanded the Consulate for life. But Napoleon, great as was his ambition, desired that the will of France should justify it. An appeal was ordered, registers opened. The citizens were at liberty to sign or not without fear of proscription, for it is remarkable that Napoleon never revenged any political offence. Of this Moreau is a notorious proof.

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country," replied the First Consul to the deputation of the senate; "as it is the wish of the French nation that mine should be consecrated to her I obey her will." Surely he had a right to say that it was the will of the people, for of three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens who voted freely, three millions five hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety, gave their vote in the affirmative.

The opinions in which Junot had been educated were so entirely and purely republican that the *Senatus Consultum* declaring Napoleon consul for life was by no means so agreeable to him as might have been expected from his attachment, at a time when indifferent observers saw in this event only the present and future welfare of France. One day when we dined with the First Consul at St. Cloud, I remarked that Junot's countenance on returning to Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, after half an hour's interview with Napoleon, was altered, and wore an expression of care. In the carriage, on our way home, he was thoughtful and melancholy; at first I asked in vain what had affected him; but eventually he told me that, having been questioned by the First Consul as to the opinion of the better circles at Paris respecting the Consulate for life, he had answered that it was entirely favourable—which was the truth; and that the First

Consul had observed thereupon, his brow becoming stern and gloomy as he spoke: "You tell me this as if the fact had been just the reverse. Approved by all France, am I to find censors only in my dearest friends?"—"These words," said Junot, his voice failing so much that I could scarcely hear him, "these words almost broke my heart! I become my general's censor! Ah! he has forgotten Toulon!"—"But it is impossible that the expression of your countenance should have been the sole cause of his uttering such words!" Junot was silent for some time, then, without turning towards me, said: "No; I certainly spoke of our regret—I may use the word, on reading the new *Senatus Consultum*, which overthrows the constitution of the year VIII.; in reducing the tribunate to a hundred and fifty members! The tribunate is a body much valued by the friends of liberty and of the Republic; then the mode of election is absurd—those two candidates for the senate; in short, all this has been found great fault with in the country, particularly what has been done for the council of State." I asked Junot what he meant had been done for the council of State.

"It has been recognised as a constituted body," said he: "I told the First Consul that this measure had been ill received in many of the provinces. I have been, as I always shall be, an honest and loyal man—I shall neither betray my conscience, the interests of my country, nor those of the man whom I revere and love above all things; but I believe that I am serving him better in speaking the truth than in concealing it. I then explained that any expression of dissatisfaction which he might have remarked upon my countenance was not to be attributed to his nomination as Consul for life, but to the unfavourable impressions very generally produced by the numerous *Senatus Consulta*, which for the last fortnight had daily filled the columns of the *Moniteur*. The nomination for life of the two other consuls is also spoken of in terms that I do not like to hear applied to anything which relates to the First Consul. I have much friendship for one of them and a high esteem for the other, but

why should two magistrates be imposed upon the nation which certainly has not raised its voice for them as for my general? In fine, my poor Laura, I spoke as I thought, and I begin to see that we have got a court in earnest, because one can no longer speak the truth without exciting displeasure."

This journey to St. Cloud caused Junot a fit of illness. His affection for the First Consul was so great that whatever tended to disturb it went directly to his heart. Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at St. Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Bonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew that he should meet some persons there to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation. This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast-table, and on advancing towards us, at once descried in the midst of the group the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul immediately on seeing her exclaimed: "Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter, the cardinaless! Good morning, m'amselle—come, look at me—there, open your eyes.—Why, the devil! do you know that she is prodigiously pretty—the little thing resembles her grandmother—yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was—she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw." As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it at all, and required some efforts on my part to pacify her.

The First Consul soon afterwards drew me aside, and inquired what was the matter with Junot. In the conversation that ensued between us I frankly told him that my husband's indisposition resulted from his exceeding

susceptibility, and that he attributed it to the dispute he had recently had with him.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking—took my right hand which held my little girl upon my left arm, then suddenly rejected it with a very singular movement; seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute; then disappeared like lightning. I repeated this little scene to Junot, whom, on my return, I found very ill. He was not only morally very irritable, but his constitution itself was opposed to his reasoning tranquilly upon anything that agitated him. His adventure at St. Cloud had totally overset him.

On the same evening, while I was watching at his bedside, to my great surprise the First Consul made his appearance, having entered the house very quietly. His presence and the kind words he addressed to Junot sensibly affected my husband.

He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with a fixed attention, and a smile which I could not suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusion of glory which surrounded him could not make his appearance imposing when not attired in military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but at all events he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion his greatcoat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was a remarkably fine beaver, but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the curls had disappeared.

"Well, Monsieur Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your do-

mains has radically cured you?" Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child. "To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow at St. Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante.*"

We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in his privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies: he had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées a chaise, or sort of cabriolet drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

Junot slept badly that night; his mind was so ardent that happiness and sorrow were equally inimical to his bodily health. He was, however, quite recovered the next morning, went to St. Cloud, and returned perfectly enchanted. But a new storm was already threatening. Fouché, whose rank should have made him the friend, as he was the equal of his brother-in-arms, but who was, in fact, his most active enemy, and the more dangerous because unsuspected, took advantage of the extreme irritability of Junot's character, to which it was so easy to give a sinister colouring.

It was some time after the adventure which I have just related that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been written upon this subject; there are many persons who, breaking the idol which they worshipped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth,

he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England to be backward in hostility towards her; but he was not insane; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne an army for a continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England: her Carthaginian faith destroyed the parchment which promised alliance, while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprised of the intentions of the cabinet of St. James'. He held himself on the defensive, and took every precaution: is this deserving of reproach? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that a great captain might be beaten but ought never to be surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his Parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his ministers in the same Parliament, spoke of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch over those interests with increased solicitude? He asks conscripts of the senate,[1] because the King of England has organised the militia of his kingdom; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that a new war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris about the 15th of March 1803. The greatest agitation reigned among the English who continued there. Junot, then commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendour: he redoubled his cares. His daily reports and those of the Count Dubois, the prefect of the police, and charged with the civil as Junot was with the military superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming; but there were men who pushed Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him; and one of them commenced even at that time

[1] One hundred and twenty thousand conscripts were granted by the senate during the month of April 1803.

those odious manœuvres which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which are hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself, then Lady Elizabeth Foster, and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete, camps were formed on the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and everything they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot, to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labour, devoted himself to it with all the ardour with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul; he had been at work till four o'clock, and was just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison; I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return; and at ten o'clock, a horse chasseur of the consular guard arrived with a note for the aide-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations which could not be witnessed without trembling. "Junot," said he to his aide-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend?—Yes or no? no evasion."—"Yes, general."—"Well, then, you must instantly take measures for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The *Temple*, *Montaigu*, *Laforce*, the *Abbaye*, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their Government must

be taught that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island intrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason" —passion here checked his utterance, and he was compelled to stop to take breath. "They give for reason, that Lucien has by my order influenced the court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish priories, and that by the terms of the treaty the island is to be given up only on the entire reconstruction of the order. And moreover, Junot, would you believe that this power, always wily, always hostile, now pretends to take exception to the treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties at the time of its signature?" Then drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing in effect all that he had just been saying.

Junot was thunderstruck, not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure which Napoleon had commenced. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him, "Junot, give me your life," and it would have been given, now required of him—commanded him to perform, an act from which his sense of honour as much as the liberal principles in which he had been educated, revolted. He stood motionless and silent. The First Consul waited some time for an answer, but seeing Junot's attitude he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theatre or the lowest restaurateur of Paris should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes or at his tables." —"General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes

me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, general, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute." Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed:

"Again! what, is the scene of the other day to be renewed? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his very tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But by Heavens, gentlemen, I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and I suspect is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust too much to my friendship. The day when I shall doubt yours will destroy mine."—"My general," replied Junot, deeply hurt at being misunderstood, "it is not at the moment when I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment that there is justice in talking thus to me. Ask for my blood . . . ask for my life . . . you are master of all that is mine . . . but to command a thing which must . . ."—"Well, proceed! what should happen to me because I return to a faithless Government the insults it heaps upon me?"—"It does not become me, my general, to decide how far your conduct may be correct; but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because you are fascinated by men who give you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity."—"Who are you speaking of?" Junot at first made no answer; he knew who the persons were who merited this character; but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart. . . . The First Consul, however, pressed, and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

"Fouché," said Junot, "is my personal enemy.—It is

not, however, from hatred towards him that I now speak, for I hate no one. Moreover, I am just;—I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent; but he serves you, general, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, towards the emigrants, and the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favour in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation,—what can I think of it? But this is not all: I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to other personages, one of whom, general, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word.—Duroc watches like them over your safety; well, general, receive his reports . . . They are those of an honest man—an honourable soldier; they contain facts."—"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'" The First Consul as he spoke cast a sidelong glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied: "I know not, my genèral, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father; but that is of little importance, for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterwards the First Consul, then the Emperor Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so fine was the position he had taken up, in thus resisting him, his general, his chief, a man all-powerful; in thus even risking his existence. "For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle when in a passion—you know that, Madame Junot."

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute, with the First Consul proceeded in warm

terms. He even reminded Napoleon that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris. "There are old men, women, and children amongst them, my general, and many who morning and night pray for your welfare![1] These are chiefly merchants,—for the upper classes have nearly all left Paris. The injury which confinement may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh! it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"—"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone; "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right. However,"—and going to his desk he took from it a paper which he read, again and again, several times; then giving it to Junot: "Read this report," said he, "and answer, on your head,—as you affect to say,—answer me on your head, that persons holding such opinions can, without danger to myself, be suffered to remain at large at Paris."

Junot, while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly, by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calumnious document,—and he was not disappointed: Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter. A fact was asserted, and it was important; for it described a man having dined at a certain

[1] The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. Mrs. Wilmot, who was well known at Paris at this period, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried: she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theatres; thither she hastened, and by dint of money always succeeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood; she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children, who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon. Lady Caroline Grenville was equally infatuated with him.

house, and having, when somewhat flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government, to which the death of a single person might lead: this happy state of things, which the half-inebriated Englishman wished to favour us with, we had already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report! But the most singular, or the blackest part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot—the good Colonel Green who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sydney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart; and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply: "Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather that you and Madame Junot have a mania for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends."—"I am ignorant, general," said Junot, "whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report; though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall therefore confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact; which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drunk five bottles of Sillery wine, which upon the face of it is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time at Paris; which city Colonel Green quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business."

The First Consul looked all astonishment. "His countenance would have amused me," said Junot, "had I been in less serious circumstances." Gazing on his aide-de-

camp with a very peculiar expression, he repeated: "He is not in Paris!"—"He is not, general, and have the goodness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or accident attributable to carelessness; it is an error, and an intentional one: the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this; even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here with a furious oath he proceeded: "Nothing more is wanting but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus, to drink blood."

All this scene Junot, perhaps, related to me above a hundred times; and at this point of it described his emotion as so violent that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which, towards the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war." Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration: "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war; do they not form a portion of the English militia?" Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favour of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly towards that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded truth and reason reached his ear, it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him nevertheless, raised him to a high rank; but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him. As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honourable.

as it was, operated to his prejudice, by those offensive expressions which were too apt to escape him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his general, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, such as he views it, was too little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions not to have introduced to the mind of the latter seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone on well, but for the number of evil-disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful, valiant, and as susceptible as a woman; qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which, at least in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household I could reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends; there were, besides, Lemarrois, Lacuée, and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot; as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was very inefficient! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character: such as Estève, and a few more, who, loving the First Consul for his own sake and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a court (and the Tuileries was already one), opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy.

An affair that had occurred some time before at Garchi's was recalled to the First Consul's mind; the venomous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the Commandant of Paris that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers assembled at Arras. The *Senatus Consultum* for the erection of the Empire was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext for removing to a distance such of his

former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old republican notions. He knew mankind, and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own, but I believe it to be just.

Junot, charged with the honourable task of forming that fine corps of grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803-4. A speedy journey was expected, and Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks that the moment of departure was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied. Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw the Emperor in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

My next chapters will describe the spectacle, unique in the history of the world, which I there witnessed, of Napoleon's distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour to the deputations of the entire French army. I saw him inspiring with adoration the conscripts just snatched from their families; I saw him overlooking those seas swept by the vessels of haughty England, pointing out to his soldiers the shining cliffs of Albion, and while decorating the veterans with the rewards of former glory, inspiring their juniors with emulation to reap fresh laurels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Proud aspect of France—Letter from Duroc to Junot—Conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal—The Duke d'Enghien—Drake, the English Minister at Munich—Suspicions respecting the Duke d'Enghien—Conversation between Junot and the First Consul—Napoleon's remarks on Moreau—Conduct of Bernadotte on the 18th Brumaire—Junot's return to Arras—He receives intelligence of the death of the Duke d'Enghien—Intended expedition to England—Junot's fine division of Grenadiers—Change effected in their head-dress by Junot—Napoleon created Emperor—Davoust promoted—His peculiarities—Admiral Magon appointed to command the fleet to be employed in the English expedition.

FRANCE, at the period to which I am now about to allude, presented an aspect unparalleled in the history of the world. The sovereigns of Europe attentively watched her changing destiny, without forming projects to obscure the glory, which at its very dawn appeared so singularly dazzling. Hatred and envy had not yet subdued the admiration excited by the colossus whose powerful hand protected our banners in those days of victory.

We had been at Arras about three months when Junot received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR JUNOT—If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you.—Yours, DUROC.

"*February 14th*, 1804."

On perusing this communication a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded

by the First Consul, he mounted his horse; and under the pretext of going to St. Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned and almost brought to execution, but because there was involved in it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau. Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, Georges Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February 1804. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple. The affair of the Duke d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that everything should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

In matters of this nature, without the most positive proofs of what we allege, it is very difficult to persuade others to share our conviction. I have mine relative to the conduct of Napoleon on the occasion here referred to; but I shall not attempt to force that conviction on my readers. I shall merely observe, that among the persons by whom he was surrounded, there were some who strenuously endeavoured to make him swerve from the right course which it was his duty and his wish to have pursued. It cannot be doubted that the imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate—that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe and the men of the Republic would have been no less sacred and indestructible—had the Duke d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately Bonaparte had about him men who meditated his downfall, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men found it their interest to lead into error one

whose own judgment never was at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

After the discovery of the conspiracy, some time elapsed before the two leaders, Georges and Pichegru, were arrested. Some papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then grand judge and minister of the police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavours were made to imbue Napoleon with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his noble mind would not naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned related to Mr. Drake, the English minister at the court of Munich. This man had written a letter referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm:—"It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death." In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to Napoleon, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat slouched over his forehead entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion, his figure was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amidst the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them; and his manner, though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of hauteur.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Inquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious individual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect was no other than the Duke d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the prince occasionally absented himself for

five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return;—thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor. When this information was laid before the First Consul, he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris appeared not only a serious offence in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interests of the State. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed importunity was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th of February; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duke d'Enghien had been decided, that the mysterious personage was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the prince. The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to in hunting, and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his general made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him: "You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and every one should be at his post. *My old friend*, you must set off again this afternoon; your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and represented that he had left behind him men fully competent to act in his absence. He then earnestly entreated to be allowed to join his old comrades in protecting Napoleon at the present juncture.

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments; then advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it,

which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to any one. At length he said: "Junot, I understand you, my friend; and you will, I am sure, understand me when I repeat that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined." —"I am aware of that," replied Junot; "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be punished. How can you, general, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you but against their country?"—"What do you mean?" inquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment. "I mean to say, general, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be *indulgent* to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is the same man; at once a traitor to the Republic and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession for *several months.* This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why, then, did he not send them sooner? The army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. This is true; but it has been alleged that we did not like him because his glory rivalled ours. This is false; and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part, I swear, upon my honour, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the Republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon, who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture. But when Junot uttered the words, "*I love the Republic too well,*" etc., Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this

movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said: "You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him."—"As to his inefficiency, general, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned *by ordinary means*, the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said, *General Pichegru has betrayed the country!* Now Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced towards him, and said, with a smile: "You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?" He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff. "Yes, general," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gaiety of the First Consul. "Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau on that occasion was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that *he was a Republican*—that he *would not betray the Republic.* And at that time whoever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my greatcoat! As to Moreau, who, having received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well appreciate his *determination* to deliver France from a corrupt Government. On the 19th Brumaire he served me as an aide-de-camp, with no very good grace, to be sure, because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the *fête.* I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands

with a traitor against me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, general, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigour of the law. Surely, general, you would not encourage treason . . ."—"Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him?"[1] Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room and appeared much excited; but he soon recovered himself, and, advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately. Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the *Moniteur* had announced only that same morning, viz. the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of impatience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance; for good-humour had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment, and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time

[1] These were Napoleon's words as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which, according to the strict letter of the code, was the punishment due to his offence.

even to call on his own sister, who resided in our hotel in the Rue Champs-Elysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by any one except the chief officer of his staff, who was necessarily informed of it. Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of Georges, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon. Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duke d'Enghien. On the 22d of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc arrived at daybreak in the courtyard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some despatches which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed: "How happy it is for me that I am no longer Commandant of Paris!" These despatches announced the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

The expedition to England, as it was termed, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with extraordinary activity. The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be *almost finer than his guards.*[1] I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops; I saw Napoleon in the midst of them; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these Memoirs.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some

[1] These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vieille garde*, and were the finest corps in the army.

changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which were at the time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore were not only very absurd, but very inconvenient. On his return home, Junot began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadier caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoon helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair-powder in the army; for to tell the truth, the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavouring to reform the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan. "What an odious thing it is," said he, "to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain! And for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is therefore desirable under every point of view."

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable time previously cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the general-in-chief down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men who surrounded the First Consul, Generals Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old-fashioned *coiffure*.[1] Junot then proceeded

[1] Lannes and Bessières, at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet, notwithstanding the general fashion, they pertinaciously adhered to hair-powder and queues.

to Paris to confer with Napoleon on the subject, who told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers who would have their hair cut off would do what was agreeable to their general, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hairdressers of Arras had cut off more than two thousand queues; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to Napoleon. This proved to be the case, for Junot received a letter written in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines:—

"JUNOT,—I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all *Prussian measures*. I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu! BONAPARTE."

Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that, in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed measure, there ensued, if I may so express myself, a perfect revolution. The new regulation was fully complied with before the end of the week.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the *Moniteur* announced to us that a motion had been made in the tribunate for confiding the government of the Republic to an Emperor, and declaring the Empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The senate followed the example of the tribunate and the motion was adopted. It has been alleged that Napoleon,

in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offence to the ears of the citizens. France at that period would have shuddered at the very name of *king*. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty.

Much is said about the tyranny, violence of temper, and despotism of Napoleon. I revere—nay, even worship—his memory; but I am not so absurd as to consider him a god. He was a man, and partook of the failings of human nature. Nevertheless, to speak from my knowledge of his character—and I had the opportunity of knowing him well—I must declare my honest conviction that he possessed a noble mind, a heart forgetful of injuries, and a disposition to recompense talent wherever he found it. Perhaps at no period did Napoleon's character appear in so exalted a light as on his elevation to the imperial authority. He had previously been the object of envious hatred, and the object of base persecution; but he forgot all at the moment when the nation invested him with supreme power. He took revenge on none; nay, he even made a point of checking personal antipathies, whenever they were entertained towards individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt.

When General Davoust returned to France with the army of the East, Junot said to me: "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoust, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who made a point of being hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that Davoust can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies; but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can

entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch as Davoust is my comrade and a clever man." This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal slovenliness of Davoust, who, by the way, was at that time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable—a fault Napoleon held in aversion, being himself always particularly neat and clean. Davoust was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his dissatisfied disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment; in short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoust well received by their general, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality.

Davoust, however, on his return contrived to ingratiate himself with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good-will, but gave him, what I suspect he valued more, employment and honours. He was appointed to a command in the guards, and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He then continued to advance in favour. At the time we were at Arras, Davoust commanded what was called the camp of Bruges.[1] An intimate friend of

[1] Davoust in figure bore some resemblance to Napoleon, and when he began to rise in the First Consul's favour evidently endeavoured to imitate him in dress, deportment, and manner. Certainly it was no easy task to copy Napoleon, but he had some peculiarities which Davoust managed to imitate, or rather to parody: for example, his occasional *brusquerie* and severity. He had, like Bonaparte, the strange habit of saying a gracious and a rude thing all in a breath—of conveying at once a compliment and an affront: "Captain Bory," said he one day to an officer, "you are an excellent topographical draftsman; but as to Monsieur yonder, he can draw no better than a *hog*." On another occasion he said to this same Captain Bory: "You are a good rider; you know how to mount a horse; you are an absolute Centaur; but as to him" (pointing to his first aide-de-camp) "he rides like an infantry officer, and, when mounted, he looks like a pair of tongs."

ours, Rear-Admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the admiral was to have landed the picked division of Arras on the coast of England. Davoust was not a marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoust, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier, had the command of a portion of the consular guard.

CHAPTER XXX.

Creation of the Legion of Honour, and of the Grand Officers of the Empire—Napoleon reviews the troops at Arras—Inauguration of the Legion of Honour—Military ceremony at Boulogne—Madame Ney—Arrival of the flotilla—Unlucky accident—Napoleon's vexation—Sneers in the English journals—My journey to Calais with Junot—Napoleon's curiosity—Regulations for the court dress of ladies—Anecdote of Napoleon's embroidered coat—Bonaparte's opinions upon ladies' dresses—Preparations for the coronation—Arrival of the Pope—Description of his appearance—Amusing incident—The Pope and Cervoni.

THE distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour took place at Boulogne, on the 15th of August 1802. I was a witness to that ceremony, which is unique in the history of the world, and which is still so fresh in my memory. When the creation of the Legion of Honour was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed, but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply-rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the Legion of Honour was not talked of. It was not until the period when the Empire was declared that the Emperor made his *classification* of the different crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that the rewards would be uniform. Junot was created a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and almost immediately after he was appointed Grand Cross. After this followed the appointment of the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire.

The Emperor now announced his intention of coming to review the troops. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except perhaps for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This, he afterwards acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability of his old aide-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and took up his abode at the house of the prefect, of whom he made minute inquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country-people, and whether the grenadiers cantoned in the little neighbouring villages had been guilty of any pillage.

On the following day he reviewed the troops, and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvres he was constantly on foot. I took M. Maret's arm, and advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognised me although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to advance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were ended, I observed the Emperor directing his horse towards the place where I stood. He rode up to me, and very kindly inquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions I dare say I replied very foolishly; but the fact was, I did not in the least expect such courtesy, and I was taken quite by surprise. The truth however is, that the mere embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire" and "Your Majesty" was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret, whose arm I held, afterwards told me that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review Junot and all the officers of his division dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day that I am

satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Napoleon had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the order of the Legion of Honour, created by the law of the 19th of May 1802. This public solemnity, which was the first that had occurred since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title, took place in the Eglise des Invalides at Paris on the 14th of July 1804. It was a grand and beautiful idea to grant a military reward, or rather to consecrate it by a permanent and ostensible sign, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier. Preparations were soon made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor distributed the first crosses to the dignitaries of the order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute with due formality those which were to supersede the arms of honour. Boulogne was chosen as the scene of this military solemnity. A short time before (on the 10th of July 1804) the Emperor had revived an institution very different from that of the Legion of Honour, the basis of the latter being valour and loyalty. The department of the minister of the police was re-established, and Fouché, who had again ingratiated himself in the favour of his master, was placed at the head of this State inquisition. Every individual to whom arms of honour had been awarded received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil, and Amiens, sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birthday and the festival of his brothers-in-arms. Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners that had been taken from the enemies of France. On

the steps of the throne were ranged the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire whom Napoleon had selected from amongst the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition.

In a valley cut by the hands of Nature there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre, or rather at the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There was seated, in all the splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon-balls, and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme violence, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels then cruising in the straits.

I had the pleasure of meeting, on this occasion, Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, and had received a most finished education. She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the court of France. Those ladies were, it is true, for the most part perfectly amiable and well-bred, but they were young and inexperienced; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes led into gross absurdities. The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of hauteur,

though from them better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief. The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman ;. and her lively manners and accomplishments enhanced her personal graces. It may easily be imagined that I was not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Boulogne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the throne, and after receiving his cross and ribbon from the Emperor's hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory. It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the minister of the marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his dignity of marshal, now and then looked through the glass, and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that *something* was expected. At length the minister of the marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne. All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different neighbouring ports and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of the 15th of August as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats

stationed in the port of Boulogne, in sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while, at the same time, he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès—who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech—warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the seaside, who hurried to their assistance, excited much alarm. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, and I believe one man only was drowned.[1] The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening as it did in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about being served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

On the very evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais next morning. He told me I might accom-

[1] At least such was stated at the time to be the fact; perhaps the truth was disguised to prevent our enemies from ridiculing us. This they took care to do, however; the English papers abounded with jeers about our *nut-shells*, as they styled the gunboats.

pany him if I chose, but that, owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass a whole day in Calais, "unless," said he, "you consent to set out to-night immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us. On my return the Emperor asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais, and Dessein's Hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in several places in our route. I mention this fact, though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly he had no need of my opinion, nor my remarks upon anything which referred to that part of the French coast; but I had eyes and ears, and, being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer.

On our return to Arras I observed a twofold activity prevailed in all that related to the manœuvres of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved, alternately, on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the imperial guard. On his return from one of these journeys Junot informed me of a circumstance which at the time I thought very extraordinary: this was the introduction of a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque*,[1] which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands

[1] The Gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his court, which was composed of men who had rendered honourable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband. This sumptuary regulation was at first rigidly observed.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a curious circumstance. Every one who frequented the Tuileries about the period I allude to must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffety, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive, oak, and laurel. This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black cravat, and all the other component parts of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon*, and its history is as follows:—

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to exert his endeavours to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. As soon as it was finished, he took it to M. Chaptal, the minister of the interior. The minister was struck with the beauty of the work. "But," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat!—he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer?"—"I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do." Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty of the garment, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Levacher was at first somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his

success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons, which was dying amidst the regeneration of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons; and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn—a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a court which was yet entirely republican. "I will not deny," he remarked, "that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume; but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated." Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which every one thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

Bonaparte expressed a decided dislike to the *percales* and muslins,[1] which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly-starched gown; but as it was then the fashion for the ladies' dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked ridiculous. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. "That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies," said he. "I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, and silk, and then my manufactures will flourish."

Napoleon's coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (2d December), and Junot was summoned to

[1] *Percales* and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of the grenadiers at Arras, whither Junot did not afterwards return. On my arrival in town I found my house filled with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gaiety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass; and, to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second-floor window near the gate of the church. The sight-hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond known by the name of the Regent;—and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewellers—in short, tradesmen of every description —were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this instant of universal joy the Pope arrived in Paris. His Holiness was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of showing him the honours due not only to his dignity as a sovereign and the head of the Church, but also to his personal virtues. The countenance of Pius VII. has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits; none that I have seen accurately portray his mild and intelligent features. His extremely pallid complexion and jet black hair, together with his white robes, produced altogether

Elisa Buonaparte

GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY

a singular effect. When I was presented to him,[1] his venerable appearance inspired me with a feeling of interest, independent of the respect I owed to the head of the Church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a relique, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian. On the Pope's arrival in Paris all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a repugnance to it which gave umbrage to the Emperor. On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillon de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the Holy Father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier-general, was military commandant of the city. It was even said that he ordered the arrest of Pius VII. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius. When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the generals, the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. "*Come lei parla bene l'Italiano. . . .*" said His Holiness. "*Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.*"—"*Oh! . . .*"—"*Sono Corso.*"—"*Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*"—"*Sono Cervoni.*"—"*Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . .*" And at each exclamation the Holy Father retreated a few paces backwards, until at length he got

[1] Whenever a female is presented to the Pope it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but His Holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.

close to the chimney and could go no farther. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence. It was irresistibly humorous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice; while the Pope, on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope: he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance; but at the period alluded to he was a young and handsome man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Formation of the new Court—Madame Lavalette—Madame de la Rochefoucauld—Madame Maret, Madame Savary, Madame de Ca . . . y, Mesdames Lannes and Durosnel—The households of the Princesses—M. d'Aligre—The Princess Eliza—Dispute between her and Napoleon—Madame Leclerc—Her widowhood—Marriage—The Prince Borghèse—The bride's visit to St. Cloud—Her vanity—Marmont's disgrace—The author of it—Votes of the nation—Napoleon's severity to Lucien and Jerome—Madame Lætitia's maternal feeling—Ceremony of the coronation—Demeanour of the Emperor and the Empress—The crown of Charlemagne—Ominous fall of a stone—Conversation with Napoleon.

AT the period of my arrival in Paris all minds were occupied with a very important affair, viz. the formation of the new court then about to be established. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender had already manifested itself in the most active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte, who was of an easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry; in short, she was assailed by that numerous troop composed almost exclusively of the enemies of the Emperor, and whose influence was so fatal to him in 1814. At the time of the coronation this crowd of expectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France, and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor. Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz. *the system of fusion*, about which he said so much at St. Helena; and this is the only excuse for the grievous

error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who, but a few years before, had spoken of his downfall as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were truly attached to him saw this error and pointed it out to him; but he was deaf to their remonstrances.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of the generals and grand officers of the empire. Madame de Lavalette was appointed *dame d'atours*, or tire-woman, and Madame de Larochefoucauld, lady of honour.[1] The new court was refulgent with a species of glory, which women regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz. elegance and beauty. Of the princesses and the young females who formed the court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty. Among these was Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely-turned figure were equally admired with her purity of taste and elegance of manner. Madame Savary, who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but who had one fault, which was, that though she dressed well, yet there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonise thoroughly with the rest. Madame Lannes's fine features resembled Raphael's or Correggio's most exquisite Madonnas. But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca . . . y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the Muses. In her were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich silken, hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance.

Madame Durosnel, whose attractions consisted in her fine blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes; in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest

[1] I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de Larochefoucauld to that important post; it is certain that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and elegant court in Europe.

ivory teeth in the world; a profusion of fair hair, a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion, and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Durosnel was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father.

The households of the princesses were formed with a more direct view to the *fusion system* than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them, being heads of families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a colouring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed the Faubourg St. Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her mediation that the life of the Marquis de Rivière was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs. The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Faubourg St. Germain, with the exception, perhaps, of one of her ladies, Madame de Br . . . n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, was disposed to join the princess in the pursuit of science; for, in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchesse du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, and her imperative disposition, which reduced her husband to the rank of first officer of her household, were all points of resemblance between the two women. The parallel, however, is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at St. Cloud, after a sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV.—Rotrou's *Wenceslaus*. Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and every one knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladis-

laus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly that the play was good for nothing. Then referring to *Cinna*, the *Cid*, and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying: "This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza entertained a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced an attack on Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which certainly are neither impartial nor just in any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he knew to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming: "This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchesse du Maine." The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of *Alzire*, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of Alzire, and played it *en caricature.*

The drawing-room of St. Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented on another occasion a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable. Madame Leclerc lost her husband at St. Domingo; she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains on board the same vessel which had conveyed him to the island a few months before in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse. Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from St. Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite

of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me one day. "If my brother determines to shut me out from the world I will put an end to my existence at once." Junot observed that, though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Callipyges, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said: "Come and see me often, Junot; you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghèse. When I saw the prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete nullity of intellect.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghèse to her sister-in-law, Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the rivalry which existed between these two ladies, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character, her excessive vanity, her constant endeavour to be thought not only the most beautiful, but the most brilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendour! The evening she came to St. Cloud to be introduced as the Princess Borghèse to Madame Bonaparte exhibited one of the most striking traits in her character. It may well be conceived that her toilet that day was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering of every colour, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which, with no great regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then called a

Mathilde. Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display on her person was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance certainly made her look extremely beautiful. Her intention was obviously to mortify her sister-in-law, and she seemed to revel in her triumph. She was a princess; the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed round the room, she came and sat next me. "Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she, "they are ready to burst with envy! But 'tis no matter, I am a princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression when I was at Rome in 1818; I then saw her at the Borghèse Palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus she was not only the first princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amidst all the disasters of her relatives.

Although a general joy pervaded all minds at this moment, Junot was vexed that the name of his friend Marmont did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the Empire; he was neither created a grand officer of the Empire nor a grand officer of the Crown. Such a sincere feeling of friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother-in-arms, that he was perfectly distressed at this sort of disgrace inflicted on him. Junot assured me that he knew the author of it, though from motives of prudence to Marmont he would not inform him of the matter. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked I was not surprised; for to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual in question, who, holding as he did the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honourable line of

conduct instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. Some time after the coronation, Prince Eugène having been appointed grand chancellor of State, the rank of colonel-general of chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December the conservative senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the Empire there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the Consulate for life there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon. She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown which next day he was to place on her head in the eyes of France; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disappointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace,' said she; "but Bonaparte" (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the Empire) "impatiently rejected my suit, and I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's constant severity towards his brother, and a brother, too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jauberton was alleged to be the unpardonable offence he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien formed the real objection to his recall to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor towards his brother was the conduct of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation

Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son, Jerome, was excluded from the family circle which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jerome had married Miss Patterson in America. Though he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau;* conceiving that as head of the Government he was also the head of his family. Jerome had left America to return to Europe. Madame Lætitia informed the Emperor of his departure; and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I make no comment on this severity; subsequent events may or may not have justified it; of that the reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was, at the time of the coronation in Rome, without either title or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation. This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by herself.

Before daybreak on the 2d of December all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilet. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour. I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess of Ragusa as Junot was with her husband, though she afterwards quarrelled with me, for some reason that I never could discover. We arranged to go together to Notre Dame, and we set out at half-past seven in the morning. As for

Junot, he was to carry one of the honours of Charlemagne —the ball or the hand of Justice, I do not now recollect which. We accordingly left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of State, and tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris;—altogether presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the

streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied from the direction of his eyes that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:—"Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint Emperor in your name.*" Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *crown of Charlemagne*, from the altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head.[1] At

[1] At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which nevertheless furnish food for superstition. For several months previous to the coronation the ancient roof and walls of Notre Dame had been unmercifully hammered by the workmen employed in fixing up the decorations; and several small particles of stone which had been thus loosened fell during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment when Napoleon seized the crown and placed it on his own head, a stone about the size

that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg St. Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed with peculiar grace every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that

of a nut fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor which could enable me to guess whether or not he felt the stone touch him; but small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell, it is scarcely possible to believe he could be unconscious of the circumstance.

of the Empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. My position enabled me fortunately to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the altar to return to his throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose eagle eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognised me in the little corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections; that he thought of the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house, and the ride in a carriage with my mother, when, returning from Saint Cyr, he exclaimed: "*Oh! si j'étais le maître!*"

When I saw the Emperor a few days afterwards, he said: "Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation?" This question took me so by surprise that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning?" continued he. "Oh, Sire!" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts. "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that sombre, I may almost say sinister colour?"—"Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly em-

broidered with gold,[1] and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was anything unsuitable in my dress, not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full court costume."—"Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you like certain other ladies, because they have not been appointed *dames du palais?* I do not like sulkiness and ill-humour."—"Sire, I have shown no ill-humour; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make double appointments in your household and that of the Empress, and that when the husband is one of the military household the wife cannot be a *dame du palais.*"—"Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are queens they are intriguers; remember that, Madame Junot. But now tell me, are you not vexed at not being appointed *dame du palais?* Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid."—"I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me."—"Come, come, let me have an answer."—"Then I am not vexed."—"How?"—"Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to positive subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the court of the Empress should be framed on the model of a military code." Napoleon laughed. "Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said: "Poor Junot; did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2d of December?"—"Perhaps Junot, Sire." Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old

[1] The fact is, that black or dark-coloured velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied: "You ask me who General Bonaparte is. He is one of those men whom Nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the *First Consul* when he passed through Dijon after the battle of Marengo, and the *Emperor* appeared quite struck with the recollection which I called to his mind. The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the war minister or M. de Talleyrand, I do not precisely remember which.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Junot appointed ambassador to Portugal—He hesitates to accept the appointment—Lord Robert Fitzgerald and his lady—Marshal Lannes recalled—Cambacérès—Opening of the legislative body—Letter from Napoleon to the King of England—Departure of a squadron to Dominica—Its success—Detailed instructions given to me by the Emperor—Preparations for my departure—Court dresses and hoops—M. d'Arango—Junot's farewell interview with Napoleon—Our departure from Paris—Honours paid to Junot on the route—Arrival at Bayonne—Alphonso Pignatelli's offer of his house at Madrid—Entrance into Spain.

ONE day Junot returned home with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible, but which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said; "Well, why are you dissatisfied?"—"Because," replied Junot, "I am not calculated for diplomacy, and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the Court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape. England is all-powerful at Lisbon; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us as well as Prussia and Russia; therefore you may well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal amidst the firing of cannon and musketry." I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However, as this was an affair which might place Junot in a

situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent.

There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it. Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was disliked at Lisbon and wished to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled. At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris in 1790, filled the office of English ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished, though cold manners, or a more dignified address. His personal appearance, too, was in his favour, and formed a singular contrast to that of his wife, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective. It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased either with the husband or the wife, though the conduct of the former was strictly courteous. Lannes disliked all the English embassy,[1] not excepting Lord Strangford, who at that period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose that in the midst of a foreign court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional interview of diplomatic and courtly life by the sweetness of her manner and her admirable beauty; but Lady

[1] Amongst other vexations, Lannes was greatly annoyed at Lord Robert's taking precedence of him in all points of etiquette. This feeling exploded in rather a rough manner on the occasion of their respective carriages meeting on the road to Queluz. Lannes's coachman, wishing to humour his master's animosity, drove so violently against the lighter vehicle, in which the English ambassador was seated, that it was overturned in a ditch.

Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal to practise the arts of policy and dissimulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either serving as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the first military division which was separated from the governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue Governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France. Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the arch-chancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Junot highly esteemed. The arch-chancellor listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy. "But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivances and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?" —"Do not make a bugbear of that," replied Cambacérès, "the more especially as I have this bit of advice to give you: continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear general, *you must obey His Majesty.*"

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris without the greatest mortification. I was young; Paris was then a sort of fairyland. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was of too tender an age to undertake so long a journey. These considerations distressed me. Besides, Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England.

Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a

secret and important mission to the Court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French ambassador. Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his allies in the South. Portugal was neutral, but so wily as to require close watching; and Spain was so wretchedly governed that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied and threatened to convulse Europe again with her quarrels. Spain, too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year; the question was, would the Spanish Government maintain faith towards us as long as our interests required it?

A great and imposing ceremony took place towards the end of December; namely, the opening of the Legislative Assembly. The Emperor was upon that occasion what he was so often during the glorious years which commenced his immortal era. His speech was simple and dignified. He demanded justice for the French people against the bad faith of England, and accused the latter of wishing to disturb the peace of Europe. In the month of January 1805 the Emperor wrote to the King of England. He addressed his letter directly to the monarch; it was in the following terms:—"I do not see any dishonour in making the first advances. I have, I believe, proved to the world that I do not fear the chances of war; but peace is now the wish of my heart. I beseech your Majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world. Do not leave that pleasure to your successors. I wish your Majesty could be convinced of one truth, viz. that a new coalition can tend only to augment the greatness and the continental preponderance of France."

Events proved, during that same year, that the Emperor was correct in this assertion. The above is the letter which has been so strangely described in publications as scurrilous as they are false. This noble step on the part of Napoleon, so free from all petty ambition and vanity, has been represented as having been written,

not only to deceive the French people, but to afford the Emperor an opportunity of treating with a crowned head as an equal. Is it likely that at the most brilliant period of Napoleon's glory, when he was the adored and legally-recognised sovereign of the greatest nation of Europe, he should have wished to treat, from mere motives of vanity, with a lunatic monarch, and such a prince as the Prince of Wales? The persons who make these absurd charges against Napoleon think it very proper that the *English minister* should have returned an answer to the *French minister* (M. de Talleyrand), giving him, instead of reasons, impertinent evasions. "His Majesty," concluded the English minister, "cannot give a more particular answer to the communication which has been made to him before he communicates it to the continental powers."

In the meantime a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillised these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains. About this time a squadron departed from Rochelle, notwithstanding the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port. All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Ile d'Aix on the 11th of January of the same year,—that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, three frigates, and four vessels of the line. Admiral Missiessi commanded it.

When Junot's departure was resolved upon—when I learned that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France, I lost no time in making my preparations. The

Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe towards the Portuguese and Spanish nobility. "An ambassadress," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case everywhere, but more particularly with us on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavour to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty—be not vain, but in your intercourse with the female nobility of Portugal practise much reserve and great dignity. You will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the court of Louis XVI.; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct towards them; be particularly careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the court, when you do not understand them. Bear in mind the good lesson of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed; but if you must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience: "When I say *circumspect*, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the Princesses; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye . . . Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.) "Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you."—"I know it . . . I know it . . . But you are satirical . . . You like to tell a good story. That is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French ambassador at Madrid knows

nothing at all of the imperial court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood in emigration. The Queen will therefore ask you many questions about the Empress and the court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good; but, whenever the conversation may turn on more important topics, which will happen, for the Queen of Spain is an intelligent and artful woman . . . then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the *Moniteur*. There is at Madrid a person who detests me; the Princess of the Asturias . . . Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do . . . But you speak Italian, do you not? . . . That is very lucky . . . . They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost everybody speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce." . . . I recited part of one of Petrarch's sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well . . . But be sure to recollect what I have said about *gossiping* . . . Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?"—"Very good, Sire, as far as I know."—"And with the Princess Pauline?" I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way to come to his point in the merest trifles; as, for example, in the case above mentioned. At that time libels were written in England on the personages of the imperial family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Lætitia Bonaparte in particular were represented in the most odious colours; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Lætitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels,

and they annoyed him infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian cabinets in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point to a degree which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris when you were *Madame la Commandante* . . . What you must have observed among the ladies of the foreign ministers in Paris may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English duchess, you have seen both enough to copy and avoid . . . Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with any one. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two States may go to war because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other." I could not forbear laughing. "Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald is, I understand, a perfect drum-major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us." I had similar conversations at various times with the Emperor on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance, that one of the females of the new French court should appear in a favourable light in the eyes of a people among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

A circumstance which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal was, that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of all follies, viz. the observance of old customs for no other reason than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me that in spite of all her efforts and those of the general

she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added that it was absolutely necessary that I should get my hoops made in Paris; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting anything in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy.

As I was to be presented in the spring I ordered two court dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold llama, and a hat to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers; the other was of rose-coloured silk, embroidered with silver llama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely laid on, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop: the head-dress corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles l'Olive and de Beuvry made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages. As for Junot, his presentation dress was ready: it consisted of his uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favourable opinion of their countrymen than we had hitherto entertained; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of minister for foreign affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages, and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and everything foreboded a third continental coalition. The influence of England at the courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dan-

gerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural directness he went to the Emperor: "Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation? How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the battle of Marengo! Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I conjure that you will promise to recall me whenever hostilities are likely to commence."—"I promise to do so," said the Emperor with emotion; and stretching out his hand to Junot, he added: "I give you my word of honour that I will."—"I am satisfied," replied Junot; "and I shall serve your Majesty with the greater zeal, as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance not a little tantalising to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier I was far from thinking of the gaiety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few lives have been more chequered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment, for such I considered it; and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation. I was going with the title of ambassadress to a foreign court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town through which we passed we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from mayors, prefects, sub-prefects, etc. Junot was the first ambassador whom Napoleon had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible *éclat*. On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me

and my little daughter under the charge of the gentlemen who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made inquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one *posada* (the Cross of Malta), which was neither a suitable place for me, nor a comfortable abode for any one. We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French ambassador; for Junot's suite formed a complete colony, and besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was, in some measure at least, temporarily, to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the hotel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation at Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon, without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This was not at all to my taste; for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford me materials for study and observation, and besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor. We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do. "If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the Calle del Clavel, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode.

However, I promise you, you will be poorly accommodated; there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the Cross of Malta."

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately despatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the *brasero* should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavourable an idea of Spain as he entertained; for both he and his brother hated the country. I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agréeably at the house of our banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. Now the scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same; but they seemed to be performing on another stage, with new dresses and decorations.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We enter Spain—Aspect of the country—Arrival at Madrid—An agreeable surprise—General and Madame de Beurnonville—Aranjuez—San Ildefonso—The Escurial—State of the Peninsula—Prince of the Peace—Superb road—Approach to Madrid—Description of the capital—Character of the Spaniards—Their absurd national vanity—Ladies of the Spanish court—The Marchioness de Santiago's false eyebrow—Junot's interview with Godoy—The Prince and Princess of the Asturias—Notice of the elevation of Godoy—His character—The court at Aranjuez—Road to that palace from Madrid—Beauty of its situation—My presentation to the king and queen—White gloves forbidden—The camerara-mayor—Description of Charles IV. and his queen—My conversation with their Majesties.

SPAIN in 1807, when the French army marched through it to gain the frontier of Portugal, bore no resemblance to the Spain which I beheld when I entered that ancient kingdom in the month of March 1805. I scarcely know how to describe the first aspect of a country so strangely different from ours in forms, in language, and in customs. England, separated from France as it is by the channel, is even less different from our country than is Spain from the last French village upon the banks of the Bidassoa. I left St. Jean de Luz in the morning, and slept at Yrun, a miserable town on the opposite side of this streamlet, or rather marsh, in which is situated that Isle of the Conference where the dishonest said to the honest minister: "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*" The utterance of such a sentiment in 1660 might have made one expect to find in 1805 at least some vestiges of relationship between the two people. None, however, exist. Nay, notwithstanding the apparent alliance which, since the time of the Directory, was so proudly displayed—not-

withstanding the fraternity which seemed to be established between the two nations—I could easily perceive, even on the frontier, that they were not friends. The curiosity we inspired was tinctured with no kindly feeling, and I am convinced that when we put up at a *posada*, we were made to pay more for the *ruido de la casa* than would have been exacted from an Italian, or even from a heretic Englishman.

I reached Madrid on the 10th March; Junot, who was advised of my arrival, came to meet me. He was accompanied by General Beurnonville, our ambassador at Madrid, who informed me that Alphonso Pignatelli had given a very faithful description of his house, and that it was scarcely habitable. "Madame de Beurnonville," said he, "regrets exceedingly that we cannot ask you to come to our hotel; but we are very badly accommodated ourselves, and are full of complaints." This was said on our way to the Calle de Clavel, in which Pignatelli's house was situated. The two ambassadors had got into my carriage, and we soon drove up to the door of my new abode. I beheld a little white house, built exactly on the model of those of England; for many in Madrid are like those in London, whatever difference may exist in other respects between the two cities. The door was furnished with a bright brass knocker; and on entering I found myself in a neat little vestibule paved with marble, and as well sanded as if it had formed part of a Dutch habitation. The staircase was, like the house itself, small, but elegant and in good taste. We passed through an antechamber to the dining-room, and I next proceeded to examine the drawing-room and bedchamber, and was delighted with the neatness and elegance of the furniture. A good collection of pictures, French bronzes, and porcelain, completed the ornaments of this agreeable habitation, which was certainly one of the finest houses in Madrid. Junot and Beurnonville were highly amused by observing my astonishment. This little conspiracy had been got up in order to afford me the pleasure of an agreeable surprise. After resting a few hours I proceeded to the French

ambassador's, and was kindly welcomed by Madame Beurnonville. This lady was very much respected at Madrid, where her exalted birth alone would have ensured her a favourable reception. In a country where birth is everything, it is very important that an ambassador's lady should possess that qualification. The impression produced even by the Emperor's glory, reflected as it was upon his generals, was not, however, sufficient to command the respect of persons of elevated rank. A prejudice so profoundly rooted could not be removed in a day.

When I arrived at Madrid the court had quitted the Escurial for Aranjuez.[1] The customs observed at the Spanish court at this period were the same as those which prevailed in the reign of Philip II.

I will now take a retrospective glance at Madrid and Spain, as they were before the war, before the intrigues of a few obscure individuals surrounded that kingdom with snares, and by exciting the people against France, succeeded in changing totally both the moral and physical aspect of the country. I will also describe Portugal; I will paint both countries as I saw them, and the notes and correspondence I have now before me will essentially aid

[1] Aranjuez is situated in a truly picturesque and romantic spot, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, to the south-west of Madrid. The royal domicile is, as it were, entombed in verdure and luxuriant foliage, but the little attention which is bestowed upon the canals and waters which flow through the beautiful grounds render the retreat ungenial during the hot seasons. At the end of May the royal family quit Aranjuez for La Granja or San Ildefonso —wretched imitations of Versailles, the work of Philip V. La Granja is situated to the north of Madrid, upon the slope of a chain of high mountains. This renders it a desirable summer retreat. Consequently the royal family linger there till June, July, or August. The third *sitio* or country residence is San Lorenzo or the Escurial. On this place Philip II. has impressed the seal of his wild and savage character. The history of his reign is written upon these dreary walls. This mass of stone conveys at one and the same time the idea of a palace and a monastery, but still without the majesty of the one, or without the austerity and religious gloominess which ought to accompany the other. Here the court sojourns from September to December —in other words, during the coldest period of the year. And yet the temperature of the Escurial, built as it is in an open situation on the declivity of Guadarrama, is by no means genial. The winds rage with violence, the mountains which surround it are divested of verdure, and Nature seems to dwindle in these ever snow-clad regions, though the sun shoots his ardent rays over the barren rocks.

me in this task. When I visited Spain on my journey to Lisbon all was profound tranquillity, and such a thing as an invasion was never thought of, at least on our part. The alliance between France and Spain, on the contrary, was more friendly than ever. In all the ports of Andalusia preparations were making to join the Spanish and French fleets, and Junot was specially charged with secret despatches for the furtherance of this measure. He had occasion to confer with the Prince of the Peace on the subject of the junction, which the Emperor considered of high importance. The Spanish navy was then formidable, at all events it had a reputation. This was before the battle of Trafalgar. But I think myself particularly fortunate in having been able at the time to which I refer to glean some knowledge of the royal family, and of the man who then ruled Spain, and whose sceptre, though light as a reed, was furnished with iron points, with which he inflicted wounds on a generous people. The Prince of the Peace is one of those extraordinary characters who have obtained celebrity without any just grounds. A similar instance has occurred in Russia. The history of the Prince of the Peace presents in a striking light the melancholy results of illicit passion. I both saw and heard a great deal respecting the Prince of the Peace during my stay in Spain. These particulars I will lay before the reader.

After I passed the stone lion which marks the boundary between New and Old Castile, I never saw anything to equal the barrenness of the country. No gardens, no country-houses, no culture; nothing, in short, indicating the vicinity of a great capital. This stone lion, with its pompous inscription, stands at the entrance of the very finest road I ever beheld. It was a Roman way in the best times of Rome, when she left in distant kingdoms those vestiges of her grandeur which are still found after the lapse of ages. How strange that vanity should have induced its founder, Ferdinand VI., to erect so pompous a monument to commemorate the formation of a few leagues of road, in a tract of country presenting not a single house

or a trace of culture! and for this, to style himself the father of his country!

But though the approach to Madrid produces so unfavourable an impression, yet the appearance of the city on first entering it is nevertheless grand and imposing. The streets are long and straight; the Calle de Alcala where the French ambassador resided, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It is terminated at one end by the magnificent promenade of the Prado, and the fine palace of the Duke of Alva, and at the other by La Puerta del Sol. The great street of Toledo, of which so much is said in Gil Blas, and in the Spanish romances, and the street of Atocha, are finer than any in London or Paris. For a long period Madrid was but a little town of no note belonging to the Archbishop of Toledo. Philip II. first made it a royal residence. He was influenced in his choice by the salubrity of the air of Madrid and its fine waters, of which there is an abundant supply. Fountains are to be seen in every quarter of the city, which, for execution and design, are execrable—a rather extraordinary circumstance, considering that they were erected at the epoch of the revival of the arts, when Spain produced so many splendid works. I can bear testimony to the fine quality of the water they supply. Its excellence arises, I fancy, from the many meanderings it is obliged to make.

I entertain the highest admiration for the Spanish character; I have studied it at different periods; I have seen it as it really is—lofty, generous, and magnanimous; I have remarked its virtues and defects; but the latter are rather the effect of circumstances than of disposition. The Spaniards are remarkable for command of temper, and are distinguished by great patience; the latter virtue was particularly fatal to us in our unfortunate expedition against them; for with it were combined uniform affection for their sovereign, and a superstition which the monks turned to their own profit the more easily, as the Spaniards are, at least were, sincerely devout. I am aware that a poison, extremely dangerous to an unenlightened

people, has since insinuated itself among them, viz. a superficial education engendering infidelity and free-thinking. This is one of the legacies we have left them. The piety of the women presented a peculiarity which surprised me: it was directed exclusively to the Virgin. In Spain the Virgin is adored under a thousand different names, and each day is sacred to some new ceremony. The vast array of saints whom they invoke in their prayers, in preference even to the names of the Almighty or the Saviour, was a circumstance sufficiently calculated to astonish a Frenchwoman; for our religion is simple in its forms compared to that of the Spaniards. What is related of the horror entertained by the Spaniards for drunkenness is perfectly true. Before the invasion, when I crossed the Peninsula from one end to the other, I saw but two men in a state of inebriation, the one a Frenchman and the other a Catalan, a sailor, and so ignorant that he knew nothing of his country but its name.

To see the Spaniard in his native character it is necessary to go into the heart of the kingdom. Our last invasion, short as it was, has left permanent traces. Conquerors always impress some portion of their character on a conquered people. For instance, the Spaniards derive from the Moors their taste for plays, tournaments, and other shows, their respectful gallantry to females, their love of titles, and their habit of speaking in metaphor and hyperbole, their gravity in deportment and conversation, and the jealousy which renders them vindictive and distrustful. Their Gothic ancestors, the true founders of Spain, bequeathed to them freedom and probity. Their superstition may perhaps be dated from the period of the long invasion, or rather importation of the Romans, who were remarkably superstitious. Do we not see in Rome and throughout Italy the same superstition nowadays? There is one fault with which the Spaniards may justly be reproached, because it is offensive to foreigners who visit them; this is their excessive national vanity. There are few Spaniards who do not think their nation the first in the world; and they maintain this absurdity

with great positiveness. They still beguile themselves with the flattering recollection of the conquest of the new world, and of the times when Charles V. dreamt of universal monarchy. In this, indeed, they are not like us. For valour and conquest we still fancy ourselves as great as we were in the glorious days of the Revolution and the Empire, and for urbanity and elegance think ourselves equal to the subjects of Louis XIV.; while we have retrograded as far from the one as the other.

Immediately on my arrival at Madrid I was visited by many ladies of the court, some of whom manifested towards me much kindness and attention. One of these ladies, the Duchess of Ossuna, had resided long at Paris, and was distinguished for pleasing manners and gracious deportment. The Duchess's two daughters, the Marquise de Santa Cruz, and the Marchioness of Camarasa, were both highly educated and amiable women. Her house was furnished in the French style, and in the most perfect taste. Another lady of high rank, who paid me a visit as soon as she had learnt my arrival, was the Marquise d'Arizza, formerly Duchess of Berwick. Her second husband, the Marquis d'Arizza, was chief major-domo to the Queen Maria Luisa. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and at the time I knew her she still retained her fine figure and graceful deportment. When, on the morning promenade at the Prado, she alighted from her carriage, and walked up and down, attired in an elegant *basquina* and lace *mantilla*, drawing the latter from side to side with her fan to shade the eyes, as the Spaniards say, she resembled one of Andalusia's lovely daughters. She had then a son twelve years of age, who has lately been at Paris under the title of the Duke of Berwick.

I also received much attention from the Marquise de Santiago. A stranger figure than this lady was never seen. The Marquis d'Arizza had laid me a wager that I could not look at her without laughing. The poor woman painted most unmercifully. The ladies of Charles II.'s court would have looked pale beside her. Her daily operation of painting being ended, she made herself a pair of finely-

arched black eyebrows, which she fixed above a pair of immense eyes, which were constantly on the broad stare. These same eyebrows gave rise to a laughable incident which I heard related at the house of the Marquise d'Arizza. There was a party at Aranjuez, and the company were in the height of gaiety, dancing and laughing, when the Marquise de Santiago was announced. Though she was then somewhat younger, she painted as thickly as when further advanced in life, and she was attended then, as she still was at the age of sixty, by a *cavaliere servente*, or, to use the Spanish term, a *cortejo*. The marquise arrived late, and apologised by saying that the beauty of the evening had tempted her to take the air in the Calle de la Reyna. Whilst she spoke a universal titter prevailed through the room. Her appearance, which was at all times singular, was at this moment irresistibly droll. She had but one eyebrow! As Nature had in her case been very sparing of this feature, and as the one which attracted attention was black as jet, the contrast was complete. She herself had no suspicion that anything was wrong. The *cortejo* was equally unconscious. At length the mirth of the company exploded in loud peals of laughter, and the lost eyebrow was discovered to have accidentally fixed itself on the forehead of the *cortejo*.

There was at the court of Madrid at this time a lady who very much pleased me. This was Madame Carrujo from the Havannah. Her figure was rather large for a Spanish woman, but exquisitely proportioned, as indeed is always the case with those born in the colonies. These latter possess a symmetry of form which even the fair Andalusians cannot boast of.

Junot, who was very anxious to have an interview with Godoy, the Prince of the Peace,[1] saw him on the day

[1] Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajoz in Estremadura. His father was a petty provincial gentleman, a kind of country squire. Manuel had an elder brother, Luis, who, I believe, through the patronage of the Duc de l'Infantado, entered the bodyguards. Don Luis was a tall handsome young man, something like his brother, and he speedily attracted the notice of a lady, who, though herself filling the most exalted rank, nevertheless scrupled not to select her favourites from the lowest classes of society. Luis was soon established in her good graces, and got his brother entered in the same company of

after his arrival. The prince knew that he had to make an important communication from the Emperor Napoleon, and, although the cannon of Austerlitz had not yet been heard, Spain was the most faithful ally of France; as much from interest, it may be believed, as from friendship. The Prince of the Peace wished to please the Emperor, and was exceedingly gracious during this interview with Junot, who came home quite captivated by him. "Berthier was talking nonsense," he said, "when he spoke ill of this man. He is described as being insolent, but I consider him merely a courtier, such as I can imagine the gentlemen of the court of Philip V. to have been. He does not like the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, and he informs me that we shall not meet with a good reception in that quarter. He says that France has no greater enemy than the Prince Royal, and added that, it is his wife, the daughter of the King of Naples, who has excited him against us, merely because France is the ally of Spain." Junot informed me that the prince exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur, Spain will some day have in him a king who will render her very unfortunate! This double alliance with the house of Naples forms a bond which connects us with Austria, to whom a third daughter of the King of Naples is married. All these women have combined against France. Her new glory mortifies them, and perhaps you will scarcely believe that this new league is planned and directed by the Queen of Naples herself. Our gracious queen, whom Heaven preserve, opposes this influence with all the powers of her mind and her natural affection for her son; but, general . . . " and he struck his breast with his right hand and shook his head repeatedly.

"I am astonished at what you tell me," said I to

the bodyguards. But the lady who had so graciously noticed him was not remarkable for the stability of her affections. Manuel was probably handsomer and more agreeable than his brother. In short, he pleased; and his elevation was rapid. In course of time he was created first Duc de l'Alcudia, and next Prince of the Peace. This last dignity appeared the more extraordinary, because the title of prince is never conferred on Spanish subjects. It was on the occasion of the treaty of peace, signed in 1797, between the French Republic and Spain, that the Duc de l'Alcudia received that signal mark of favour.

Junot; "I have often heard my uncle Demetrius speak of the Princess of Naples, who is now Princess of the Asturias. He knew her at Naples, and described her as a charming creature, beautiful and interesting; able to converse in seven or eight languages; an excellent musician and artist; and, in short, a highly-accomplished woman. The Prince of the Peace must talk nonsense." Junot rejoined: "May not a princess be accomplished in the sense in which you understand the word, and yet be the most malicious person in the world?"

It would be a mistake to suppose, notwithstanding all shat has been said of him, that the Prince of the Peace was utterly devoid of talent. He possessed considerable threwdness, good sense, and judgment, combined with an aptitude for business, the more remarkable in a Spaniard, as they are usually very inactive. These qualities seemed calculated to render him a good minister; but, on the contrary, what misfortunes did his administration bring upon Spain! I believe Godoy's intentions to have been good, as a minister and a patriot. He encouraged the arts; and by his orders travellers were sent from Spain to different parts of the world, in order to bring back to their native country information on science and manufactures; he constructed bridges and roads; he opposed the Inquisition, and in this conflict—the most serious perhaps that was ever maintained between the throne and the altar—the temporal authority was triumphant. How, then, are we to account for the misery which resulted from the government of the Prince of the Peace? On what was grounded the hatred of the whole nation towards that one man? There must have been some good reasons for this, for it seldom happens in such cases that the judgment of the mass of a nation is erroneous.

The court, as I have already mentioned, was at Aranjuez when we arrived in Madrid. Junot went there first without me; and it was determined that I should be presented on the 24th of March, *en confidencia*—that is to say, without the formality of a full court dress and hoop. We set out from Madrid on the 23rd of March,

at four in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Aranjuez that night, so that I might be presented to their Majesties next day at half-past one,—that is to say, immediately after their dinner, and before His Majesty went out to hunt. On leaving Madrid we crossed the Mançanarez by the bridge built in the reign of Philip II. by Juan de Herrera, and in allusion to which a wit of the time observed, that "now the bridge is made for the river, it will be well to make a river for the bridge." At a little distance farther on we again crossed the Mançanarez, but by fording it; after which we found ourselves on the magnificent road leading to Aranjuez, which is bordered merely by a few miserable-looking olive trees. This road, which is six leagues in length, runs in a straight line, and is so perfectly smooth that the carriage rolled along as swiftly as though we had been flying. In this way we descended into the lovely valley in which is situated the royal *sitio* of Aranjuez. The descriptions which the poets have given us of Arcadia, the valley of Tempé, and all the spots most favoured by Heaven, do not excel the beauty of Aranjuez. On entering the valley, all trace is lost of the chalky plains of New Castile. Instead of barrenness, the eye dwells on a picture of luxuriant fertility. Nothing is seen but verdure, flowers, and trees laden with fruit. A balmy fragrance perfumes the air. In short, one seems to be transported to another world, and to enjoy a new existence. The palace is not fine; it is nothing more than a small plain country-house, such as might be the abode of any wealthy private gentleman. The Tagus surrounds the palace, and forms a very pretty artificial cascade in front of a parterre beneath the windows. The water is so close to the walls that the king can enjoy the amusement of fishing from his terrace.

I was so enchanted with this earthly paradise that I could have wished to spend the whole day in wandering over the grounds, instead of retiring to my chamber to array myself in full dress at broad noonday. However, I had no choice, and in due time I commenced the important preparations for my presentation. I put on a

dress such as I should have worn at the imperial court, and my head-dress was composed of diamonds. I should have preferred pearls; for diamonds appeared to me to have too glaring an effect for daylight. But whenever I hinted at the idea of wearing pearls to the Marquise d'Arizza and some other ladies, they were as much shocked as if I had intended to insult their queen. I consequently put on my diamonds. These ladies told me one thing which appeared so ridiculous that I thought they were only hoaxing me. They assured me that the queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchesse d'Ossuna, "or you will get into disgrace." I laughed at this, and when I was dressed, never doubting but that what I had been told was a mere joke, I put on a pair of white gloves. But on arriving at the door of the apartment in which their Majesties were to receive me, the *camerara-mayor* touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient, and I felt myself getting a little out of humour. That I, a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, who held no rank at the court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have their own way, and consequently I found myself in open rebellion against the *camerara-mayor*, and resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed: "No, no, Senora!" to which she replied: "Senora Ambassadress, it is indispensable."

At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled, and seizing my arm with her little, dingy, shrivelled hands she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of longer resistance, and I submitted to the ceremony with a good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of

the queen's apartment, and then looking at my hands, she exclaimed: "*Jesus! . . . Jesus! . . . how very pretty . . . Oh! . . .*" She evidently wished to console me and to remove the embarrassment I naturally felt at entering the presence-chamber in a trained dress, diamonds, and bare arms. The *camerara-mayor* then entered to receive the commands of their Majesties, and on her return I was immediately ushered in.

The king and queen were standing very near the door, so near it, indeed, that on entering I scarcely found room to make my three curtsies. The queen advanced to me and received me with pleasing condescension. She entered into conversation with me about my journey, with an air of interest which certainly could not be sincere, as she must have cared very little about me; but she appeared to do so, and this appearance is always gratifying on the part of a sovereign. She seemed to me to be still a fine woman, though she was then growing stout, and was getting a double chin, like Catherine II., which imparted a matronly appearance to her countenance. She, nevertheless, wore a *coiffure à la grecque* with pearls and diamonds plaited along with her hair, or rather her wig. Her dress, which consisted of a slip of yellow taffety, covered with a robe of beautiful English point lace, was cut exceedingly low on the neck and shoulders. Her arms were without gloves, and adorned with bracelets composed of magnificent pearls, each clasp consisting of a single ruby, the finest I ever beheld. I could not help thinking of my adventure with the *camerara-mayor* when I saw the queen's bare arms, which, as well as her hands, were exceedingly beautiful. A smile, which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to Her Majesty what was passing in my mind. "I suppose," said she, "you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves? It is a custom, of which you, Madame, at least have no reason to complain, for your hands are made to be seen."

Charles IV.'s figure and appearance were perfectly original. He was tall, his hair was gray and very thin,

and his extremely long nose did not tend to improve a countenance naturally devoid of intelligence, though it had an expression of good nature and benevolence. His toilet, when I had the honour of seeing him, was not calculated to set off his personal appearance. He wore a blue frock-coat of very coarse cloth, with yellow metal buttons, buckskin small-clothes, blue stockings drawn up over his knees, after the fashion of our grandfathers about a century ago, and over the stockings a pair of gaiters. I afterwards learned that this was his hunting-dress. Hunting was an amusement, or in his case I may more properly call it a fatigue, of which he was exceedingly fond. Like his father, he went out to the chase every day of his life, let the weather be foul or fair. "Rain breaks no bones," he used to say.[1] Every day after dinner he would get into his carriage and take a drive of seven or eight leagues before he commenced hunting. In conformity with old etiquette, the foreign ministers were admitted to pay their respects to the king twice a week: the day on which I was presented was one of these demi-reception days.

After speaking to me about my journey, and inquiring after the health of my little daughter, the queen suddenly changed the conversation, and asked me some questions relative to the Empress Josephine. However, she did not say much on that subject, for I managed to change the conversation: from the few words which fell from the queen I could easily perceive that the idea she had formed of the Empress was not founded merely on her own judgment. "How does she dress?" inquired she. "In the most elegant and tasteful style," I replied. "We take her as a model in all that relates to dress, not merely because she is our sovereign, but because her exquisite taste prompts her to wear everything that is most graceful and becoming." "Does she wear rouge?" I answered "No," which at that time was really true. The Empress certainly rouged at a later period of her life; but I never

[1] When one of his sons was on his death-bed, he went out daily to hunt with as much indifference as though the child had been perfectly well. "What can I do for him?" was all the sympathy he expressed.

recollect having seen her wear it during the Consulate or the beginning of the Empire. "And flowers—does she wear artificial flowers?" continued Her Majesty. I replied in the affirmative. But these short answers were not satisfactory. I was obliged to be more specific, and accordingly described some of the dresses which the Empress had worn at *fêtes* in honour of the coronation. The queen then said to me: "Have you seen my daughter, the Queen of Etruria? Do you not think she is very much like me?" This question quite embarrassed me, and I was at a loss what to say, for it is impossible to imagine a more ordinary woman than the Queen of Etruria. I feared Her Majesty was laying a snare for me; I never could have conceived that maternal love was so blind. However, there was something in the queen's manner which convinced me of her sincerity, and I answered that the Queen of Etruria was remarkably like Her Majesty. "Oh!" resumed the the queen; "she is not to be compared to my Carlotta at Lisbon—she presents a strong resemblance both to her father and me; observe her well when you see her. She is like her father in the upper part of the face, and like me in the lower parts."

It was curious enough that all this was perfectly true, and yet the princess was very ugly, and the Queen of Spain possessed the remains of beauty. She certainly could not be called very handsome at the time when I saw her (1804-5). She had then lost her teeth, and the artificial set which replaced them was no very good specimen of the dentist's skill. As to the king, he nodded assent to all that Luisa said, and looked at me with an air of good nature. However, he did not seem to be quite pleased at being excluded from the conversation, and when he could find an opportunity of getting in a word, he asked me what I had thought of the *coches de colleras*. He said I must have been much astonished at seeing them drawn by mules, and added, that of course I had never seen such animals before. At this remark I could not really refrain from laughing, for I was then a lively, giddy young woman; but, speedily recovering my gravity, I informed

His Majesty that all his finest mules were brought from one of our French provinces, namely, from Poitou. I shall never forget the expression of stupid astonishment that was depicted in the king's countenance on hearing this. He stared at me, and looked as incredulous as if I had told him that Peru was in Madrid. "Did you know that, Luisa?" said he, turning to the queen. Her Majesty, by a nod, answered in the affirmative. Then, after a pause and looking earnestly at me, she said, addressing the king: "Is not Madame Junot very much like a Spanish lady: she has the complexion, the eyes, and the hair of a Spaniard?"—"Yes, yes," said the king, rubbing his hands and smiling, "*La Senora es Espanola.*" —"And yet," resumed the queen, addressing me, "you are a native of France, are you not? You were not born in Greece? My daughter-in-law, to whom I was speaking about you yesterday, tells me that she saw in Naples an individual of your name, a Prince Comnenus. Is he your father or your brother?"—"He is my uncle, Madame," I replied, and explained to her that my name was not Comnenus, and that I was connected with that family only on my mother's side.

I then took leave of the king and queen after this very long audience. This first interview with the King and Queen of Spain left an impression on my memory which time can never efface. At a period not far distant I had an opportunity of evincing my grateful recollection of the marks of kindness their Majesties were pleased to confer on me. This was at the time when they were so cruelly confined at Marseilles by the order of the Emperor. My brother was still in that town, and was impelled by the generosity of his character to alleviate the sufferings of these noble fugitives.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Prince of the Peace—His familiar manners in the presence of the king and queen—Married to a Bourbon princess—Hated by his wife—His connection with Madame Tudo—Anecdote of Mayo, a rival favourite—The queen's talent for conversation—The king's feeble attempts at music—Princess of the Asturias—Recollections of Aranjuez—Court Promenade—Remarkable picture at Madrid—Rencontre with Tallien—Junot's opinion of Godoy.

THERE is one particular which I passed over in silence when describing my royal presentation; but which is nevertheless worthy of notice. On entering the audience-chamber I had scarcely room to move, as the king and queen were both standing very near the door. The room appeared to be about twenty-five feet by eighteen. This was a moderate size, and enabled me to see very well every object that was in it; and however indecorous it might be to look over the shoulder of the queen, the singular spectacle which presented itself to my eyes might well excuse my neglect of etiquette. I beheld a man at the other end of the apartment whose attitude and bearing appeared to me particularly ill suited to the audience-chamber of royalty. This man appeared to be thirty-four or thirty-five years of age; his countenance was of that description which a fine, well-grown, hearty young man usually presents; but there was no trace of dignity in his appearance. The individual whom I am now describing was covered with decorations of all sorts. He wore the first order of Spain, that of the Golden Fleece, together with that of St. Januarius, the order of Charles III., of St. Ferdinand, of Malta, and of Christ.

I might therefore reasonably suppose that this man was an important personage, and I was not wrong; he was the Prince of the Peace. I was struck with surprise at his free and easy manner. He was leaning, or rather lying, upon a *console* at the farther end of the apartment, and was playing with a curtain tassel which was within his reach.

At the time to which I allude his favour at the court was immense, and beyond all example, even in a country where, for many reigns, past monarchs have possessed no other privilege than that of seating themselves on a throne, whose power they place in the hands of a *privado*. But the Prince of the Peace enjoyed the favour of both king and queen, and when *Manuelito* was not with Charles IV. he was sent for; for the king could ill brook his absence. He at this time had the title of Prince, which no nobleman of Spanish origin had yet borne without having a precise claim to it. He was prime minister, counsellor of State, commander of four companies of life guards, generalissimo of the forces by sea and land,—a rank which no person had ever possessed in Spain before him, and which was created expressly to give him precedence over the captains-general. This astonishing favour had its source in the cause to which I have already alluded. I should add that he had lately married a princess of the house of Bourbon, the daughter of the Infant Don Louis, and sister of the Archbishop of Toledo. About this marriage I heard strange stories when I first passed some weeks at Madrid. Both parties detested each other; but nothing could equal the hatred which the Princess of the Peace entertained for the individual whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband.

"You would have a bad reception from her," said Beurnonville to Junot, "if she should imagine that you are on good terms with the prince." The Prince of the Peace, however, said to Junot before he was presented to the princess: "She will make you amends for the grim faces which you and Madame Junot will be obliged to encounter here. When you see her you will at least have a kind reception, and see a pleasant countenance." I should

mention that the *grim* faces to which he alluded were those of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias. The Princess of the Peace hated her husband to such a degree, that one day at Madrid, after the terrible transactions of Aranjuez, being in company with my friend General Joseph Lagrange, and speaking to him of the treatment she had received from the Prince of the Peace on account of *that Tudo*, she added, pointing to her little daughter, who at that moment ran into the room: "In fact, I hate him so much that I do not like that child because she is his." Certainly it would be difficult to find any malice and badness of heart to equal this. The Prince of the Peace may not have behaved as he ought to a wife whom his sovereign had given him by way of a reward and as a pledge of their favour, but the above remark of the princess seems to exonerate him. It was then very generally reported in Madrid that he had been married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at a distance one evening in the theatre, and who appeared to me a very pretty woman. She had an hotel, in which she resided with a numerous family, who were said to belong to the Prince of the Peace. I may add that I for a long time believed, with many other persons, that the Prince of the Peace was married to Madame Tudo previously to his union with the Princess of Bourbon, and that ambition had induced him to commit the crime of bigamy. A lady, on whose veracity I can rely, assured me that she was present at the marriage of the Prince of the Peace at Rome with Madame Tudo, and that it took place after the death of the Countess of Chinchon. His marriage with the princess was therefore legal, in spite of all she alleged to the contrary.

I may here relate an anecdote which was at the time told at Madrid, and which may form an additional subject for reflection, relative to the astonishing favour enjoyed by Don Manuel Godoy. He had loved the Queen, or rather he had been beloved by her. I adopt this version in preference to the other, for he was young and handsome, and she, to speak with all the respect due to a crowned head,

was old and ugly; but his situation was a good deal like that of Potemkin;[1] but Maria Luisa was not quite so bad as Catherine, for she did not cause her husbands to be strangled. The Prince of the Peace, who had, I presume, taken Potemkin for his model, wished to imitate him in everything, and when the passion for himself was somewhat chilled he thought proper to direct the choice of new favourites. He was much offended at the introduction of a young man who had been in the guards, named Mayo. Mayo was handsome, and might become a formidable rival to him. The prince was indignant; but the young man was in possession, and it was not easy to eject him. However, Godoy avenged himself by directing against him, as well as the queen, all the epigrams which he could invent.

One day, when he was on a balcony looking into the courtyard at La Granja (San Ildefonso) with the king and queen, a carriage drove up drawn by four horses, with servants and outriders in splendid liveries; in short, the equipage was fit for a prince. "Heyday," said the king, "whom have we here?—why, it is Mayo," and with great astonishment the monarch alternately looked at Luisa and the *privado.* "I have observed for some time," added he, "that Mayo lives in great style. The other day I saw him on the Prado with an equipage more splendid than yours, Manuelito . . . What does this mean?"—"Oh, nothing extraordinary," replied the prince, casting a glance at the queen, who, firm as she was, trembled lest Manuel Godoy should be *jealous;* but he was no such fool, he had more sense.—"The thing is easily explained," said he to the king; "a foolish old woman is smitten with him, and gives him as much money as he wants."—"Indeed!" said the king, "and who is this old woman; is it the Marchioness of Santiago?"—

[1] The favour in which the Prince of the Peace was held seems extremely similar to that of Potemkin. Catherine dreaded the latter when she no longer loved him. I learned from an authentic source that the Queen of Spain stood in fear of the Prince of the Peace in a remarkable degree. Nevertheless, she died of fatigue in attending Godoy during a long and violent illness he had while they were at Rome.

The prince thought this was sufficient punishment, and changed the conversation. This was not a difficult matter with poor Charles IV. It was only necessary to say that a dog was running past and the thing was accomplished.

The queen possessed considerable talent in conversation. She was remarkably animated, she loved to talk, and she appeared to advantage when doing so, a thing very rare amongst royal personages. She was, besides, a good musician, and was very fond of music. As to the king, he had also a passion for it, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting he had a concert in his private apartment. The king took his violin and bore a part in a quartette of Hadyn, or a quintette of Boccherini. The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the king, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time at Madrid, and, like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a *tutti* passage. It was not the fault of the professors, and after a little consultation, Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the king that the fault was his. His Majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured monarch appeared quite thunderstruck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement, and then, laying down his bow, he said majestically, in Italian: "*Il re n'aspettano mai*" (the king never waits for any one).

I had a strong desire to see the Princess of the Asturias. I was told that three o'clock would be the most convenient hour to be presented to her: the princess, being fond of occupation, did not waste her time in sleep, like the inmates of Aranjuez. I had reasons for wishing to be introduced to a princess whose misfortunes interested me, and her fame extended to Europe. One naturally thinks so much of a princess who is superior to other females; and this lady was really a superior person.

A mother-in-law has not a mother's heart. A mother is proud of the merit of a daughter; a mother-in-law is jealous of it. The Queen of Naples, though certainly an ill-tempered woman, cherished an affection for her *learned*, yet unaffected daughter; but the Queen of Spain contracted her black eyebrows, and from the first day she saw her conceived an antipathy which was soon converted into hatred of her charming daughter-in-law, who in the court circle spoke to each ambassador in the language of his nation! Alas! the hatred produced by the envy of a woman has something horrible in its results. The Princess of the Asturias, at the period when I was presented to her for the first time, was still what might be called a young bride. She had been brought to Spain to marry the Prince of the Asturias (since Ferdinand VII.), and her brother, who escorted her, took back with him as his bride the Infanta Donna Maria. But neither of the two princesses wore the crowns which seemed to be in reserve for them.[1]

It would seem that crowned heads, owing to the exalted station in which they are placed, become only a surer mark for death and misfortune. What a fate awaited the Princess of the Asturias! The Prince of the Peace, whether he had or had not reason to be offended with the Prince or Princess of the Asturias, certainly treated them in a way which the heir to the throne could not endure without the desire of vengeance. It is true that kings are but men; but admitting this, it is also necessary to concede another point, namely, that if they are men they must also have the passions of men; and the spirit of revenge may invade the soul of a monarch as well as of the lowest of his subjects. However odious Ferdinand may subsequently have proved himself, it is certain that in 1805 he sought only justice. He desired

[1] When Ferdinand VII. was Napoleon's prisoner in France, he on his knees sought a wife from the Emperor. "I beseech your Majesty to give me one of your nieces," said he.—"But they will not have you."—"Then let me have one of the relations of Her Majesty the Empress."—"They will not have you either."—"Then give me," said Ferdinand, "any wife you please, so that I receive her from your hand."

that the heir to the throne should be respected; that his wife should possess a happy, or at least a peaceable home; and, finally, that they should not be insulted by Manuel Godoy. I repeat that he desired only justice. He loved the princess ardently, and she returned his affection fully and unreservedly; in fact, the attachment of this unfortunate pair was the only consolation they experienced in a life full of continually renewed grief and trouble. All that I had heard of their private history made me experience a lively emotion when I was about to be presented to them.

On entering the chamber I found the princess standing, and leaning on a table, though there was a sofa behind her. The prince, who was in the adjoining room, came in instantly, and leant his hand upon the same table with his wife. I always observed that when they were together the prince watched the eyes of the princess as if he expected her to indicate what he was to do. The princess was not very tall, yet her figure was dignified and graceful, which probably was owing to the manner in which she carried her head. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue, her fair hair seemed to denote a northern origin, and her appearance altogether presented nothing of the Italian. She had the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose; but the latter was only slightly aquiline, and not approximating to her chin like that of her father-in-law; she had a fresh colour and a plumpness which indicated exuberant health. Her arms and her hands were not beautiful, neither were her feet, which, considering her size, ought to have been small. But, upon the whole, she was exceedingly agreeable, and perfectly the princess.[1]

Her air was majestic, and at first sight she appeared rather austere, but when she smiled her countenance beamed with kindness. There was poetry in her expressive features, and though she was usually silent and reserved, yet her countenance had a speaking look. She treated me with a degree of kindness of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. Alas! a year had

[1] In the Duchess of Orleans, afterwards Queen of the French, I could perceive no trace of resemblance to her sister the Princess of the Asturias.

scarce passed away when the princess, whom I saw so full of health and bloom, was only a living corpse, calling hourly upon death to deliver her from her sufferings. The day when I first saw her she was dressed in white. Her gown, which was made in the most simple manner, was one of those pretty sprigged English muslins, which were then worn, and was trimmed only with violet and white ribbon. Her beautiful and profuse fair hair was simply, but carefully dressed. Her comb was studded with large and magnificent pearls, intermingled with diamonds. This rich simplicity struck me the more forcibly, because I had just seen in the apartment above all the luxury of dress lavished on an old woman. The queen's yellow slip appeared dirty, and the robe of English point, though worth 20,000 francs, seemed in bad taste compared with the dress of pure white worn by the young and blooming princess. I departed from the audience quite enchanted. The princess had a winning manner which I have never seen in any other person but herself, except Napoleon. She was not pretty; many persons indeed maintained that she was even ugly. It may be so; I care little about it. She appeared to me both pretty and amiable. I found her such because she wished to be so.

Having made my important visits I returned to Maria Luisa's *camerara-mayor*, according to etiquette, a matter which at this period one could not venture to neglect. The *camerara-mayor* was a little old dame, very thin, dark, and "ugly as the devil," as I heard a lady of the court observe, who, by the bye, was nevertheless a very pious person. The *camerara* laughed again at the recollection of the white gloves, and seizing my hands, she looked at them and repeated: "*Jesus! Jesus! how pretty they are!*"

Many years have passed away since I saw Aranjuez; but time has only augmented the charm attached to my recollection of that delightful place; for in all my travels I have never seen a spot which can form a fair comparison with it. It is not like anything in Switzerland, in France, in Algarve, or Italy. In fact, it is like nothing

else. It is Aranjuez—an enchanted paradise! Where else shall we find those charming fountains furnished by two rivers whose waters enclose an island in which the sun ripens the rarest fruits of every climate and of every country? Never before did I see so fresh, so green, and so beautiful a vegetation; so much pomp, so much magnificence in the most barren and most unfavoured spot in Nature. Nothing can exceed the fine effect of the island. I do not think the hand of man could add anything to it without spoiling it. *La Calle de la Reyna* is a magnificent alley, formed by elms said to be five hundred years old. It is in length more than half a Spanish league, and forms one of the grandest ornaments of Aranjuez. There I have met the queen and royal family of an evening. The princesses were accustomed to take the air each in her own carriage, never together: they drove very slowly from one end of the alley to the other several times, and whenever they met they saluted each other with a politeness which might be strictly ceremonial, but was anything but affectionate. The women, as well as the men who were promenading in the alley, stopped as soon as the princesses came near them. The ladies saluted them respectfully, and the men immediately dropped their *capa*, which the moment before they had draped in a thousand elegant folds. The queen and princesses, when they passed in front of a lady who was a favourite, and who, by her rank of Grandee of Spain might receive a public testimony of royal condescension, the princess who wished to bestow it made a friendly sign to her with the hand or the fan, as if to invite her to approach. This mark of favour was thought a great deal of. When the queen passed before the place where I had stopped, she smiled, inclined her head in a very gracious manner, and accompanied the motion with a salute of the hand. Thus, the favour shown to me was complete. When the Infantes, the king's brothers, returned from their wretched hunting matches, they used, by way of relaxation, to accompany the princesses in this promenade on horseback.

We returned to Madrid. The moment for our departure for Lisbon approached, and we had several things to arrange which were, for Junot in particular, of the greatest importance. I ran about Madrid, and saw everything remarkable in it. It is certainly wrong to deny that this city is one of the finest in Europe, and contains more curiosities of all kinds than many northern towns of much celebrity, which really, as the Spanish proverb says, ought to be silent before the capital of Castile.[1]

Just before I left Madrid I met with a singular adventure at the ambassador's. I dined every day at General Beurnonville's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. One day I came rather late, just as the company were entering the dining-room. General Beurnonville

[1] At Madrid I saw among other rarities a portrait of the Princess of Eboli, the beautiful and clever mistress of Philip II. She is represented seated under an awning attached to the branches of some trees, and as engaged at her toilet, while a number of Cupids are busily employed in arranging her hunting costume. This intriguing woman was exquisitely beautiful. There is, besides, another portrait of her which includes that of the unfortunate Don Carlos. It represents the entry of Queen Elizabeth of France into Valladolid, where she was destined to find a throne and a tomb. Don Carlos is on horseback, as is also the queen, for in that manner the queens of Spain were wont to enter their dominions. The prince is dressed in a slashed doublet entirely covered with precious stones, with a hat turned up at the side and overhung with white feathers. He appears pale, but very handsome; his hair is light, with fine blue eyes. The queen is represented in a blue satin robe, with a bodice of velvet and gold brocade rising to her throat, and fastened with large ruby buttons. The sleeves are narrow, with large epaulettes, and hang down as far as the waist. A very large farthingale or hoop, which must have been exceedingly inconvenient for riding, supports the blue satin petticoat. She wears a very high and stiff ruff, which forms a sort of framework round her pretty face. Upon her head is a small black velvet hat with a rim not an inch broad, the crown of which fitted exactly to the head. It is adorned with a cordon of large diamonds, and a small plume of white feathers on the left side, fixed with an aigrette of jewels. Upon her bodice are to be seen a number of pearl chains of immense size, and of precious stones, the value of which must have been enormous. One thing particularly struck me, viz., the handkerchief which she holds in her hand along with the bridle of her horse. This handkerchief is entirely covered with embroidery, just such a one as would now be used by a modern *élégante*, except that it has a little gold intermixed with the embroidery. At a balcony is seated King Philip II. with sinister expression, his red hair already turning gray, his long and pale face old, wrinkled, and ugly. He is attired in a black velvet dress, with the collar of the Golden Fleece, and seems to be eyeing with an evil and malignant glance the unfortunate victims who are passing beneath him. This picture, of which I know not the painter, is excellent.

offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next me sat a gentleman of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a bilious complexion. His look was sombre, and he appeared to me to have but one eye. However, I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not deprive him of sight. As he was so singularly taciturn nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. When the second course had begun, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, though conscious of the rudeness of the question, I asked General Beurnonville in a whisper who my silent neighbour was.

"What!" he replied, with an air of surprise; "do you not know him?"—"I never saw him."—"Impossible!"—"I declare that such is the fact."—"But you have often heard his name, particularly when you were a child."—"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he, then?"—"Shall I send you some spinach, Tallien?" said a well-known voice. It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, the cause of which he had guessed. Junot had known him in Egypt, without, however, being intimate with him; for the general-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connection with Tallien. This name, however, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression on me . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination had been fed with the most horrible recitals, connected in a particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, which he must have perceived, for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! how did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question, and also how it happened that one of our Decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the general replied, "and the more so because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified that dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true that when in Egypt Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards his officers who were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at headquarters on this account."[1] After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow-travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe, at Malaga; or at some place in Andalusia. The name of Tallien is famous in the blood-stained page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th Thermidor, he deserves notice in our history.

Junot had, according to his orders, several interviews with the Prince of the Peace, and he was well satisfied. Much ill has been said of the Prince of the Peace, and very little good. During my second residence in Madrid the most serious and sinister reports were circulated respecting him. I had then leisure to consider his character, and the impression he made upon me was very unfavourable; but it is my duty as a historian to state that my husband entertained a very different opinion, and that his opinion has since much influenced mine. My brother, who saw him long afterwards, during his exile at Marseilles in 1808, also used to relate some very favourable traits of him. He and Junot used to reproach me for my injustice towards Godoy, and the result of our discussions was to make me express my regret that the Prince of the Peace had not well employed all the statesman-like faculties with which Heaven had endowed him.

[1] The brothers Lanusse were intimate friends of Tallien. The elder was killed in Egypt, in the same engagement in which Abercromby fell. He was a brave and worthy man. It was with him that Junot fought at Boulac. The other brother returned to Europe, and under the restoration was one of the most assiduous servants of Charles X.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Alliance between Spain and France—Honours paid to us on our journey from Madrid—Talavera de la Reyna—News of the Emperor's acceptance of the crown of Italy—Truxillo—Unexpected meeting with Jerome Bonaparte—Account of his marriage with Miss Patterson—Portrait of his wife—Conversation between Jerome and Junot—Our meeting with French sailors—Fright at the inn in San Pedro—Junot and the muleteer—Arrival at Badajoz—Entrance into Portugal—Contrast of the two nations—Approach to Lisbon—We take up our residence at Aldea Galega—Our State visit to Lisbon—Absurd ceremony of the collation—Description of the city—Our reception by the Portuguese nobility.

WE left Madrid for Lisbon on the 29th of March 1805, after having obtained full assurance that Spain was then the faithful ally of France. Whether from motives of interest or from good faith, Spain gave at this time pledges of a most sincere alliance with us. Her western and southern ports were crowded with vessels ready to put to sea under our flag. The *Santissima Trinidada*, of a hundred and thirty guns, *awaited our orders*—that was the phrase—in the port of Cadiz. The King of Spain ordered that we should everywhere be received with the honours which are paid to a French ambassador at the court of Madrid. This is not a trifling matter of compliment; for the Spanish Government, though much devoted to France, displayed nevertheless a sort of solemn dignity, a pride, which made every act of ceremonial politeness exceeding the usual practice, improper, if bestowed on a foreign official authority. At Talavera de la Reyna we learned by a courier that the Emperor had repaired in great pomp to the senate on the 18th March to accept the crown of Italy, in consequence of an

offer made to that effect by the Cisalpine Republic.[1] Talavera de la Reyna is a pretty little town, built on the bank of the Tagus. In the morning we were treated with a concert by a band of the queen's dragoons. There was a number of fine cavalry in the garrison. Junot, who lost no opportunity of complimenting the Prince of the Peace, told me that he was particularly attentive to the cavalry, and that it was owing to him that that description of force was in such good condition. To tell the truth, it was very different from the infantry, for foot soldiers were often to be met begging, and even some of their officers would have no objection to receive alms. On arriving at Truxillo we were received by the commandant, the corregidor, and all the public functionaries; they showed us great attention, for which we were the more grateful, as we were only what are called *transeuntes*[2] in Spain, without any prerogative to lay claim to the hospitality which was so readily offered to us. Junot, who had so good an opinion of the Prince of the Peace, insisted that he had ordered these marks of attention out of compliment to France. Truxillo is a wretched, though a large town. It is almost deserted, which, indeed, is the case with a great portion of the Spanish towns.

We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, when one morning Junot approached the door of my carriage and surprised me by announcing that he had just met Jerome Bonaparte.[3]

Jerome was one of those young men who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat

[1] The speech of Napoleon on this occasion is a proof of his occasional want of sincerity; he was at this time strong enough to make known his intentions. Why did he say: "We shall at all times be guided by moderation, and not seek to increase the power attached to our crown?" The Emperor quitted Paris almost immediately afterwards for Milan, where he was crowned King of Lombardy.

[2] Passengers.

[3] Jerome had married Miss Patterson, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore; the lady was very handsome as well as rich. Napoleon, who was as then only Consul, could not be considered as having any control over the members of his family. Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Lætitia were, in fact, the only persons whose consent or disapproval on any such subject were necessary; and they had both concurred in approving the step. Napoleon's anger on hearing of the marriage was extreme, and at the time here alluded

Jerome Buonaparte

KING OF WESTPHALIA

Jerome Napoleon

B 1444

MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS

Buonaparte

gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship towards him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him, and the more so as I had an impression he was unhappy—unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young, and rather romantic. Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jerome; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family. Jerome was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the Bonaparte family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape from his imprisonment by the English until the end of 1800. Jerome set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo; Junot consequently knew him only as a mere boy. We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate,—nay, almost serious. His countenance, which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance that I should hardly have recognised him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast I formed a very favourable opinion of him.

We walked with Jerome in the garden of the *posada;* and before parting, Junot, who conceived he might use freedom with him from the circumstance of my having known him when a boy, endeavoured to dissuade him from resisting the Emperor's wishes. But Jerome

to he manifested his displeasure in a manner not very fraternal. He had issued orders throughout Holland, Spain, and Portugal, prohibiting the reception of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name. The unfortunate lady, who was then pregnant, had successively endeavoured to land in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and lastly in Portugal, where M. Serrurier (the brother of the marshal), who was then our consul-general at Lisbon, was obliged to forbid her landing. Jerome in despair conveyed his wife to England; and as the prohibition of landing in France did not extend to himself, he determined to see his brother, and to endeavour to mitigate his displeasure. He was on his way to France when we met him.

answered him with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honour, and that having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother he did not feel himself so very blamable for taking the step he had. "My brother will hear me," said he; "he is kind, he is just. Even admitting that I have committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment light? Upon that of my poor innocent wife! No, no, surely my brother will not thus outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States; and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful." He then showed us a fine miniature of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a circumstance which immediately struck me as well as Junot, was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghèse. I remarked this to Jerome, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that in fact he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jerome Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghèse. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it; he had not got the better of his old impressions.

"Judge, then," resumed Jerome, replacing the charming portrait in his bosom,—"judge whether I can abandon a being like her; especially when I assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful are united every quality that can render a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine whom the Emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sisters-in-law. For myself I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my conscience may make me repent." To this Junot made no reply.

He had set out with an endeavour to prevail on Jerome to conform to the Emperor's will; but in the course of conversation having learned the particulars of the case, and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterwards confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jerome to a line of conduct which, in fact, would be highly dishonourable. At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jerome and continued our journey.

Sometimes we met on our road poor French sailors, who having been captured by English cruisers had been cruelly put ashore in the most abject misery. The first time we saw one of these poor wanderers I perceived the blood mount into Junot's cheek, and his eyes, always so expressive, flashed with indignation. He would have stripped the clothes from his own back rather than one of his soldiers should suffer from cold: he would have shared his ration, nay, would have gone without any, rather than the lowest private under his command should endure the pangs of hunger. What, then, were his feelings when he beheld these French sailors, clothed in rags, and constrained to dig the earth to procure a few roots to satisfy their hunger! One day we encountered a party of seven of these poor fellows; Junot spoke to them. Never did I see a more lively expression of joy than that which lighted up their hard and weather-beaten features when they heard the sound of their native language. One of them shed tears. We were French! We had come from France! I question whether the money Junot gave them to enable them to reach Bayonne *without begging* caused them greater joy than they experienced at the first word we spoke in French.

On leaving the Vento del Despoblado we proceeded to San Pedro, where we were to sleep. This was a horrible place. We arrived there in the evening, and when my carriage stopped at the door of the inn I had almost fallen asleep from the fatigue of the day's journey. Junot, who for the greater security preferred riding by the side of my carriage, reached the inn a little before me.

"Do not be scared at the appearance of this *posada*," said he; "your bedchamber is certainly not very elegant, but provided we meet with no toads,[1] which from the appearance I very much doubt, it will do well enough."

As he spoke, I awoke from my slumber, alighted from the carriage, and entered the inn. Heavens! what an inn it was. Let the reader figure to himself a clay-built hut, divided into three or four compartments about five feet high, which were called rooms. And then the odour that saluted us! . . . Indeed, so horrible was the aspect of the place, that next morning when my female attendants informed me that they had discovered a murdered body in their bedroom I confess I was scarcely surprised.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I stepped out of the carriage; "what place is this? I shall never be able to sleep here! what a horrible-looking house!"

"It is, nevertheless, a house of my building," observed in a sepulchral tone of voice a man who was holding a lamp near me.

Hearing these words uttered in French I turned round, and beheld what I thought the most atrocious-looking countenance that ever belonged to a human creature. I was horror-struck.

"Heavens!" said I, addressing myself to the man; "what could have induced you to quit your country to live in this savage desert—in this inn?"

I answered my question in my own mind. This man, said I to myself, must be some infamous villain who has escaped from the galleys or the gibbet!

I had no inclination, it may be supposed, to sleep in the inn; but being apprehensive of confining my little girl all night in a close carriage, I set about searching the house in quest of a single habitable room. I did at last find one, and I immediately ordered the window to be opened, some ginger to be burned to fumigate the room, and the fire, which was almost out, to be rekindled. Leaving the child and her nurse Fanchette in this apartment I retired with Junot to my carriage, where we passed the night.

[1] The sight of a toad used to make him ill.

I had at this time in my service an Italian woman, the wife of Junot's chief *valet-de-chambre.* She accompanied me to Portugal in the capacity of *femme de charge.* She was a pretty woman, was strongly attached to me, and I in my turn was very partial to her. Not wishing to remain all night in the carriage in which she had travelled, she chose rather to sleep, if she could, in one of the filthy rooms of the *casa.* Leaving her husband, therefore, to watch the baggage and keep order among the escort, which that night seemed more than ever necessary, she lay down in the apartment adjoining that I had selected for my little girl.

The child had been some time asleep when Madame Heldt stole softly into the room and presented herself to Fanchette as pale as a spectre. Fanchette, who was not very brave, fell upon her knees at the sight of her companion. My *femme-de-chambre* had preferred sleeping in one of the carriages, consequently they were quite alone.

"Fanchette! Fanchette!" exclaimed Madame Heldt, "there is a murdered man lying under my bed."

Fanchette uttered a shriek.

"Silence; for God's sake, silence!" exclaimed the other. "They will come and kill us also. There is an instrument of torture in the next room."

Fanchette, anxious to assure herself of the fact, seized her lamp with no very steady hand, and proceeded to the chamber of Madame Heldt, whose lamp had been overturned and extinguished in her precipitate retreat. She looked under the bed, where at first she saw only some of the fresh-cut straw, commonly used in Spain. On a closer inspection, however, she discerned the feet of a man.

The two women trembled, and almost sank lifeless beside the dead body. Fanchette, who in this instance showed more courage than her companion, perhaps on account of the precious charge committed to her care, determined to call for help. Madame Heldt then pointed out to her notice what she called the *instrument of torture,* which next day was ascertained to be a machine for threshing corn!

"Heavens!" exclaimed Fanchette, "what will become of us? But perhaps it is not a dead body after all," added she, feigning a degree of courage which she did not feel.

"What else can it be, then?" rejoined the other. "It is worse; it is a body cut in pieces, for see, there are only two feet and two legs."

They turned their eyes again towards the object of their terror, and seeing the feet and legs their consternation increased. They flew to the window and opened it, but all was still; no one seemed to be awake in the inn, and the only sound they heard was the noise made by the mules in their stables,—a much better lodging-place than was allotted to the human beings they had been dragging.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Fanchette; "Madame guessed right, this innkeeper is certainly a murderer."

"A murderer!" replied Madame Heldt, "more likely the village hangman. Look there!" And she pointed again to the fatal instrument.

At length they heard the footsteps of some one passing beneath the window. It was Colonel Laborde, who, having thrown himself with his clothes on upon two bundles of fresh straw, from time to time quitted his bivouac to go round and ascertain that all was right. As soon as Fanchette heard the clanking of his hussar boots upon the stones of the court she thought herself rescued from perdition, and hailed him. The brave Laborde made but two or three strides to Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were "dead body" and "murdered man." He immediately perceived the two accusatory feet, and not being much afraid of death he drew the body from beneath the bed where it was concealed by the straw. It proved to be a corpse; but there were no marks of violence upon it. Without stopping to form any conjecture upon the matter, he desired the women to call the master of the inn. They, however, made a hasty retreat to my daughter's room. M. de Laborde, unwilling to create an alarm, merely called

from the window to one of the soldiers of the escort; and taking the lamp, went down into the kitchen where the master of the inn was sleeping tranquilly on the hearth, by the embers of the fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"Surely this man cannot be a murderer, or at least he is innocent to-night," thought M. de Laborde. "But no matter, we must know the history of the dead body." So jolting him violently with his foot, he woke him and immediately presented a pistol to his breast. The man, thinking he was going to be murdered, uttered the most dreadful cries.

"Silence, rascal," said Laborde, "or I'll blow your brains out. What explanation can you give of the discovery which has just been made in one of the chambers above? You infamous assassin!"

"My God! my worthy colonel, I am no assassin," exclaimed the man, throwing himself on his knees and clasping his hands. "I will tell you all about it; only do not mention it to his excellency the ambassador; you shall see that I have done no wrong."

M. de Laborde continued to regard him with a threatening eye; and the poor wretch was so dismayed that he had scarcely power to tell his story. At length he managed to stammer out that one of the labourers of his miserable farm had died of some malady that same morning. The body was to be interred the following day, but our arrival had upset their arrangements, for the chamber in which the corpse was deposited was one of the only two fit to receive company. "If the ambassador or his lady had done me the honour to sleep in my poor house," said the fellow, "I would have had the corpse well wrapped up in a cloth so that it should not have been visible; but as only one of their servants was to have the room, I thought poor Garcia might remain in the straw without incommoding her. I humbly ask her pardon. But, sir, if I had murdered the man I should not surely have allowed any one to sleep in the room until I had removed all traces of the crime!"

This seemed reasonable enough. M. de Laborde asked him whom he could get to vouch for his character. He replied the curate and the Sangrado of the village.

"Lock me up till morning," continued he, "if you suspect I do not speak truth, and to-morrow you will be convinced of my innocence."

M. de Laborde took him at his word, and placing him in one of the wretched rooms which happened to be furnished with a door, he locked him in. He then ordered two soldiers to replace the corpse of the poor peasant on the bed, and desired the two women to retire with the child to the carriage for the remainder of the night; concluding that the effluvia of a chamber in which there was a dead body might be pestilential.[1] I thanked him gratefully the next morning for this precaution.

Junot was in a furious rage with the innkeeper, and the poor wretch was skulking about, dreading the anger of the great Senor, as he styled him.

"I am no great Senor, you rascal," exclaimed Junot, "but I am a father and a humane master. How dared you harbour the thought of allowing two females and a child, and my child too, to sleep in a room in which there was the corpse of a man who has probably died of some pestilential disease."

As he spoke, he seized the man by the throat and seemed ready to strangle him; but at this juncture the curate and the village doctor arrived. These worthies certified that the corpse was in no way infectious, the man's disorder having been a pleurisy, and that he had died a natural death. The curate had given him the sacrament, and as to the doctor, if there was any murder in the case he was most probably the guilty man.

However, Madame Heldt and Fanchette positively insisted that the man had been murdered, and declared their conviction that had it not been for M. de Laborde, they, together with Mademoiselle Josephine, would have shared the same fate.

Hardly had we left San Pedro than we were thrown

[1] The yellow fever was raging in Cadiz at that very time.

into fresh consternation. Little Josephine was in the carriage with her nurse, Madame Heldt, and my two maids. As the road was bad, Junot alighted and prevailed upon me to do so likewise, in order to ascend a small hill. The child was asleep, and Junot said to the muleteer who was driving her carriage: "Do not go on that side," pointing out to him a particular part of the road which was in a most horrid state. "I desire you not to drive there, for I am sure an accident will happen."

The muleteer shook his head. It was plain he had no wish to obey. Junot therefore went up to him and repeated his injunction in a very decided tone.

"I have driven along this road more than twenty times," replied the muleteer, who, like others of his fraternity, was a species of animal much more obstinate than the mules he was driving. "I have driven along here," said he, "more than twenty times, and never met with an accident. The beasts know the path, and if I put them out of their way they will be sure to play me some trick."—"And I will break a good stick across your shoulders if you make any demur," cried Junot in a passion; "do as I order you."

We proceeded onward, and had begun to climb the hill. However, we had not advanced far when a violent outcry in our rear made us turn quickly round. My daughter's carriage was overturned, the muleteer having persisted in driving through the broken road Junot had enjoined him to avoid. The first shock of alarm made me fall to the earth; but immediately summoning all my resolution I flew to the succour of my child, whose cries were heartrending. As for Junot, he had with the speed of lightning hurried to the spot, and having seized the muleteer by the throat, had nearly strangled him. M. de Laborde and M. de Rayneval had great difficulty to loose his hold. When I came up I took my dear child in my arms. Her cries were occasioned only by alarm, and by the condition in which she saw her nurse. However, she had had a very narrow escape. The instant before the carriage overturned she had just waked, and

had gone to sit on Madame Heldt's lap. Had she remained in her nurse's arms she must have been killed, for the whole contents of the carriage rolled on poor Fanchette, which nearly suffocated her; and it was a full half-hour before she came to her senses. She was lying stretched on the grass when I came up, and little Josephine was calling upon her in a tone of the most affectionate concern. Fanchette also gave a proof of equal attachment for the child; for when her recollection began to return, before she opened her eyes she stretched out her arms as if feeling for something, then in a feeble tone murmured: "The child! the child!"

At length we arrived at Badajoz, a frontier town of Spain on the side of Portugal. It is a fine city, with straight and well-paved streets—a circumstance very rare in this part of Spain. This was the birthplace of the Prince of the Peace. Though the garrison was a fine one, yet the Spanish soldiers do not like to form part of it; and they consider it a sort of banishment to be sent to Badajoz. The commandant ordered a salute to be fired when we entered the town, in pursuance of orders he had received. Descending the gentle declivity at the foot of the ramparts, we came in sight of Elvas, a strong garrison on the Portuguese frontier, and situated only a league from Badajoz. Both towns are built upon eminences. A river, or rather a brook, called the Cayo, is the boundary of the two kingdoms.[1] We crossed it without the least difficulty, as it was then almost dry. We entered Elvas under a

[1] On entering Portugal from Spain the traveller is forcibly struck with the difference between the two countries. The dark eyes, the black hair, and brown complexion, are the only traits of resemblance between the Portuguese and Spaniards. The Portuguese have thick lips, noses something of the negro form, black, and often curly hair; and their figures, and above all their hands, show signs of the mixed blood. In Spain, the people, in spite of their dark complexion and eyes, have at least a European look. On entering Portugal the traveller is, however, agreeably surprised by finding himself among a more cultivated people. He leaves those vast heaths and meadows which are laid waste by the *mesta*, and enters a country covered with rustic but well-built habitations; and as the peasantry carefully plaster their houses every spring, they are always of a dazzling white. The Portuguese are also more attentive than the Spaniards to all that regards personal appearance.

salute of the artillery, while the fortress of Badajoz courteously answered the compliment.

It was on Holy Thursday, at four in the afternoon, I arrived before Lisbon. I was filled with admiration, and in spite of the thousand panegyrics which I had heard pronounced on the Portuguese capital I confess I was surprised as well as charmed at the sight of the splendid picture before me. I should imagine that no city in Europe presents such a *coup-d'œil* as Lisbon, on approaching it from Spain. The vast plain of water formed by the Tagus (which in some places is a league and a half wide) is bounded on the opposite bank by an immense city, built on an amphitheatre of hills; while the port filled with a countless multitude of vessels presented a forest of masts, bearing the colours of a hundred different nations; for, at the period here alluded to (1805), Portugal was at peace with the world. Our banker at Lisbon was a French merchant, who was introduced to us, when we alighted from our *coche de colleras*, by M. Serrurier, at that time French Consul at Lisbon. As we were required to stay a few days at Aldea Galega, in compliance with an absurd rule of Portuguese etiquette, our banker had provided a delightful country-house for our reception, which speedily enabled me to forget all the horrors of Spanish and Portuguese inns. M. Serrurier dined with us, and immediately after set off to announce to the minister for foreign affairs the arrival of the ambassador from the Emperor Napoleon, and to request that the requisite orders might be issued for his reception, which M. d'Araujo immediately did. This, as I have already mentioned, was on Holy Thursday. It was night when M. Serrurier returned, and he informed Junot that the reception could not take place till the following day. We passed the evening very agreeably in our little country-house at Aldea Galega. Next morning after breakfast we walked on the banks of the Tagus, awaiting the arrival of the queen's *escaleres*.[1] M. d'Araujo sent a long note to explain that it was impossible to fire a salute from the tower of Belem in honour

[1] State barges.

of the ambassador's arrival, because it was Good Friday. The three holy days cannot be profaned by any signal of rejoicing. The Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Brazil do not receive any such demonstration of respect when they pass Belem on one of those days. Having made the necessary inquiries to ascertain that the omission of the salute was not suggested by English influence, Junot returned for answer that the Emperor, his master, would regard this respect shown to the King of kings as a practice which he himself would have been the first to order.

Spain was at this time the prey of a terrible scourge; the yellow fever had decimated the fair province of Andalusia. Cadiz, which had lost a vast proportion of its population, seemed to be almost arrayed in general mourning. Malaga, Murcia, and all that portion of the coast of the Peninsula had suffered frightful ravages. To the alarm naturally inspired by this pestilence we were indebted for a visit from the officers of health, a ceremony which is not usually observed except towards persons arriving by sea. Our examination being ended, we again proceeded to the bank of the river, and there we found the queen's *escaleres* in readiness to receive us. I was struck with the neat appearance of the rowers. They were twenty-five in number, and were all dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented in front with the arms of Portugal in silver.

I stepped on board the Prince Regent's[1] yacht accompanied by Junot, M. de Rayneval, first secretary to the embassy, M. Lageard de Cherval, and Colonel Laborde, Junot's first aide-de-camp. My little girl, her *gouvernante*, M. Legoy, and some other persons of the suite, followed in another *escaler*, of which there were four, besides the queen's yacht. In this manner we crossed the great expanse of water formed by the Tagus between Aldea Galega and Lisbon. As we advanced, the picture became more and more interesting; new beauties arose at every stroke of the boatmen's oars. I think we were nearly two

[1] The queen was living at this time, but she was out of her mind, and her son, the Prince of Brazil, was regent. The queen was never seen.

hours in going across; the men had received orders to show us the city in different points of view. This piece of national vanity I thought very pardonable. At length we landed between Belem and the Quay of Sodres. Here we found the Count de Castro Marino, a Portuguese grandee, who was deputed to receive Junot on his landing, and who was also to introduce him to the Prince Regent. They both stepped into one of the court carriages drawn by six horses, the ambassador sitting on the right of the Count de Castro Marino. M. de Rayneval and M. de Laborde were then requested to enter a third carriage, and, in conformity with one of those strange customs which excited my astonishment, the second carriage remained empty. M. Legoy and the other gentlemen of the embassy followed. As for me, I did not land until five minutes after Junot, etiquette having so ordained it. I then took my seat in a court carriage and six, accompanied by M. de Cherval, who, holding no specific post in the embassy, could not form part of the grand cavalcade. My daughter and her *gouvernante* occupied the second carriage, and the third was filled by my female attendants. All the three carriages had six horses each. We took a different road from the grand procession, and proceeding along the banks of the Tagus we reached our destination before the ambassador and his introducer. This was exactly what I wanted. I had laid a wager with Junot that before he got through all his ceremonies with the count he would inevitably be guilty of the indecorum of indulging in a laugh. I therefore was curious to observe him after he should alight from the carriage.

One of the absurd ceremonies of the court of Portugal is, that on the arrival of an ambassador he must give, *immediately on entering his hotel*, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at court. This *collation*, as it is styled, is nothing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five-and-twenty. The ambassador and his introducer sit down to table alone, face to face, and, without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six

minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is the more at variance with common-sense inasmuch as when the ambassador arrives by sea there can be no time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus the embassy of Spain enabled Junot to do the honours of his hotel as soon as he alighted from his carriage. Anticipating the drollery of the collation scene, I had laid a wager with Junot that he would never get through it with becoming gravity. I also had my misgivings about the Count de Castro Marino. Before he presented himself I expected to see one of the thorough-bred *hidalgos* of the old school, carrying in his hand a gold-headed cane, and coughing from the very bottom of his lungs at every word he uttered. But I was agreeably surprised at finding him quite a young man, ugly enough in all conscience, and in all probability not very reluctant to join in a laugh. My conclusion was reasonable enough; but in Portugal things are not always consistent with reason.

I stationed myself near a door which looked into the dining-room, and where I could have a good view of what passed. Their excellencies gravely ascended the grand staircase of the hotel, bowing to each other at every door, and the Count de Castro Marino keeping on the left of the ambassador with scrupulous care. In this manner they ascended from one flight of stairs to the other, bowing and bowing until they reached the reception-room. Here they each made a most profound bow, and looking for all the world like two Chinese mandarins. After a little pause the *maître d'hôtel* entered to announce to their excellencies that the collation was served. Then the two poor victims, tortured as they had already been by bowing, made each three or four more bows, and at length adjourned to the dining-room. Here I was waiting for them. To my astonishment I soon discovered that the wretch of a Portuguese, far from being a *victim*, as I had

imagined, went through the ceremony with evident complacency. He preserved his gravity so decorously that Junot conceived himself bound to return it with interest, and there they sat as if challenging one another which would longest refrain from smiling. At length, at the expiration of six minutes, which I counted precisely by the timepiece, the Count de Castro Marino rose, and Junot followed his example. They then resumed their bows, and having each made about a dozen, the Portuguese grandee, who, by the bye, was an extremely little man, took his leave, and set off in his large carriage, which, I may observe, resembled one of the carriages of Louis XIV.'s time, after the model of which it was actually built. Junot accompanied his guest downstairs with the same formalities as he had observed on coming up, and having bowed the count into his heavy rumbling machine, bade him farewell. Two or three long strides up the stairs brought him back to the drawing-room, where he found me mortified at having lost my wager, and not a little astonished to find that a *young* man could go through the ceremony I have just described without even a smile. After a hearty laugh we sat down to partake of the *collation*, which was excellent.

General Lannes had occupied at Lisbon a spacious and beautiful house, situated at the Fountain de Loretto, near the Opera House, and in the vicinity of the Tagus. In this house, one of the best in the Portuguese capital, we now installed ourselves. The bank is situated in the quarter of the Fountain de Loretto, which is, in consequence, the busiest part of Lisbon. The window of a little drawing-room which I usually occupied looked into a small square, through which thousands of people passed in the course of the day. The dress of the inhabitants of Lisbon has in it nothing peculiar, like that of the people of Madrid; but it is much more gay. The uniformity of dress, and especially the prevalence of black in Madrid, imparts to that city an air of melancholy which did not displease me, though I have heard it much condemned by travellers, particularly at the period here alluded to.

Since that time French fashion has had its influence on the Spanish customs, and now a female, whatever may be her rank, may venture to walk out in open day in a shawl and hat, while in 1805 she would have been insulted. At Lisbon the females of the lower rank walk about the streets alone; but those of a superior class ride in what are called chairs. These chairs are a sort of cabriolet drawn by two mules, one of which is ridden by a man, who is very shabbily dressed if in the employment of a common person, while his coat is trimmed with some wretched lace if he should be the servant of an individual having any pretension to nobility. These little chairs are used in Lisbon by the noble and the wealthy, who have them tolerably neat in appearance, and drawn by two fine mules. A groom rides beside the vehicle when it contains a lady of elevated rank. Females of the higher class, however, usually drive in carriages drawn by four mules, with a groom riding on one side. I, too, was obliged to conform to this latter ceremony, which I found was indispensable. In Lisbon it is impossible to make several visits in a carriage drawn by two mules on account of the immense distance between one part of the city and another. The capital of Portugal, which contained at this time nearly three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, was two leagues and a half long, while in width it did not exceed the limits of two or three streets.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. The continual acclivities and declivities of the roughly-paved streets therefore render driving very difficult, and this is augmented by the heaps of rubbish which are frequently encountered—the ruins of former earthquakes. Yet scarcely any, except the very common people, go on foot in Lisbon. The women of the lower class, who are generally pretty, wear a very becoming costume. It consists of a red cloak and hood bordered with black velvet, while on their heads, instead of a cap, they have a lawn handkerchief, pinned on in the style which in France is called *en marmotte*. This dress is exceedingly graceful, and even a

plain woman looks pretty in it, since no feature is seen but her eyes, and the Spanish and Portuguese women universally have fine ones. Indeed, to take beautiful eyes to the Peninsula is so much beauty thrown away.

After we had got a little settled in our new residence Junot requested that a day might be appointed for his presentation. M. d'Araujo, whom we now met again with great pleasure, and who, as I have already mentioned, was the Portuguese minister for foreign affairs, informed Junot that he should be introduced as soon as the Easter festivals and processions were over. The presentation took place at Queluz. Junot had received from the Emperor instructions respecting the etiquette he was to observe himself and to exact from others. It was well known in Paris that the Prince Regent was the absolute slave of England; and that he almost trembled to receive us. It is true that the most marked honours were constantly shown to the French embassy; and yet, when the Portuguese nobility came to pay the usual complimentary visits, they behaved, by order of the court, in a way which was calculated to offend, though perhaps it would not have justified a demand for explanation. Some of them came dressed in mourning!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Junot's presentation at Court—His superb hussar uniform—The Prince of Brazil copies his dress—My preparations for an audience—Embarrassment of hoops—My presentation to the royal family—The Princess of Brazil—Her ugliness and absurd costume—Ladies of the Court—Lord and Lady Robert Fitzgerald—Lord Strangford and Pellegrini, the painter—The Spanish Embassy—The Russian minister—M. von Lebzeltern, the Austrian ambassador and his family—Count Villaverde and M. d'Anadia—Galeppi, the apostolic nuncio—Napoleon's opinion of him—The Pope deceived by Napoleon.

ON our arrival the court was at Queluz, and the queen was as mad as ever. Junot was anxious that his retinue should be as splendid as a retinue possibly could be in Lisbon. His dress was superb, and became him admirably, for he was then a very handsome man. He wore his magnificent full-dress uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, the same which he had had made for the Emperor's coronation. The dolman was white, with red facings, the pantaloons blue, and the pelisse blue, richly embroidered with gold. The sleeves of the dolman and pelisse were adorned with nine gold chevrons, superbly embroidered in an oak-leaf pattern. The pelisse was bordered with magnificent blue fox-fur. This dress cost fifteen thousand francs, independently of the heron plume in the shako, which was a present from the Empress Josephine, and was worth more than a hundred and fifty louis. He presented a truly martial appearance in this dress. His tall handsome figure and noble countenance, on which five honourable scars were visible, naturally commanded respect. One of these scars was particularly

visible, and was caused by a wound received at the battle of Lonato.[1]

Junot proceeded to Queluz in great pomp. The most trivial points of Portuguese etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the equerry in white silk stockings was not forgotten. The carriage in which he rode was one of the finest Paris could produce, having been built by the celebrated coachmaker Leduc; the liveries were rich, and the attendants numerous. Consequently the embassy, consisting of the ambassador, M. de Rayneval, Colonel Laborde, MM. de Cherval, Legoy, and Magnien, presented a very imposing appearance. Junot went through his part exceedingly well, and was received with a marked degree of favour, for which perhaps he was in some degree indebted to our eight hundred thousand bayonets, and also to the fear naturally inspired by such a minister of peace as Junot, who was inclined to say with the ancient Roman: "I bear peace or war in the folds of my mantle." The Prince of Brazil by no means realised the idea which Junot had formed of him from what he had heard. "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, on his return home, "how ugly the prince is! . . . *Mon Dieu!* how ugly the princess is! . . . *Mon Dieu!* how ugly they all are! . . . There is not a comely face among the whole set, except the Prince Royal (the late Don Pedro), the Prince de Beira. He is a handsome youth, and he looks like a dove amidst a

[1] I may mention that whenever the Emperor looked steadfastly at Junot, he seemed to fix his eye with an expression of complacency on this long gash, which extended from the temple almost to the bottom of the cheek. Napoleon used frequently to speak of the handful of blood he got at Milan when playfully pulling Junot's hair after a severe wound he had received on the crown of his head. In the course of a conversation I had with him after my return from Portugal, alluding to Junot's scars, he asked me, singularly enough, whether the Princess of Brazil had cast *tender glances* at Junot. This was his expression; and he added: "*Ma foi!* Junot is a handsome fellow; and that scar of his gives him a martial air which would turn my head if I were a woman. And I can tell you Junot made many conquests at Milan, and during the campaigns of Italy." When the Emperor was in good humour he was exceedingly fond of rallying his favourite officers. With women, on the contrary, he never joked, or if he did, his joke was a thunderbolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands was never agreeable, and sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings.

brood of owls. But I cannot conceive," added Junot, "why the Prince of Brazil stared at me so steadfastly . . . I did not know that there was anything very extraordinary in my looks, but he never for a moment turned his eyes from me." In the evening we learned what had excited the prince's curiosity. M. d'Araujo said: "Do you know the prince was quite puzzled to know why the ambassador did not take off his *cap*, as he called it."—"What does he mean by his cap?" inquired I.—"Why, he calls the shako a cap. I have affirmed that the shako is never removed, even in the presence of God, and the ambassador has certainly gone far to confirm that idea. However, I can assure you that but for me the affair would have been made the subject of a note. But you will be surprised when you learn the effect which the general's appearance has produced at court."

These last words piqued my curiosity, but M. d'Araujo smiled and would not gratify it. However, it was not long before his meaning was explained. On the day after the presentation the Prince Regent's first *valet-de-chambre* was sent to request that the French ambassador would be pleased to lend his hussar uniform as a pattern for His Royal Highness's tailor, who was to make one like it for the prince, and one for the Infant Don Pedro. I had not then seen the Prince of Brazil, therefore I could not laugh as I afterwards did, when I beheld his corpulent figure, clumsy legs, and enormous head, muffled in a hussar uniform. His negro hair (which, by the bye, was in perfect keeping with his thick lips, African nose, and swarthy colour) was well powdered and pomatumed, and tied in a thick queue. The whole was surmounted by a shako, ornamented with a diamond aigrette of great value. A more preposterous figure was never seen. There was the pelisse hanging over his *right* shoulder like a Jew's bag of old clothes, and his clumsy ill-shaped legs muffled in braided pantaloons, and red boots. But the best of all was the shako; it was put on quite straight, and very backward, with the visor resting on his powdered head.

After Junot had made all his diplomatic evolutions, my turn came. This was a tragical moment. Before I

left Paris, and during my journey, hoops had been only remote objects of terror, but as the time for wearing them approached I began to lose courage. Twice or thrice I attempted to try them on before my dressing-room *psyche*, but I turned about so awkwardly that I had nearly fallen flat on my face. . . . And then what a strange figure I cut! I looked for all the world like the Countess d'Escarbagnas; and, to tell the truth, I believe it was this that alarmed me.—"Heavens!" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "what an absurd thing it is to be obliged to wear these horrible instruments of torture. . . . My dear Junot," said I in the most coaxing tone I could assume;. "do pray get me exempted from this infliction. Come, I know you can arrange the matter if you will . . . France is so powerful!" But, within the first fortnight of his embassy,—that is to say, when he had fairly entered upon his duties,—Junot began to be very grave. He no longer laughed at the whimsical etiquette of the Portuguese court, and he now talked of nothing but notes and the duties which nations owe one to another. When I spoke to him about the hoops he seemed as astonished as if I had wished him to make a declaration of war. "Your hoop, Laura . . . go in your hoop by all means. Recollect that, being an ambassadress, you of all persons are required to observe this etiquette . . . To think of going without a hoop,—the thing is impossible! . . ." What was to be done? there I was like an ass just harnessed with his panniers, swinging to the right and swinging to the left, and in momentary expectation of falling on my nose. I was out of all patience, and I openly rebelled. I declared that my name should not mark an epoch in the annals of diplomatic presentations, and that people should not have to say: "Oh! you recollect, it was the year when the French ambassadress fell down at court . . . Don't you remember her ridiculous exhibition?"

Among the foreign ambassadors at the court of Lisbon was Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian minister. His lady rendered me the important service of helping me out of my dilemma. I was giving her a history of my trouble, and

complaining of the tyranny of Junot, when she said: "But, my dear Madame, I cannot imagine how it is that you find the hoop so awkward as you describe . . . You are slender, and you move as lightly as a fairy; why, then, should you be so clumsy in your hoop? There must be something wrong about it. Let me see it; I dare say I can suggest a remedy." She guessed right. On examining my hoops she found that they wanted at bottom a little iron, or brass rod, the use of which was to act as a counterpoise to the enormous weight above it. When I tried them on after this improvement I found that I could walk like other people. On the day appointed for my presentation, after getting the monstrous mountain properly adjusted, I put on a dress of white silk embroidered with gold llama, and looped up at the sides with large gold tassels, precisely after the manner of a window-curtain. On my head I wore a *toque*, with six large white feathers fastened by a diamond clasp, and I had a diamond necklace and earrings. When thus harnessed, I drew on a pair of white gloves, for the daughter had not the same antipathy as the mother, and I was ready to set off for Queluz. But my troubles were not yet at an end. I had got dressed, it is true, and had made up my mind to look like an ass laden with cabbages; but this was not enough. A fresh difficulty presented itself. How was I to get into the carriage, especially at an hour of the day when the Chafariz de Loretto was crowded with Galegos,[1] who began to laugh when they beheld my extraordinary figure? With my foot on the carriage steps, I tried to squeeze myself in first frontways, then sideways, and at length I stepped back in utter despair, for the vehicle was as much too low for my plume as it was too narrow for my hoop. Junot, who had not to go to Queluz that day, anxious to see me safe off, came down to the door in his *robe de chambre* and slippers, and assisted in *packing* me as gravely, and with as much care, as if I had been a statue worth a million. At length we mastered

[1] These are natives of the Spanish province Galicia; they are employed as labourers in Lisbon, and are extremely industrious.

the difficulty, and in I got; but then I found I was obliged to sit slantwise, and with my body bent almost double, for fear of breaking my feathers and crushing my beautiful moire draperies. In this state of purgatory I rode from Lisbon to Queluz, a distance of two leagues.

I was ushered by the *camareira-mor*[1] into the little suite of apartments belonging to the Princess of Brazil. As it was contrary to Portuguese etiquette for the prince or king to receive an ambassadress, this was the only visit I had to make, for all the princesses were assembled in the drawing-room of the Princess of Brazil . . . I made my three courtesies, looking all the while very stupid,—for this compliment is in itself exceedingly foolish,—and then, I waited for the princess to speak to me. I had been informed that she would question me about France, and that she wished to render herself agreeable to me; not that *I* personally was worth that trouble, but I was the representative of *female* France. Accordingly, the princess commenced by observing that she should much like to know the Empress Josephine, and she asked me whether she was as handsome as she was represented to be. I replied that Her Majesty was still very handsome, and that her figure in particular was exquisitely fine. "If," added I, "your Royal Highness wishes to see a portrait of her, I can have the honour of showing you a most striking likeness." I then produced a miniature by Isabey, which was, like all his works, a masterpiece of grace and delicacy. The princess then spoke of her mother, and laughed very much at the court regulation respecting gloves. She then asked whether I thought her like her mother. I boldly answered *yes*. Heaven forgive me for the falsehood! for the queen had really been a fine woman, while the princess could never have been anything but a most hideous specimen of ugliness.

Picture to yourself, reader, a woman four feet ten inches high at the very most, and crooked, or at least both her sides were not alike; her bust, arms, and legs,

[1] The same post as the *camarera-mayor* of the Spanish court, already mentioned.

being in perfect unison with her deformed shape. Still, all this might have passed off in a royal personage had her face been even endurable; but, good Heavens! what a face it was! . . . She had two bloodshot eyes, which never looked one way, though they could not absolutely be accused of squinting—everybody knows what eyes I mean . . . Then her skin! there was nothing human in it; it might be called a *vegetable* skin . . . Her nose descended upon her blue livid lips, which when open displayed the most extraordinary set of teeth that God ever created. Teeth, I suppose, they must be called, though they were in reality nothing but huge pieces of bone stuck in her large mouth, and rising and falling like the reeds of a reed-pipe. This face was surmounted by a cranium covered with coarse, dry, frizzy hair, which at first sight appeared to be of no colour. I suppose it was black; for, looking at me, the princess exclaimed: "She is like us . . . She is dark-complexioned . . . She has hair and eyes like Pepita."—"Heaven preserve me!" I inwardly exclaimed, while I involuntarily turned my eyes to a mirror as if to assure myself that what she said was not true. Pepita was the Queen of Etruria.

The dress of the Princess of Brazil was in *discordant* unison, if I may so express myself, with her person. This was precisely what it ought to have been. She would have been natural, at least, in a dress of dark-coloured silk, made perfectly plain. However, she had thought proper to array herself in a dress of Indian muslin, embroidered with gold and silver llama. This dress, which was wretchedly ill made, very imperfectly covered an enormous bosom, and a chest all awry, while diamond brooches ornamented the sleeves, whose extreme shortness displayed a pair of arms which would have been much better concealed. Her frizzy dingy hair was plaited, and decorated with pearls and diamonds of admirable beauty. The body of her dress, too, was edged with a row of pearls of inestimable value. Her ear-drops were perfectly unique: I never saw anything like them. They consisted of two diamond pears, perfectly round, of the purest

water, and about an inch in length. The two brilliants which surmounted the drops were likewise superb. The exquisite beauty of these jewels, combined with the extreme ugliness of the person who wore them, produced an indescribably strange effect, and made the princess look like a being scarcely belonging to our species. Near her stood two of the young princesses, one of whom was about ten years old. They were both fine girls, especially the one whose name was, I believe, Isabel; the one I mean who afterwards married her uncle, Ferdinand VII. As to the other princesses, Doña Maria-Anna, and the widow, they were both ugly; but it was an amusing piece of coquetry in them to station themselves beside the Princess of Brazil; her singular ugliness gave a comparative touch of beauty to the others.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, this personage dressed, as I have seen her, in a hunting-jacket (made almost like a man's) of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, a petticoat likewise of green cloth, open behind and before, like those worn by our great-grandmothers when they used to ride on horseback in the country; and then the *beaux cheveux*, which I have already mentioned, surmounted by a man's hat stuck on the crown of her head. Such was the hunting costume of the Princess of Brazil; and Her Royal Highness, it must be observed, hunted like another Nimrod. Heavens! what a strange being she was. One day I arrived at Queluz just as she was setting out to hunt, and when I beheld her equipped in her extraordinary costume I fancied I saw a grotesque vision before me. She had a black horse, very small, like all the Portuguese horses, but sufficiently skittish to intimidate a good male equestrian. To my amazement the princess mounted him *astride*, and giving him two or three smart cuts with the whip she made him prance round the esplanade in front of the palace; and then she set off at full gallop, like a headlong youth of fifteen just broke loose from college. She appeared to me so ridiculous that I confess I had great difficulty in preserving the gravity indispensable to my *diplomatic* dignity.

My presentation audience being over, I went, according to etiquette, to see the *camareira-mor.* This personage was a little thin woman, very dark and very shrivelled, as most of the old women in Portugal are. Her dress, like that of all the ladies of the court of Lisbon, was the strangest masquerade that Christian women can possibly assume. It consisted of a petticoat of very stiff and thick silk, of deep blue colour, with a border of gold embroidery; and her robe was a piece of some kind of red silk, which dragged behind her by way of a train. I observed that some of the elder ladies of the court wore a sort of *toque* or cap fitted close to their heads (this, I believe, was peculiar to widows), and the *camareira* had in hers a large blue flower of the same colour as her petticoat. When I entered the Princess of Brazil's drawing-room all the *damas de honor* were seated—guess, reader, where? On the floor! yes, on the floor! with their legs crossed under them like tailors, or rather like the Arabs, who have bequeathed this among the many other customs they have left to the Peninsula. The ladies all rose up as I entered, and I almost fancied myself surrounded by a flock of Brazilian birds,—those brilliant red and blue feathered paroquets. Their dresses were of the brightest and most glaring colours. The princess, though blind to the defects of her person, apparently had sense enough to avoid these showy colours; and she never wore a court dress. If she had done so, it would have been an awful affair to encounter the twofold monstrosity of her person and her apparel.

After my presentation I was looked upon with much consideration at Lisbon. I was the only important female connected with the diplomatic corps. There was, to be sure, the wife of the English minister, Lady Robert Fitzgerald, aunt by marriage to the beautiful Pamela.[1] But I know not how it was, her manners rendered her utterly intolerable. The good sense and gentlemanly manners of Lord Robert Fitzgerald formed a striking contrast to the

[1] The adopted child of Madame de Genlis. She married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

qualities which distinguished his lady. She was a sort of virago, with large legs, large arms, and large teeth; the latter making one almost afraid to go near her lest she should bite, an apprehension not unreasonable in those who observed the furious way in which she used to eye even a French hat or cap, looking like a tiger ready to fly at the face of the woman who wore it. The sort of reserve maintained by Lord Robert Fitzgerald previous to our arrival in Lisbon was a proof of his sagacity. He clearly perceived the positive influence which France, supported by Spain, was about to exercise upon Portugal. That influence was not received by the nation with the ardour which England might have been led to expect; but it was not on that account the less decided; and Lord Robert, who knew the timid character of the Portuguese Government, had no inclination to engage in a conflict which at that moment could not have turned to the advantage of England. The Princess of Brazil was a Spaniard, therefore discretion was necessary, and every train of reasoning led to the evident conclusion that France was then the ruling power of Europe. Lord Robert Fitzgerald therefore acted prudently. He made no display, gave no parties, but limited himself to the formal interchange of those diplomatic dinners which furnish a stock of *ennui* for several weeks. I fancy, too, that his fortune did not enable him to live very expensively. In his youth Lord Robert must have been an extremely handsome man; he had the manners of a highly-educated nobleman.

The principal secretary to the English embassy was a man whose name was even then distinguished in the literary, as well as the political world, and who since has acquired a celebrity of which his country may be proud. I allude to Lord Strangford. He was then engaged on an English translation of Camoens. His lordship was an agreeable and well-bred man. He was short-sighted, and this circumstance, added to his absence of mind, led him into some strange adventures. One day calling on Pellegrini, an Italian painter, in Lisbon, he perceived, as he

imagined, M. d'Araujo sitting for his portrait. Pellegrini motioned Lord Strangford not to approach, observing at the same time: "It will be finished presently." Lord Strangford imagined that the artist did not wish him to show himself lest he should disturb the minister for foreign affairs at his sitting. After he had waited more than a quarter of an hour at a respectful distance, as became a young diplomatist, Pellegrini beckoned him to come forward. He advanced with a low bow, but M. d'Araujo seemed to take no notice of his salutation. He made a second and a third bow, but M. d'Araujo still preserved the same motionless silence.

Lord Strangford, who probably attributed this coolness to French influence, advanced quite close to the minister for foreign affairs, and saluted him for the fourth time, but his surprise at the taciturnity of M. d'Araujo was speedily converted into merriment when he perceived that he had been bowing all the time to a figure dressed up in the minister's robes of office.

The Spanish embassy would have been of infinite assistance to us if the ambassador's lady had been living. The Comte de Campo Alange was an old man, a widower and a greater devotee than any good Christian needs to be. He was imbued with all the gloomy superstition of the most ignorant of the Spaniards. In other respects he was a worthy man, and his honourable principles well fitted him for the post he filled. He became afterwards faithfully attached to King Joseph, and proved his fidelity by the sacrifice of almost the whole of his large fortune. His chief secretary, Senor Castro, was a man alike remarkable for his intelligence and for the gloomy and even ferocious character of his countenance. His black eyes, surmounted by his bushy and lowering eyebrows, made him look like the leader of a conspiracy.

When the troubles in Spain broke out, Castro took part in them, and his name became celebrated among the Spanish insurgents and the English. His mind was like his countenance—gloomy. The decision of his character was expressed in his eye. His glance alternately wander-

ing and alternately fixed, indicated the man whose mind was solely occupied in one single object. He was a man of very great ability. The under-secretary to the Spanish embassy, Don Camille de los Rios, was as lively as a Frenchman, and spoke our language with perfect elegance; he was a welcome guest at our house. He belonged to the noble family of Fernando Nunez, and had received his education in France, at the college of Sorrèze. He loved France as a foreigner ought, without any absurd enthusiasm, and still preserving for his own country that partiality which should be cherished for the place of one's nativity.

The Russian minister was the most tedious of men; we, however, saw but little of him. England, which already began to tremble at the threatened invasion of Europe by the overwhelming power of Napoleon, tried every scheme to build up a barrier to oppose the threatened torrent. It was whispered that a treaty had been signed at St. Petersburg between Great Britain and Russia. The fact was not yet officially announced, but the Russian minister, on being invited to a party at my house, where there were more than two hundred persons present, appeared with a face screwed up for the occasion. He assumed such a ridiculous air of importance that even those who were best disposed to England wished he had stayed at home, since the only effect he produced was to render himself uglier than he naturally was. Holland had only a consul-general at the court of Lisbon. He discharged the functions of minister. His name was Dormann, and he was a worthy and excellent man. His wife, like himself, was one of those persons whose friendship and esteem always confer honour on those who enjoy them.

The Austrian ambassador was M. von Lebzeltern. For him and his interesting family we cherished a high regard. The Countess Lebzeltern, who was a native of Spain, was much advanced in years. But the gaiety of her mind, and the playfulness of her manners, which were the relic of a past age, recalled to my mind the

traditions of infancy and conspired to attach me to her. Her daughters, especially the eldest, Doña Theresa Maria, were charming girls. How many delightful hours have I passed at Lisbon and at Cintra with this estimable family! Junot was much attached to them.

The Comte de Villaverde filled in the Portuguese cabinet an office similar to that which in France is called president of the council. He was considered to possess a certain tact, or, to speak in plainer terms, a sort of shrewd cunning, and was subject to that perpetual timidity which, in a Government as well as an individual, is the stamp of degradation and frequently of dishonour. M. de Villaverde had just talent enough to discern from the lightning's flash that the storm was advancing upon his country. But there his discernment ended. He had no resources to oppose to the danger, and, having proclaimed it, he delivered himself up to its terrors. The Vicomte d'Anadia, the minister of the marine, was one of those persons whom it is always a happiness to meet. But the viscount was not easily to be met with, for he was an absolute hermit. He avoided society. He saw his country in its true light, viz., a paradise inhabited by demons and brutes, and containing a mere sprinkling of what was good. He contemplated the evils of his country with a heavy heart and a broken spirit. M. d'Araujo, who was no less sensible to the misfortunes of his country, used to say to him: "Let us try to remedy them;" for he did not think them incurable. But M. d'Anadia wept like Jeremiah over the fate of his poor country, rejecting both consolation and hope. He was an excellent musician, and he embellished his retreat with all the resources of the fine arts. I contrived to gain his good graces, and he came to visit at my house more frequently than he went elsewhere.

I have now arrived at the principal portrait of my group, that of the apostolic nuncio. Monsignore Galeppi, Archbishop of Nisibi, is a man famous in the diplomatic annals of the Vatican. His shrewdness, joined to his extensive and profound information, rendered his society extremely

interesting.[1] He felt that his attitude must be very humble towards France. I do not know whether the nuncio had received any instructions, or whether he anticipated them, but certain it is that as soon as he heard of our arrival he constituted himself the friend rather than the diplomatic colleague of the ambassador of France. As for me, he lost no time in declaring himself my *cavaliere servente*, and as he was between sixty and seventy his age of course set scandal at defiance. He declared himself my *admirer*, and addressed to me the most elegant compliments. At the same time he lavished caresses on *my treasure* (as he called my little Josephine), and used to bring her presents of delicious sweetmeats made by an Italian confectioner whom he had brought from Rome. The nuncio did all this with good taste, without any tinge of servility, and it might have answered Galeppi's object with those who would have suffered themselves to be led without looking where they went. But an event which had just happened was calculated to put us on our guard. The Council of the Holy Father had, as well as himself, reckoned on the restoration of his ancient domains. The treaty of Toletino had deprived him of the three legations, and Cardinal Consalvi, as well as the rest, hoped that the Emperor would acknowledge the deference the Pope had shown him by his journey from the Monte Cavallo to the pavilion of Flora in order to consecrate his coronation, and would at least restore

[1] I may here relate an observation which fell from the Emperor relative to Galeppi, and which shows his opinion of the crafty Italian's character. After my return from Portugal, Napoleon was one day conversing with me about the court of Lisbon, and, naturally enough, mentioned Monsignore Galeppi. He had known him, I forget now where, but I believe in Italy. He observed that all the art of the most subtle Turkish *scheik* was mere simplicity compared to the cunning of Galeppi. This was a comparison he frequently made, and often when talking of Galeppi at Malmaison he used to point to the little figure of an Egyptian *scheik*, enveloped in an enormous green pelisse trimmed with sable, a turban made of a scarlet sprigged cashmere shawl, and holding in his hand a jasmine wooden pipe, tipped with amber. He told me that when Galeppi was once arranging a treaty with Murat, I do not recollect on what occasion, he put on a pair of green spectacles that the expression of his countenance might not be observed. This single fact shows the man completely. In the billiard-room at Malmaison there was a collection of these little figures, representing all the *scheiks* of Cairo.

some of the wrecks of the legations. Napoleon did not fulfil this expectation. The Pope, after lingering four months in Paris, recrossed the Alps without obtaining any satisfaction. Perhaps the Emperor committed an error. It is impossible to conceive how prejudicial the bull of excommunication was to his interests in Spain, Italy, and throughout Catholic Germany. He must have perceived at this time the leaven of hatred and vengeance which lurked in the breasts of the Italian ecclesiastics. Monsignore Galeppi made no demonstration of his feelings to me; but he doubtless regretted as keenly as others the loss of that gem of the triple crown. At the time of the Italian coronation, the nuncio, who had probably requested his friends to furnish him with accounts of it, showed me a great quantity of letters from Milan, giving details of the ceremony in terms which revealed profound attachment to Napoleon, and seemed almost dictated by enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The nobility of Lisbon—The Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval—The nobleman and his cook—Portuguese politeness—Their insincerity—Degradation of the country—The Marquis de Loulé—The Three Graces—Duchess of Alafoës—Marquises de Louriçal and de Loulé—Count Sabugal—Comtesse d'Ega—Ratification of a treaty—General Lannes's sabre—The Order of Christ—The *valet-de-chambre* and the red ribbon—Ceremony in the Convento Novo—Tedious sermon—Prince of Brazil—Portugal under the domination of England—Naldi and Catalani at the Opera at Lisbon—Portuguese theatre.

WHEN I was at Lisbon in 1805 the society of that capital presented a strange mixture. It was in two extremes, without any medium—either detestable or excellent. In the latter division, which unfortunately was the minority, I have already placed the Austrian minister's family; and I am proud to say that the two other individuals whom I most highly esteemed in Lisbon were Frenchwomen, married to Portuguese. One of them was the Duchesse de Cadaval, cousin to our present king, and sister to the Duc de Luxembourg; the other was Madame de Braamcamp de Sobral, the daughter of Count Louis de Narbonne. The Duchesse de Cadaval was married at Lisbon at the time of the emigration. She was possessed of great charms of person, grace of manners, a cultivated mind, and an excellent heart. At the time of her marriage, when nineteen or twenty years of age, she was tall and well shaped; her eyes, though soft, beamed with animation, and she had an easy and gentle demeanour which imparted additional charms to her appearance. When I knew her she still retained the gaiety of her smile; but it

was easy to detect in it a tinge of grief. The Duchesse de Cadaval, whose son had a chance of one day sitting on the throne of Portugal, was an excellent woman. When she married the Duc de Cadaval his fortune had been dissipated by debts of all kinds, some of them not the most honourable. She had the courage to adopt a most rigid system of economy in his household. There was a cook to whom he owed 50,000 francs. This debt she paid. The duke, enraged at this settlement with a man whom he alleged to be a thief, behaved in the most violent manner towards his wife; nor was he appeased till the following day, when the money was refunded. Can the reader guess how? He staked the sum at faro with the cook and won it. This is a fact, and truths such as these caused the Duchesse de Cadaval to shed bitter tears.

The nobility of Portugal resembles no other. It contains none of those elements which may be turned to advantage in stormy times when a country is in danger. The days of Juan de Castro, Albuquerque, and Pombal, are gone by, and even the recollection of them is almost extinct. In no country, however, is the difference between the upper and lower classes so strongly marked as in Portugal. The only point of resemblance discernible between the two classes is their habit of paying compliments, which the Portuguese carry to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance, far beyond even the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniards, which, though overstrained, has nevertheless some appearance of sincerity. A Portuguese peasant, when he meets his friend, never fails to take his hat off and hold it in his hand, whatever may be the state of the weather, until he has inquired after the health of the children, the grandchildren, and the house-dog. I have never heard a Portuguese utter an indecent expression or an oath. This peculiarity in their character is so marked that there exists no word in the Portuguese language which is equivalent to the Spanish *caramba*, much less to other blasphemous expressions used in common conversation by the French, English, and Germans. The Portuguese are great talkers: they may almost be called

babblers. They are not frank, but are constantly endeavouring to conceal their real feelings under the cover of engaging and polite attentions. Of this we ourselves experienced mortifying proofs when, at a subsequent period, Junot, with his chivalrous generosity of feeling, sought the aid of men who had once offered to place their fortunes and lives at his disposal, and who answered his appeal only by base treason. The men are not handsome in Portugal. There is among the Portuguese a sort of mixed blood, which gives them very much the appearance of mulattoes: this is particularly observable in Lisbon and Oporto. The fact may probably be accounted for by the frequent intercourse maintained by the inhabitants of those two cities with the negroes. In figure the Portuguese are short, thick set, and square. Their features present no regularity; and the thick lips, flat noses, and curly hair of the negroes are frequent among them. But it is in their hands, and especially their nails, that the distinctive character of the mixed blood is above all perceptible.

The decay of Portuguese society is perhaps owing materially to their Government. Never has that Government known how to turn to good account any generous impulse on the part of the people. Such feelings have always been stifled by fantastic laws still more fantastic in their application. The ruin of literature was so complete at the period of our residence in Portugal that Camoens was scarcely known. To this melancholy state of things was added the English domination, the real cause of the malady which preyed upon the vitals of Portugal in 1805. The English were then all-powerful at Lisbon, and their rule was exercised with perfect despotism. How could it be otherwise when the Prince of Brazil himself set the example.

After my presentation I kept open house. I received company every day, and three times a week I gave a grand dinner. I often gave balls, but not for the Portuguese, who, indeed, are not fond of dancing, and dance very badly. At the time to which I allude there was

but one man in Lisbon who danced well, and he would have been conspicuous even in Paris, not only for that accomplishment, but also for the general elegance of his manners and his high-bred politeness. This was the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé. He was very much like the portraits of Henry IV., and had the pleasing smile which distinguished that monarch. He married one of the "three Graces," for so we called the sisters of the Marquis de Marialva, who has been ambassador from Portugal to France, and who is one of the few men who do honour to Portugal. The Marquise de Loulé, the Marquise de Louriçal, and the Duchess of Alafoës, were indeed most charming women.

The Duchess of Alafoës, remarkable for her beauty, was, when I knew her, about twenty-eight years old, and the aunt of the Princess and of the Prince Regent; I believe also of the old mad queen. The Duke of Alafoës was upwards of eighty. He was a lively and intelligent man, and had travelled much. He had been long in France, and his recollection of that country sufficed to ensure a polite reception to every Frenchman who visited him. He was no favourite at court at the period of our stay at Lisbon, and consequently lived in retirement at his residence called the Grillo, at the eastern extremity of Lisbon. After the custom of the most exalted *hidalgos*, he lived in the midst of a troop of dependants, who formed a sort of little court around him. The Marquise de Louriçal and the Marquise de Loulé were more elegant than their sister. They were fond of pleasure: they used to come to my balls and scrutinise my toilet with looks of envy, and amused themselves by saying ill-natured things of France, her ambassador, and even her ambassadress.

In 1805 the Bellas family were exceedingly influential in Portugal. They were devoted to England, soul and body, and had English manners. The Marquis de Ponte de Lima was a man of very pleasing manners, who spoke French well. He was married to his cousin, the daughter of the Comtesse d'Obidos. She had a pretty

face, but though only twenty, she was, like the Baroness von Tondertintrunck, nearly three hundredweight. This was the consequence of a habit of gormandising, and an excessive indulgence in *caldo de gallina*.[1] The Portuguese are by no means so abstemious as the Spaniards.

Count Sabugal, the eldest son of the Comte d'Obidos, was a man of very elegant manners. He wrote Italian verses very neatly, and spoke French well. He was passionately fond of literature, which was something rare; for the Portuguese nobility make literary taste a subject of ridicule. The count was connected with the royal family, and therefore his servants wore the *green livery*. Count Sabugal would have been a distinguished man in his own country had the Government employed him as it ought to have done; but in Portugal nothing is ever seen in its right place. The Comtesse d'Ega is another individual of whom I will here say a few words, though I shall presently have to speak more at length of her and her family. The countess was a Portuguese by birth, but the daughter of a German nobleman. She was an intelligent woman, well informed, without pedantry; and she spoke and wrote several foreign languages with facility. Just as I arrived in Lisbon the countess was about leaving Portugal for Madrid, where her husband was ambassador. As she had taken her *congé* at court, that monster *etiquette*, which creates so much annoyance in the world, prevented me from seeing her. However, I afterwards saw her in Madrid on my way back to France. Her acquaintance was a source of great gratification to me, for her house was the resort of the best company, and her cultivated taste gave her a superiority over most of her countrywomen. Her fair hair and fine complexion made her look like a German or an Englishwoman rather than a Portuguese; and she was altogether a very pretty and elegant woman. The Comte d'Ega, who was very old and ugly, possessed, it was said, considerable ability as a statesman. Since her widowhood the countess has married Baron von Strogonoff, the brother of my friend Madame Demidoff.

[1] Chicken dressed with rice.

The treaty concluded by General Lannes had been signed,[1] and the Emperor directed Junot to present the ratifications to the Prince Regent. Junot carried them to Queluz, where the prince generally resided. When His Royal Highness received the *rouleau* of papers he began to laugh. "Ah!" . . . he exclaimed; "yes! . . . yes! . . . yes! . . . It is a fine treaty! . . . a fine treaty. . . . Ah! Portugal is a fine nation! . . . a very fine nation." I must mention that at this moment Junot and the prince were alone on a little terrace which commanded a fine view of the scenery round Queluz; and when the prince said: "Portugal is a fine nation!" he alluded to the fields of olives and maize which he perceived around him. "Yes! . . . yes!" . . . he continued; "it was on this very spot that I gave my word of honour to General Lannes. . . . The general is rather——" Then observing a frown gathering on Junot's brow the poor prince drew in his horns, and added: "He is a very worthy man. . . . He used to carry a very large sabre, which made a great noise as he came upstairs." I was informed that Lannes's sabre had once or twice nearly frightened the Prince of Brazil out of his wits. Probably the plenipotentiary, observing its effect in accelerating business, employed it as a convincing argument. *The great sabre* had left a profound impression in the memory of the prince.

As a mark of gratitude for the courtesy which Junot had evinced in his relations with the court of Lisbon, the Prince of Brazil offered him the grand cordon of the Order of Christ. Junot could not venture to refuse it, though he was very much inclined to do so; but he replied that he could not accept it without the Emperor's permission, which he would write for.[2] However, remonstrance was useless; and Junot received formal permission to accept

[1] The treaty of neutrality between France, Portugal, and Spain, concluded in 1803.

[2] In spite of the reverence attached to the name of this order, it is perhaps the most insignificant in the catalogue of knightly decorations. Junot could hardly be blamed for wishing to decline the honour intended him, when he had seen the Duc de Cadaval's servant waiting on his master invested with the red ribbon of the order.

the Order of Christ on the eve of a grand ceremony which was to take place at a convent recently founded by the mad queen, called *O Convento Novo.* This convent, to which a beautiful little church was attached, was situated on one of the hills of Lisbon, which, on account of its pure air, was resorted to by foreigners as their place of residence, and was known by the name of *Buenos Ayres.* Junot inquired what dress was to be worn by the knights on the occasion, and he was informed, *a large mantle of white crape, without lining, and training on the ground.* "Well," said Junot, using an emphatic expression, "the best thing I can do is to dress myself like a priest on Shrove Tuesday to complete the ceremony." The minister for foreign affairs had sent a note to Junot, informing him that the Prince Regent requested his presence at the *Convento Novo,* as Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, if he had received from his sovereign leave to accept it. Junot replied that to his great regret the courier, who, he had no doubt, would bring him the *gracious permission,* had not yet returned; but he added that Madame the Ambassadress, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the imposing ceremony, requested to know whether she could be admitted to the chapel without any breach of etiquette. M. d'Araujo immediately replied that places should be reserved for me and any persons who might accompany me, and that I must be at the convent next morning at half-past eleven o'clock.

As Junot could not properly accompany me to the *Convento Novo,* MM. de Rayneval, de Cherval, and Magnien escorted me; and at half-past ten o'clock we all left the Chafarize de Loretto for *Buenos Ayres.* I was dressed as any lady in Paris would have dressed on a similar occasion. I wore an Indian muslin dress with a worked border. It was made high in the neck, and with a demi-train, as morning dresses usually were at that time. I had on a Leghorn hat with a bouquet of wild flowers, a very large English veil, coloured gloves, and black shoes. As for the gentlemen, they were in boots and round hats; in short, quite in an undress. On arriving at the convent we

were received with military honours. The guard presented arms, the drums beat, and an emigrant French officer stepped forward to hand me from my carriage, and to conduct me to the place which he said was reserved for me by order of the prince. We passed through a number of little passages and doors, and at length reached a very gloomy corridor, where I heard some delightful singing. We were separated from the body of the church only by some tapestry. "Take care, your Excellency," said the officer; "there are three steps to ascend."

I stepped up, and he raised the tapestry. It was now impossible for me to recede: I found myself at the edge of a broad platform, on which were the Prince Regent, the Prince of Beira, and, in short, all the male portion of the royal family of Portugal, but not one of the females. It was fortunate that there was a seat for me, for I was ready to expire from confusion and vexation. The reader may imagine what I must have felt at finding myself an object of observation to seven or eight hundred persons who looked upon the wife of the French ambassador as an extraordinary animal. At that time the men of the Revolution were regarded by foreigners as paragons of bravery; but in Portugal it seems they were looked upon as absolute anthropophagi. What, then, must have been thought of their wives? Fortunately for me, the Comte de Novion, who, as well as his wife, had been for thirty years the friend of my family, assured the Portuguese that my parents were *old Christians.* Thus I found favour in the eyes of the Portuguese, who, though three parts Jewish, are extremely tenacious of admitting amongst them any persons who do not bring good proofs of their purity of blood. M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were as much perplexed as I was by our awkward situation. Their first impulse, like mine, was to retreat; but this was impossible, and the greater our astonishment was, the more it behoved us to conceal it from the uncharitable ridicule to which we knew we should be exposed.

That I might be the better able to observe the ceremony, I had raised my veil on entering. I would fain

have drawn it down again to hide my poor face, which I am sure must have been as red as a pomegranate. The Prince Regent, who probably had never seen an ambassadress in such a situation, fixed upon me two great eyes which almost frightened me, though I could hardly help laughing. Fortunately my attention was diverted by observing the Knights of Christ ranged in two files, and each covered with the white crape mantle, at the idea of which Junot had been so much amused. The strange figures of the Comte de Villaverde, then president of the council, the Prince of Brazil, and many other distinguished personages present, dressed in white crape mantles, marching to and fro in a space of twenty-five feet, alternately sitting down, standing up, and kissing each other's ugly faces, was so diverting that they afforded me some compensation for my embarrassment. But one gets tired of everything. I began to yawn, and M. de Cherval, who was also tired to death, said to me in a whisper: "Never mind, we shall get off very well if we can escape the sermon." At this moment we heard a voice exclaim with a nasal twang: "*In nomine Patris, et Filii,*" etc. We looked at each other with such an expression of despair that the inclination to laugh naturally followed. However, this was immediately suppressed by a sermon in Portuguese, a horribly barbarous sounding language to those who do not understand it, with its continual terminations in *aon.* This harangue lasted for an hour and a half; so we were obliged to exercise our patience and hear him to an end.

During my long torture I surveyed the different members of the royal family. As to the Prince of Brazil I have already attempted to sketch his portrait, but his countenance baffles all description. There was a caricature published in Lisbon the day after his flight, in which he was represented with a bull's head with somewhat of the expression of a wild boar. The fact is, that he was not only ugly, but his ugliness was of that description which left good nature no resource. It was impossible to look with patience at his great brutish head, his clumsy

legs, and his shoulders as broad as those of a Galego. The Prince of Beira,[1] his son, was handsome, and was altogether a pleasing and interesting child.

At length, after nearly four hours' torture, we were allowed to go away, because the prince and his craped court took it into their heads to retire, after kissing each other in all peace and charity, although they hated one another as cordially as any persons in the world. I did not leave my place until I was pretty sure that the prince was quite gone, then, again accepting the arm of the officer who had before escorted me, I regained my carriage. My companions were exceedingly annoyed, especially M. de Rayneval, who, accustomed as he was to the *ennui* of court life, had never before swallowed so soporific a potion. The guards saluted us at our departure as they had done on our arrival, presenting arms and beating drums, and we departed fully resolved to make strict inquiries respecting any ceremony of the court of Lisbon which we might again desire to witness.

There was at this period great hesitation on the part of the Portuguese Government to obey the imperious wishes of England. Even the court of Lisbon, though directly under the yoke of Great Britain, could not obey her without fear and trembling. Now, too, a voice of thunder also issued its mandates and insisted on being obeyed. Hitherto Portugal had not been under much apprehension with respect to France, because we could not attack her except by sea, and we had no fleet. But Spain was now subjected to the man to whom mountains covered with snow, raging torrents, unformed roads, hostile fleets — nothing proved an obstacle, and a sort of instinctive terror hinted to Portugal: "This man will ruin you if you do not obey him." And truly this man did ruin her, and *because* she did not obey him. What I have already said of the Portuguese character will enable the reader to comprehend the double-dealing of the court of Lisbon. M.

[1] So called in order that he might not be confounded with the Infant Don Pedro, the son of an Infant of Spain, and a Portuguese princess then at the court of Portugal. The Prince of Beira was afterwards Emperor of Brazil.

d'Araujo, who wished to act uprightly, was compelled to do as the others did. England herself had began to fear. The squadron of Rochefort, under the command of Vice-Admiral Missiessi, sailed from Aix on the 11th of January 1805, and returned to Charente after a cruise of six months, having completely effected its object, without having once been seen by the enemy.[1]

This intelligence, which we received one evening in the midst of a *fête* at our hotel, did not appear to impart equal pleasure to all present. I remarked the circumstance to an individual for whom both I and Junot entertained a great esteem, and who possessed a minute knowledge of both Portugal and England under all the various aspects which those two nations presented. This individual, who usefully aided me in my own observations, was the celebrated singer Naldi, then a performer at the Lisbon Opera. He came to Paris, and ended a life which he had employed in acts of benevolence, and in revealing that unsullied worth which may be found even in his profession. I engaged him for my singing-master as soon as I heard him in Fioraventi's *Camilla*, and we soon learned to appreciate his various merits. Naldi was distinguished for extensive information on every subject relating to the fine arts, science, and mechanics. His love for the latter afterwards cost him his life. He was trying an *auto clave* at his residence in Paris, when the machine, which was new and not perfectly understood by him, burst and fractured his skull. How many delightful hours have I passed in listening to the delicious compositions of Fioraventi, sung by Naldi and Guaforini! Naldi also excelled in the *Fanatico per la Musica*. This opera, which was produced during my residence at Lisbon for Guaforini and Naldi, was quite spoiled in Paris when Madame Catalani arranged it for her voice. The pretty *duo* of the singing lesson was no longer the same. The Lisbon Opera was at that period the most famous in Europe. Catalani, then in her zenith, was the prima-donna. The

[1] This squadron visited the islands of Montserrat and St. Christopher, and made some captures during the voyage.

soprano was Matucchi, the successor of Crescentini; Monbelli was the tenor, and he was a very excellent singer and actor. There was also another tenor named Olivieri. This was the company for the opera seria. For the opera bouffe there were Guaforini, Naldi, and a good tenor whose name I have forgotten. Add to this list the names of Fioraventi, the composer for the opera bouffe; Marco Portogallo, composer for the opera seria; and Caravita, as writer of the libretti; and some idea may be formed of what the Lisbon Opera was in 1805 and 1806.

As to the Portuguese theatre, which is called *Teatro de Salitre*, it was wretchedly bad. The house was gloomy and dirty, and the actors detestable. I went once to see the performance of *Gabrielle de Vergy* translated into Portuguese. I began to understand a little of the language; but I could as easily have comprehended Chinese as the Portuguese actors,—they seemed to be braying. As to the dresses, I cannot attempt to describe them. When Fayel enters Gabrielle's prison wounded, the actor, wishing to have the appearance of being stained with blood, made an immense blotch of red on a portion of his dress. This was hideously disgusting. The Lusitanian Roscius had got a piece of red rag sewed upon his dress, and, being insecurely fastened, it got loose, and fluttering in the wind which blew in from the side scenes produced a most ludicrous effect. The reader may judge of the rest from what I have stated. The Portuguese themselves do not go to their national theatre. They have no dramatic writers. The actors are bad, because there is no audience capable of appreciating them if they were good.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Belem—Garden at Bemfica—The dangerous bouquet—Military position of Lisbon—Junot's subsequent defence of it in 1808—The mad queen, Donna Maria—My encounter with her—Cintra—Country-houses there—Coalition preparing against France—Elevation of Madame Lætitia and the Princess Eliza—Naval action between Villeneuve and Sir R. Calder—Captain Baudin of the *Topaze* frigate—His successes—Promoted by Napoleon—Observations on Colonel Napier's work—Letter from Napoleon to Junot—Attitude of Austria—Junot's visit on board the *Topaze*—My illness—Junot departs to join the Emperor—His speedy arrival at Napoleon's headquarters—His conversation with the Emperor.

THE king has no palace in Lisbon. He formerly resided at Belem, but since that castle was burned the royal family live at Queluz, which they never leave except when they go to Maffra, a royal convent, and a wretched copy of the Escurial. The castle of Belem[1] was being rebuilt when I was at Lisbon. The only garden in the environs of Lisbon that deserved the name was the property of the Marquis d'Abrantes, at Bemfica. One day when I was walking in it, inhaling the balmy air, in an alley formed of superb magnolias and palm-trees, then in full bloom, the gardener made me up a large bouquet, in which he placed four or five magnolia flowers. On my return home with my bouquet I felt an unusual drowsiness. I went to bed, having first placed my nosegay in water and deposited it on a table near my bedside that I might enjoy its delicious perfume. When I lay down the drowsiness with which I had been oppressed appeared to leave me. My blood circulated with extreme violence; my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever. I was for a con-

[1] Belem is called a suburb of Lisbon, but it may be considered as forming part of the city.

siderable time exceedingly restless, but at length I fell into a profound and heavy sleep. As I had retired to bed very much fatigued, Junot desired the servants not to disturb me the next morning. However, at eleven o'clock, finding that I had not been called, he himself came into my apartment and opened my shutters, whilst my little Josephine climbed upon the bed to embrace me. But as soon as the light came into my room the poor child uttered a terrible shriek. I was almost suffocated. Junot instantly threw open the windows. My faculties were so completely suspended that at first he supposed me to be dead. However, there was no contraction of the features which indicated suffering. I was deadly pale, and my teeth were so firmly closed that on coming to myself again I could hardly separate them. My eyelids also were very much swollen. I had lost my sense of hearing, and was in a state of perfect insensibility. Junot raised me in his arms and carried me into the balcony. The air caused me to give signs of life, but it was not till M. Magnien [1] had rubbed my forehead with vinegar and, I believe, with ether and alkali, that I was able to open my eyes. I awoke as if from a long and sound sleep. My eyes could not support the light of day, and I several times appeared inclined to relapse into my state of insensibility. I remained in this situation about two hours. I had felt no pain until I was perfectly roused, and then I suffered from violent headache, which was removed only by very active exercise. I should undoubtedly have died had not Junot entered my chamber just as he did. This circumstance serves to prove the baneful effects which may be produced by perfumes so powerful as those exhaled in Portugal by the magnolia, and especially the datura, of which there was a superb branch in my nosegay, as well as daphnes of all kinds.

To return to my observations on the surroundings of the Portuguese capital and its defences. Lisbon appears, when approached from Spain, as if entrenched behind the Tagus,

[1] M. Magnien was a medical gentleman. He accompanied the embassy, but not in any official capacity.

which at that part is two leagues broad. From hence to the mouth of the river, about half a mile, there are several hills which might be easily defended, but which do not command the city. On one of the hills there is a tower, corresponding with the tower of Belem. It is fortified, and contains a garrison, and is called *Torre Velha.* Near the mouth of the river are two villages, Trafferia and A-Costa. From the point of land where A-Costa is situated, a sandbank runs out to a large fortified tower, which, together with a fort built opposite to it, defends the entrance to the port. Its proper name is the Fort de San Lourenço, but it is commonly called Torre di Bugio. The northern bank then stretches much farther into the sea, and forms the famous promontory of Cabo di Rocca. A little below Belem, proceeding towards Lisbon, is a square fort called the Torre de Belem, which is thickly planted with cannon, and defends the passage. No vessel could pass these guns without being seriously assailed. A short time before I arrived in Lisbon several batteries were built near this fort, some quite on the edge of the river, which is very difficult of access. The channel is very narrow, and its mouth is barred by a bank of stone. At a short distance stands the little town of Oeyras, and two leagues lower down, still following the current of the river, is Cascaès, an important town, having a fort, beneath which vessels may anchor. Close to this place is Fort San Antonio. From thence, in the direction of the north, the river is bordered only by a chain of broken rocks, while on the south there are an immense multitude of sandbanks not yet marked on any map. From the description I have here given of the position of Lisbon the reader may conceive the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of carrying the city by an attack directed either from the side of Spain or from the sea. Before the city could be endangered in the latter direction, the hostile force must land at a considerable distance, and in that case Lisbon may defend herself by an army and her natural position. It was by this means that Junot defended Lisbon in 1808; but once the barrier

is passed, all defence is impossible. Thus availing himself of the peculiarities of his position, a general entrusted with the defence of Lisbon once said to his assailant:

"Grant me the conditions which *I impose upon you*, or I will destroy the city of Lisbon; the Emperor did not confide to me his eagles that they should be dishonoured by a capitulation."[1] This was Junot's reply to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when, after the battle of Vimeira, he found himself with 12,000 men opposed to 35,000 English and an equal number of Portuguese troops, backed by a savage and insurgent population, bent on the pillage and massacre of the French. And he would have done as he said. Of course he and his army would have been destroyed first, but the destruction of the English would have been equally certain. This would have been better than the burning of Moscow, for at that catastrophe Rostopchin escaped.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications, and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the royal family, which is situated in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the mad queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor, the grand-inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation; but in this instance, at least, the mistake was not very extraordinary. This queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died of the smallpox before he came to the throne: the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon. Heaven knows how gloriously that was! . . . The mad queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro and the great-grandmother of the young queen, Donna Maria de Gloria. Her Majesty never left her royal prison

[1] [The enthusiastic devotion of Madame Junot to Napoleon, and her respect for her husband's military talents, has blinded her judgment and led her into great inaccuracy in her estimate of the relative forces of the French and Anglo-Portuguese armies at the time of Junot's discomfiture by Sir A. Wellesley.—*Eng. Ed.*]

except to enter another, namely, one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country and quite out of the reach of the public gaze; then sometimes her keepers would let her get out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day, when I was strolling in a little romantic valley in the neighbourhood of Cintra, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her endeavoured to shade the hair from her face, but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard. Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me, and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however, mention Her Majesty, and it was not until afterwards that I was informed by M. d'Araujo it was the queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniacal. This encounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections. The sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic were likely to increase her malady; her gray head, too, which in its dishevelment, seemed to reject the crown it could not support; all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind. When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the sovereigns of Europe, at least all the *legitimate* sovereigns, were at that time either mad or imbecile.

On the north-west of Lisbon a long chain of high mountains terminates the beautiful landscape. These are

the mountains of Cintra,[1] upon which many of the Portuguese have their *quintas* or country-houses.

We hired a *quinta* at Cintra which had belonged to a Madame la Roche, the widow of a French merchant. The garden was not large, but it was entirely planted with orange and lemon trees, which we were informed produced an extraordinary abundance of fruit. At Cintra we found the Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval. They had three *quintas* there, and scarcely one of them was habitable. The duchess laughed at this, though it was easy to perceive she was dissatisfied. As to the duke, he did not concern himself about the matter. His occupations were gambling and abusing the French, at least saying behind their backs what he dared not have said to their faces. We had also near us the family of the Austrian minister, our intimate friends the Lebzelterns. They resided in the old royal palace of Cintra, part of which was assigned to their accommodation by the court. This formed a pleasant little journey for us, for our house was near Colares, almost at the other extremity of the valley.

While we were at Cintra, Junot received letters announcing positively that a third continental coalition had been formed against France. He became low-spirited, for he was fearful that the Emperor would forget him. He therefore wrote to Napoleon, and sent off his letter by an extraordinary courier. It was now July. The reports of war were circulated only in whispers; for Austria had not formally acceded to the treaty between Russia and England. At this time, too, I learned an event which rendered me truly happy. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was at length raised to the rank suitable to the woman who had given birth to the sovereign of Europe, and I was appointed one of her ladies. I have reason to be gratified for the kindness I invariably experienced from that princess. She was an excellent woman, and possessed a truly queen-like heart.

[1] Lord Byron has justly observed that Cintra is a paradise inhabited by demons, but in alluding to that place in his *Childe Harold* he has committed an historical error, which I shall hereafter correct.

About this period several acts of the Emperor awakened the petty animosity of some of the Governments of Europe. All that was wanted was a pretext for rising against the Colossus, whose regenerating hand was extended to all the old crowned heads which were tottering beneath antiquated and decayed institutions. By an imperial decree the States of Parma and Piacenza were united to France, and Lucca was given to the Princess Eliza. England, desperately resolved on war at any sacrifice, gladly seized the opportunity to characterise as the ambition of invasion that which was rather the ambition of glory on the part of Napoleon. Accordingly, her fleets put to sea. The Emperor, assured of the good-will and fidelity of Spain, and confiding in Admiral Villeneuve (that man who brought so much misfortune and disgrace on our arms), ordered him to go in pursuit of the enemy, but only with a superior force, which was very easy since we had the command of the dockyards and arsenals of Spain. Admiral Villeneuve set sail with a combined fleet, consisting of fourteen French ships of war and six Spanish vessels. He fell in with the English fleet, commanded by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The unfortunate Villeneuve was beaten with a superior force, and two of the Spanish ships fell into the hands of the enemy. We were among a people to whom our misfortunes were a source of joy, and our glory a cause of mourning. It may easily be imagined, therefore, what were our feelings on the receipt of the above intelligence, which came to us even before it reached the Emperor. Junot was furious. But Heaven had a compensation in store for us. How happy I am to number among my friends a man of whom the French navy has just reason to boast, and over whose laurels we then shed tears of pride!

We were still dejected by the melancholy intelligence of the battle of Finisterre when we learned that a French frigate had just entered the port of Lisbon after some glorious engagements. We were then at Cintra. Junot directed Colonel Laborde to set off to Lisbon, and to request the commander of the frigate to come to him

immediately. It was too late for him to return that evening; but next morning the colonel came back accompanied by the brave officer who had secured such a triumph to the French flag. Junot hastened to meet him and embraced him as if he had been an old friend. Captain Baudin was at that time a very young man, handsome, and of mild and reserved manners. He commanded the frigate *La Topaze*, forty-four guns. Off the Antilles he had fallen in with the English frigate *Blanche*, also of forty-four guns. He had defeated and captured her.[1] Returning to Europe to refit, for he had suffered considerably in the engagement, he fell in with another English vessel, the *Raisonable*, sixty-four guns, near the coast of Spain. "My lads," said he to his crew, "shall we allow this fine prize to escape us?"—"No!" exclaimed with one voice both officers and men. "*Houra pour la belle France!* . . . Captain, give the word!" The guns of the *Topaze* gave the signal for the attack, and with his masts broken, his sails tattered, a part of his crew wounded and disabled, the young captain attempted to capture this large vessel. The *Raisonable*, however, escaped, but with immense loss; and the *Topaze* entered the port of Lisbon amidst the acclamations even of our enemies.[2]

"Oh!" exclaimed Junot, after reading Captain Baudin's report of these actions, and striking the table forcibly with his hands,—"Oh! if this young man had been at Finisterre instead of that —— Villeneuve!" When Captain Baudin returned to the drawing-room Junot ran to him and embraced him a second time. "You are a brave and loyal young man," said he; "I ask your friendship and I offer you mine." This was not a common phrase with Junot. It was but the second time I had heard him

[1] [In justice to the officers and crew of the *Blanche* it may be mentioned, as it has escaped notice by the Duchesse d'Abrantes, that the *Blanche* was captured by a squadron consisting of the *Topaze*, *Département des Landes*, *Torche* and *Faune* (with a total of ninety-six guns), and that she sank a few hours after this unequal engagement, particulars of which will be found in James's *Naval History of Great Britain*, iv. 37, *et seq.* The *Topaze* ALONE carried 195 more men than the *Blanche*.—R. B., 1882.]

[2] [The *Topaze* was chased for an entire day (August 16th) by the *Raisonable*, and only escaped under cover of night ("James").—R. B., 1882.]

make use of it since my marriage. On the first occasion it was addressed to General Richepanse. The *Topaze* had suffered so severely that she required to be completely refitted. Lisbon, being a neutral port, seemed admirably adapted for this operation; but, will it be believed, it was necessary to resort to force to enable the frigate to remain there, whilst a flotilla, composed of six large vessels and several small ones, lay at anchor before the Square of Commerce as long as it was found convenient. Is it surprising that this conduct should provoke revenge? Is it wonderful that we should take reprisals when we have in our hands overwhelming proofs of the ingratitude of the Portuguese towards the man who devoted himself to the protection of their lives and honour when his own safety was compromised, both as a private individual and one entrusted with an immense responsibility? Lisbon should not have raised her ungrateful voice so loudly. How base and treacherous has been her ingratitude!

But why should I be surprised at the conduct of the Portuguese? Have I not seen here, *in France*, one of Junot's old comrades permit the publication of a work translated from the English, containing revolting falsehoods respecting my husband and Marshal Ney? . . . This work, which is the production of Colonel Napier, and which found grace in the eyes of the minister for the war department, was presented *to me,—to me the widow of Junot,*—as containing *authentic* documents. I read in it an indecent attack upon the private character of a man whose conduct as a soldier not even his enemies could traduce, in that admirable affair of the convention of Cintra, since the individuals who signed it on the part of England were tried by a court-martial. The fine lines of *Childe Harold* would in themselves suffice for the glory of Junot even though the original copy of that convention were not in existence to prove it. Fortunately I possess that original document, and in both languages. It is not inserted in Colonel Napier's work.

On receiving intelligence of the career of the *Topaze*, Napoleon immediately raised Captain Baudin to the rank

of *Capitaine de Frégate.* In the report which Junot transmitted to Paris the Emperor remarked a circumstance which greatly pleased him; this was that Captain Baudin had adopted at sea the same method which he (Napoleon) employed in making an attack by land—he had taken positions in which he could employ more guns than the enemy, and it is well known that this was one of the Emperor's favourite manœuvres. Baudin remained several months in the port of Lisbon because there was an English cruiser at its entrance which he wished to avoid. He left Lisbon after the unfortunate battle of Trafalgar. My husband was much attached to Captain Baudin, who is one of those friends that have remained faithful to me. The friendship I cherish for him makes me feel the more indignant at the injustice with which he has been treated. Napoleon, who so well knew how to appreciate talent, and who never conferred distinctions except as the reward of real merit, made Baudin a rear-admiral at an age when others of his profession scarcely attain the rank of captain. Three and twenty years afterwards he still remained what Napoleon had made him.

I have already mentioned that a new continental coalition was expected. While we were at Cintra, Junot one day received a letter in the handwriting of the Emperor which brought him very important intelligence. On the horizon of Europe clouds were already gathering in the direction of the north. This important period deserves a brief retrospection. Of all the powers included in the coalition, Austria was the one whose interests were most in danger. Her States, reduced to one half their former extent, were open on all sides. Her federative power was annihilated in Germany without the hope of recovery, and this same power was strongly menaced in Italy, and even in part destroyed. Accordingly, Austria took the alarm, for with her the question was an affair of life or death. Napoleon's coronation at Milan conveyed to Austria the last conviction that her power was for ever annihilated in Italy, and that she had never been beloved there — a fact sufficiently inexplicable to a sovereignty

that was adored in its own hereditary States. Be this as it may, Austria was really afraid; she had not yet recovered from the shock of Marengo and Hohenlinden. She found herself, as it were, compressed between the source of the Main and the mouth of the Po. It was thus necessary to assume an imposing attitude or she was lost.

The violation of the treaty of Luneville was seized upon as an opportunity. It was alleged that by virtue of that treaty, Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, Genoa, and Lucca, as well as Parma, had the right of choosing constitutions for themselves, and that it was an infringement of that right to impose laws upon them. Reasoning thus, Austria at length acceded to the treaty concluded between St. Petersburg and England on the 8th of April previous. She immediately entered the field. General Kleinau crossed the Inn and invaded Bavaria. The Austrian army, 80,000 strong, was commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand under the tutelage of General Mack, whilst 35,000 men occupied the Tyrol under the command of the Archduke John, thus supporting the left of General Kleinau's army and the right of the army of Italy. The latter, which was under the immediate command of Prince Charles, was perhaps the most important of all, and consisted of 110,000 excellent troops. This force was advancing in good order upon the Adige. France found herself again threatened on all sides. The South of Europe alone continued faithful to her, and therefore it was of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations between the courts of France and Lisbon. England made superhuman efforts to stir up a quarrel, and a very trivial occurrence well-nigh enabled her to accomplish her object.

Junot went to visit Captain Baudin on board his frigate, and as soon as he set foot on the deck a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honour of him. It is not allowable to fire guns in a neutral port, and the English affected to be very indignant at this violation of the rule. They appeared much more mortified at it than the

Prince Regent of Portugal himself. Finding that they did not obtain what they were pleased to call justice, they made our one and twenty guns an excuse for firing two thousand as the signal of mourning on the one side and rejoicing on the other, on the occasion of the battle of Trafalgar. This powder cannonade was more insulting to the Princess of Brazil than to us, because she was a Spaniard; but its object was to insult France, and serious consequences would no doubt have ensued had Junot been at that time in Lisbon. Fortunately, he was galloping towards Moravia. His first impulse, which was always violent when the honour of France was concerned, would doubtless have been injurious to the feeble Government of Portugal. M. de Rayneval, who was no less susceptible, but more calm, avoided a rupture, to the great disappointment of the English.

I had been exceedingly ill for several months past, and my medical attendants ordered me to go to a little miserable village called Caldas da Raynha, where there are some tepid springs which are said to possess wonderful medicinal virtues. Though I entertained very little hope of deriving benefit from them, yet I set off, carried on a sort of litter, and arrived at Caldas da Raynha in such a weak state that at first I could take the waters only by spoonfuls. They are warm, sulphuric, and at the same time tonic. My disorder was a nervous affection of the stomach, but so severe that I could not take even a glass of *eau sucrée*. The waters produced a wonderful effect upon me, so that at the expiration of a week I was able to walk in the royal quinta, and within a fortnight I ate a partridge for my dinner. However, my convalescence was slow. One day, while I was at Caldas da Raynha, Junot came to bid me farewell. The Emperor had kept his word, and had sent for him as soon as the first cannon was fired. "Be speedy," said Duroc in his letter, "for I have a presentiment that this campaign will not be a long one."

Junot immediately set off to join the Emperor wherever he might be. M. de Talleyrand, who had written to desire Junot to give the power of *chargé d'affaires* to

M. de Rayneval, mentioned in his letter that I might if I pleased return to France, as it was known that I was an invalid. Junot stayed but a few hours at Caldas. He returned to Lisbon, where he mounted a post-horse and rode to Bayonne. There he procured a *calèche* which conveyed him to Paris. He stayed there four and twenty hours, after which he departed for Germany in a post-chaise, driving with the utmost speed. He joined Napoleon at Brunn, in Moravia, on the 1st of December. The Emperor was standing with Berthier at a window looking towards the high road. It was about half-past nine in the morning, and the weather was thick and foggy. "Who have we here?" said the Emperor, as he perceived Junot advancing along the road. "It is a post-chaise. We do not expect any news this morning." The chaise advanced rapidly, and the Emperor, who kept his glass pointed at it, at length exclaimed: "It is a general officer. If the thing were possible I should think it was Junot. On what day did you write, Berthier?" Berthier informed him. "Then it cannot be he," continued Napoleon. "He has twelve hundred leagues to travel, and with the utmost possible speed he could not arrive."

The aide-de-camp on duty entered and announced General Junot. "*Par Dieu*," said Napoleon, running up to him, "you are the man for affairs like this! To arrive on the eve of a great battle, after travelling twelve hundred leagues, and to leave an embassy for the cannon's mouth. To complete the business, you have only to be wounded in to-morrow's battle."—"I expect it, Sire, but I hope it will be with the last ball," replied Junot, laughing. "The Russians must let me perform my duty to your Majesty."—"Faith," said the Emperor, "it is the only duty that is left for you. You have come too late. Every corps has got a commander, even your brave grenadiers of Arras, and they have a very able one."—"I know it," replied Junot, "and I do not regret his appointment, for I know he will lead them to victory. But, Sire, I am too happy in serving as your aide-de-camp, as I did in Italy. It is a happy augury."

The Emperor shook his head, but his air of doubt was not discouraging; he smiled, and his smile always inspired confidence. He walked about the room with a calmness calculated to encourage the most timid. He asked Junot how he had left me, and whether my illness was caused by jealousy of the Princess of Brazil. Junot burst into a fit of laughter. "Is she really so ugly as she is described?" resumed the Emperor. "Is she uglier than her sister of Etruria? Surely that is not possible." —"Sire, she is uglier than anything you can possibly imagine."—"What, more so than the Queen of Etruria?" —"Much, Sire."—"And the Prince Regent?"—"In the first place, Sire, he is a perfect fool; and as to his personal appearance, your Majesty may judge of that from the description which my wife drew of him in two words, and which I assure you is exceedingly accurate. She observed that the Prince of Brazil was like a bull whose mother had been frightened by an orang-outang." —"Did she really say that?" resumed the Emperor, laughing immoderately, "*petite peste.*[1] And is it true?"— "Perfectly true, Sire."

The Emperor then asked Junot a multitude of questions respecting the royal families of Spain and Portugal, and that at a moment when his mind must have been engrossed by thoughts of a different and more important nature. But everything was wonderful in that wonderful man.

[1] A name by which the Emperor frequently called me in his moments of good-humour.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dangerous passage across the Tagus—Narrow escape—The battle of Trafalgar—Celebration of the event by the English at Lisbon—Villeneuve's incapacity—Disastrous results of the battle—Napoleon's brilliant campaign in Germany—Series of victories—Capture of Ulm—Battle of Austerlitz—Enthusiastic attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon—Armistice—Napoleon enjoys the fruits of his glory—Marriage of Eugène—My audience at the court of Lisbon before my departure—Conversation with the Duc de Cadaval.

AFTER Junot left his diplomatic post to assist in gaining fresh triumphs for the country he so dearly loved, several unfortunate and unlooked-for events occurred. The battle of Trafalgar, that disastrous conflict which extinguished the last gleams of our maritime glory, happened about this time: I was at Lisbon. I saw the consequences of that event unclouded by the allusion with which flattery sought to conceal the disaster—a disaster so at variance with the glories of Austerlitz.

I was on my way back to Lisbon from Caldas da Raynha after my recovery, and on reaching the Tagus went on board one of the royal *escaleres*, which was prepared for my accommodation. This was on the 21st of October: the weather, which at first had been exceedingly fine, became all of a sudden overcast, and soon fell to a dead calm. As we had twenty rowers this mattered little, especially as we were descending the river. But a most violent storm presently burst upon us, raging with such increasing fury that we were at length in extreme danger.

For two hours the wind raged furiously, and our yacht was sometimes driven aground so violently that we

feared she would go to pieces. Fortunately, my little daughter was not with me, so that I had only my own safety to think of, and that did not very greatly concern me. However, I had just been so very near death that I felt existence was worth caring for. I was then but twenty years of age, and it is hard to die a violent death so early. But I recollect I was quite resigned. A dispute between M. Magnien and M. de Cherval informed me that the former had, contrary to the opinion of the barge-master, insisted on our returning by water. The master became uneasy, and on my questioning him frankly admitted the danger we were in. As he was speaking the clouds closed over us with such rapidity that the banks of the river disappeared from our view in an instant. The master ordered the sail to be unfurled, which was no sooner done than a dreadful blast rent it in two. The lurch was so violent at that moment that we were within an ace of being upset. M. Magnien was perfectly bewildered. He kept traversing the little cabin of the barge, into which the waves forced themselves through the windows, wringing his hands, and reproaching himself for having been the cause of our peril. Presently, the master came down to us, looking agitated and pale. "Our oars are broken," said he, "the sail is torn, and I cannot answer for your safety. We are now opposite Saccavin. If you like, I will endeavour to land there." —"By all means," cried I, half killed by the pitching of the boat.

All the efforts of our twenty rowers were at first of no avail. The wind blew with such violence that we were constantly driven back into the middle of the river covered with the surge, which forced itself over the sides of the yacht. At length, however, the promise of a rich reward, joined to a natural solicitude for their own safety, animated the men, and after the most laborious exertion they succeeded. We were brought on shore at about two hundred paces from the landing-place. Four of the boat-men carried me over the shallows, and I was taken to a house at Saccavin, where I was provided with a fire and

a change of clothes. I then despatched an express to Lisbon for my carriage, and on that same evening I was seated in the little yellow drawing-room of my hotel in Lisbon, with my daughter on my knee, surrounded by my friends, and perfectly happy. Ah! how often have I reproached myself for the happiness I enjoyed that evening! . . . It was the day of the battle of Trafalgar!

Five days had elapsed since my return. The stormy weather had passed away, and the blue sky of Lisbon again appeared. The autumnal sun, more glowing than that which warms the summer of our climate, now again shone forth in cloudless glory. We had arranged a little excursion in the country with the Lebzelterns, when one morning I was awakened by the firing of guns, which shook the frail walls of our hotel. The reports followed each other with such rapidity that I knew not what to think of it. I sent to M. de Rayneval, but he had gone out. Indeed, everybody was abroad making inquiries. M. de Rayneval was the only person who had learnt the news, and he had gone immediately to M. d'Araujo. Intelligence of the battle of Trafalgar[1] had arrived at Lisbon during the night. The port was crowded with English vessels, and without regard to the neutrality of the place, without regard to the Princess of Brazil,—who, as Infanta of Spain, had lost by the disaster even more than France,—the English vessels immediately began firing in celebration of their victory, just as if they had been in Portsmouth harbour; with their demonstrations of joy signs of grief were mingled. The victory was dearly won. Nelson was no more!

On his return M. de Rayneval told us the news. He was overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous event, happening as it did at the very moment our arms promised such success,—an event too, which the enemy and the elements combined to follow up with such murderous and general destruction! He described the dreadful conflict to me, for he could not bear to read it over again. It was, indeed, horrible! "What a wretch must that admiral

[1] Trafalgar is ten leagues south-east of Cadiz.

be," thought I! . . . "He has been the cause of this catastrophe, this scene of carnage, this second act and conclusion of the tragedy of Quiberon, this ruin and destruction of our naval power." The Emperor is reported to have cried out in his sleep, after he heard of the defeat of Villeneuve by Admiral Calder—

"Varus, rends-moi mes légions."

The brilliant affair of Captain Baudin had not rendered this news less bitter to Napoleon. He had immediately ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be superseded by Admiral Rosilly. Villeneuve had previously fallen into disgrace; for it was he who at the battle of the Nile remained quietly at anchor. He was patronised by Décrès, who always protected the unworthy and never the deserving. When Décrès was informed of the Emperor's determination, he wrote to Villeneuve to this effect:—"I delay the *official announcement* of Rosilly having superseded you. Manage to get under weigh before it reaches you. Seek the enemy, and if you should have a successful engagement you will be pardoned. You must risk all to gain all."[1] On receiving this letter, which informed him of his well-merited disgrace, Villeneuve saw that he must escape dishonour at any risk. In his character of commander-in-chief of the combined squadron he summoned on board his ship all the Spanish commanders, at the head of whom was the brave Gravina, the boast of the Spanish navy. Villeneuve announced to them his intention of proceeding to sea. Gravina objected to the proposition on the ground of its impracticability. Villeneuve replied to him in an abusive strain. "I shall demand satisfaction for this after the battle," rejoined Gravina. "We must be off, it seems; may God protect us, for we are going to our destruction!"

Villeneuve was impelled by his evil genius. He was equally deaf to the remonstrances of the officers of the French fleet. The brave and skilful Rear-Admiral Magon,

[1] I knew the officer who carried this despatch. Many months after, by a singular accident, he became acquainted with its contents.

the old friend of my family, in vain enforced Gravina's arguments. The English fleet, commanded by Admiral Nelson, that enemy of the French, whom he hated as cordially as Hannibal hated the Romans, consisted of twenty-eight vessels, nine of which were three-deckers.[1] The combined fleet included eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships. It consisted of one vessel of a hundred and thirty guns (the *Santissima-Trinidada*), two of a hundred guns, two of eighty-four, three of eighty, one of sixty-four, and twenty-four others, each of seventy-four guns. What a noble fleet! In this united force there was power sufficient to crush the English fleet. But, instead of being victorious, ours was destroyed through the most unskilful manœuvres. The courage and ability of some of our officers, it is true, present examples almost equal to the fabulous achievements recorded by Plutarch of the heroes of antiquity. A storm as dreadful as any which had occurred in the memory of the oldest sailor added its horrors to those of the conflict. The lightning vied with the flashes of the guns, and its lurid glare afforded the dying the consolation of seeing that it dealt its shafts impartially. Our tricoloured flag, alas! suffered most during those fatal days, for the horrid conflict raged two days and a night. We had five vessels taken! three sunk during the action! three blown up! one (that commanded by Rear-Admiral Magon[2]) borne down upon by the enemy and her deck covered with the slain, was blown up by her own crew to escape the disgrace of surrendering! Thus did I lose a friend of my early childhood! Ten other vessels ran ashore on different parts of the coast. One was wrecked at a distance of thirty-two leagues from Trafalgar, at Cape St. Vincent, near Lagos; but she contained only the dead and dying. Only nine vessels re-entered Cadiz. As to the admiral, it was natural to expect that he must have been killed in the battle, or at least that one of the

[1] [Twenty-seven vessels, seven of which were three-deckers, were only present in the action, Lord Nelson having parted with some ships a few days previously.—R. B., 1882.]

[2] *L'Achille.* Rear-Admiral Magon was determined not to surrender. "I was taken once," he used to say to me, "but it shall be the last time."

thunderbolts which rent the air on every side must have lighted on his head! But no! he was taken! he was made prisoner! He delivered up his sword amidst the groans of the dying and the wounded, who with their last breath vented imprecations on him as the author of their misfortunes.

The consequences of this battle of Trafalgar were most dreadful. I was then in the habit of seeing men capable of judging of the extent of the disaster, and who considered it not even balanced by the Emperor's victories. Napoleon was not irritated, but profoundly grieved at the battle of Trafalgar.

While the Straits of Gibraltar were reddened with French blood, Napoleon was leading our eagles to victory on the plains of Ulm. The grand French army, composed of seven different corps, under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with Murat at the head of the cavalry, and an immense reserve of artillery and cavalry, was advancing with giant strides upon Austria. Everything had been prepared with such ability that nothing was wanting in the hour of need. Treaties were everywhere signed against France; yet she, ever great and powerful, smiled at all the projects formed against her, as a giant smiles at the efforts of pigmies. The Kings of Naples, Spain, and some portions of Germany, alone remained faithful to us. All at once, as if by a mandate from Heaven, the French army was set in motion. It advanced, and kingdoms fell before it. Its course was marked by the destruction of all that opposed its progress. In the space of one month, after the occupation of Weissembourg, or rather from the 3d to the 20th of October 1805, the French army pursued its victorious course as follows:

Whilst Napoleon dismayed Austria and secured his flank from attack on the side of the Tyrol by the rapidity of his movements and the skill of his manœuvres, every day brought us a fresh victory. I shall therefore speak of battles only, without adding the word *victory*, that being always understood. To begin with Werthingen. Murat

has frequently been said to have won this battle. This is a mistake, the glory of it belongs to General Oudinot and the brave grenadiers of Arras. After the battle of Werthingen came the battle of Guntbourg, in which Marshal Ney defeated the Archduke Ferdinand: then the occupation of Augsbourg by Marshal Soult: then the occupation of Munich by Bernadotte: then the capture of Memingen by Soult, who made 4000 prisoners. These events were succeeded by the famous battle of Elchingen, at which Marshal Ney made 3000 prisoners, and who, by taking of the bridge of Elchingen, mainly insured the success of the campaign, and especially the capture of the garrison of Ulm. Then followed the battle of Langenau, in which Murat made 3000 prisoners. And lastly, on the 20th October, seventeen days after the occupation of Weissembourg, Ulm capitulated, while Mack, the quarter-master-general, was within its walls.[1] The Archduke Ferdinand had escaped with a party of cavalry. In Ulm were found immense magazines, 30,000 men in garrison, 70 pieces of cannon mounted, 3000 horses, and 20 generals; these last were allowed their liberty on parole. In these seventeen days Austria lost 55,000 prisoners, and almost the whole of her artillery and baggage. The wreck of her army was obliged to retire behind the Inn, where Napoleon immediately came up with it. The Emperor of Russia had an interview at Berlin with the King of Prussia. In order to render their union the more solemn, the two young sovereigns swore on the tomb of the great Frederick to maintain a fraternal alliance for the extermination of France.

After the brilliant affair of Ulm the French army passed the Inn, and Marshal Lannes took Branau; the very place in which, five years after, the Archduchess Maria Louisa consigned herself to the fair hands of the Queen of Naples, to become Empress of France and Napoleon's wife! Salzbourg was next taken by Lannes. In Italy, Masséna sustained, as he always did, the honour

[1] This important result was as much the consequence of the incapacity of Mack as the great military talents of Napoleon.

of the French arms. Vicenza and Verona fell into our hands. The Archduke Charles, having obtained a momentary advantage at Caldiero, paid for his transient triumph by an immediate retreat upon Palma Nova. Marmont reached Leoben, in Styria; and while the Emperor was entering Vienna the Tagliamento was crossed by our victorious troops. The Russians, astonished at the rapidity of our triumphs, proposed an armistice. Murat accepted it on condition of its meeting with the Emperor's sanction. Napoleon rejected it, and commanded the French army to pursue its march. Presburg was occupied by Davoust's corps. While these events were proceeding in Austria the army of Italy passed the Isonzo and took Gradisca and Udine. Palma Nova, with its numerous magazines, fell in its turn. Marshal Augereau crossed the Black Forest, took Lindau and Bregentz, obliged General Jellachich, with 6000 men, to capitulate, and made the French masters of all the Voralberg. It seemed as if, at the blast of our victorious triumpet, towns opened their gates, ramparts crumbled, and troops laid down their arms.

While his lieutenants were seconding him with the ardent spirit which then animated every man in the army, Napoleon advanced into Moravia. Buxhowden had formed a junction with Kutusow, and the latter general became commander-in-chief of the whole allied force. But Napoleon did not allow him time to arrange new plans. He took Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the point of union for all the magazines of the combined army. He then made himself master of Trieste. A corps of 8000 men, under the command of the Prince of Rohan, driven from the Tyrol by Ney, endeavoured to reach Venice. They were routed in turn by Regnier, Ney, and Gouvion St. Cyr, and after flying from defeat to defeat, and fighting everywhere against their fellow-countrymen, they terminated their career by a capitulation. At length, on the 2d December, the three Emperors appeared at the head of their armies. The Russians numbered 75,000 effective troops; the Austrians 35,000, with a cavalry force far

WILLIAM PITT.

Engraved by W. Greatbatch from a Miniature by Ozias Humphry R.A.

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superior to ours. We had but 85,000 men.[1] The battle of Austerlitz is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's fame. On that field, as in Italy, he beat the enemy with an inferior force, and by his superiority of military skill. But even there he was pursued by the envious hatred, which finally riveted the chains at St. Helena. Lannes commanded the left wing of the army, having General Suchet under him. Soult led the right wing, Bernadotte the centre, and Davoust commanded a corps of observation. The cavalry was placed under the command of Murat, and twenty-four pieces of light artillery supported Lannes's right. Oudinot formed the reserve with the grenadiers of Arras, and Junot was to support that reserve with six battalions of the guard. Napoleon, from an eminence, took a view of the enemy's forces on the morning of the battle. He was accompanied by a young page, afterwards a colonel in one of our regiments; his name was M. de Galtz de Malvirade. The Emperor rested his glass on the shoulder of the youth, and for seven or eight minutes attentively watched Kutusow ordering the position of his troops. What he saw afforded him the most perfect satisfaction, for he smiled, and his countenance wore the expression of perfect serenity. He closed the glass, and observed to Junot, who was standing near him: "It is well; they are doing exactly what I want."

The battle of Austerlitz, which commenced at sunrise and did not terminate till nightfall, is a memorable proof of Napoleon's talent and of the courage of his troops. I have no objection to admit that the enemy's folly also contributed to his success. The battle of Austerlitz was a complete humiliation to the Russians and the Austrians. Junot, who never left the Emperor's side during the whole of the action, has often described to me the conduct of that extraordinary man during those hours when his destiny depended upon defeat or victory. To render justice

[1] The French army had, some time previously, been spread through Moravia, and its line being so much extended was in proportion diminished in strength.

to all, it must be allowed that Marshal Soult gave evidence of superior courage and talent. For seven hours he maintained an attack, as suddenly conceived as it was vigorously executed, and to which, according to Junot, the success of the day was mainly owing. I know not whether the *Moniteur* made specific mention of this at the time, but I find the circumstance set down in my notes, for Junot attached considerable importance to it, frequently declaring that it had considerable influence on the result of the battle. The loss of the allies was immense; 155 pieces of cannon, flags innumerable, whole parks of artillery, and 40,000 men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. At Austerlitz the cuirassiers for the first time were seen to charge batteries.

The night before the battle the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc, and Berthier, to put on their cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished. It was eleven o'clock, the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave guards who were afterwards nicknamed the *Grognards*.[1] It was the 1st of December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for it. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapped up in his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived behind the groups, in which were hearts devoted not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac, the fire of which gleaming full in his face discovered him. "The Emperor!" exclaimed the whole group. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" responded the next. Along the whole line, in the bivouacs and under the tents, the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* passed from mouth to mouth, and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their well-beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and lighting it, made torches with which

[1] Grumblers.

they illuminated the gloom of the night, still shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* with that heartfelt enthusiasm which neither authority, seduction, nor corruption can ever repress.

Napoleon was moved. . . . "Enough my lads! enough of this!" he said. But these proofs of attachment afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and his heart responded to them. "Ah! you seek glory!" exclaimed an old soldier, with mustachioes which seemed never to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. "Well, to-morrow the good soldiers of the guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary!"—"What are you growling about under those thick mustachioes?" said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier, with one of those smiles which in him were so captivating. The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features. The Emperor repeated his question. "Faith, my general, that is *Sire*," replied the soldier; "I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians; that is, if you desire it, for discipline before everything. So *Vive l'Empereur!*" and thus fresh shouts conveyed to the Russians their death-warrant, for troops so animated could never be subdued. It was, however, found necessary to order the soldiers to put out their straw torches, for their cartridge-boxes being filled, an accident might possibly have happened.

The Emperor of Austria, it is well known, came to Napoleon at his bivouac for the purpose of *asking for peace.* M. d'Haugwitz, the minister of the King of Prussia, was sent to our Emperor. He had, it is said, two letters in his pocket. Junot, who regarded him perhaps with an eye of prejudice, maintained that this fact was not doubtful, because d'Haugwitz searched a long time for the packet which the issue of the battle had rendered the right one, or rather the wrong one, for his master. He made strange grimaces: "In short," said Junot, "I

did not like his countenance." It is a fact that on receiving the letter from *his brother* of Prussia, Napoleon smiled, and said very pointedly: "Here is a compliment of which the fortune of war has changed the address." The battle of Austerlitz not only terminated the campaign of 1805,[1] but also put an end to the triple continental coalition.

At length Napoleon reposed in the full blaze of his glory. The drum had ceased to beat, the eagle had closed his wings, and peace prevailed. We enjoyed the climax of our triumph when we saw Napoleon seated upon that throne to which he had been raised by the voice of the nation. After signing the treaty of peace which restored to the Emperor of Austria his States and his subjects, Napoleon proceeded to Munich and married Prince Eugène to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Prince Eugène was a most amiable as well as a very handsome young man. Junot, who was affectionately attached to him, wrote to me at Lisbon all the particulars of his marriage. This union, I know not why, met with strong opposition on the part of the Queen of Bavaria, who was the mother-in-law of the Prince Royal and of the Princess Amelia.[2] However, the marriage took place, and gave occasion to a succession of very brilliant entertainments, which I did not see, because I was then on my way home from Lisbon to France. The cause of my long and severe illness was pregnancy; and as soon as I was able to undertake the journey I determined to return to France. I requested an audience of the Princess of Brazil, who immediately granted it. Perhaps our recent victories in Germany had something to do with this ready acquiescence.

The princess received me in a cabinet, into which

[1] At first an armistice only was agreed to; and the first thing demanded was the evacuation of the Austrian States by the Russian troops. They were required to retire by the Krapack Mountains by daily marches, in three columns, and in a way prescribed by the Emperor Napoleon.

[2] Junot, who hated imperious women, especially when they conceived they had a *right* to be imperious, nevertheless confessed that the Queen of Bavaria was very handsome.

none were admitted but her personal favourites. She was surrounded by her young family, and the interesting group gave her almost an air of beauty. One of the Infantas was truly pretty, viz., Doña Isabella, who afterwards married Ferdinand VII. She was then a mere child, but a very engaging creature. The princess treated me with great courtesy. She spoke to me of my pregnancy, and proposed to stand godmother to the child. She had mentioned her intention of doing me this honour before, when Junot took his leave of her and the prince at Mafra. I acknowledged as became me this mark of royal favour. But I was somewhat more embarrassed with her next offer, which was the Cross of St. Elizabeth. I replied much in the same manner as Junot had done on a similar occasion. I said that as the Empress Josephine wore no orders herself, the ladies of her court could not wear any. I added that before the Revolution no distinctive symbols were worn by the ladies in France; with the exception, perhaps, of canonesses, and the females of the family of the grand-master of Malta, as, for instance, the Noailles and others.

The Princess of Brazil was very lively, but I think very ignorant. She gazed at me with a singular expression while I was speaking to her, and seemed to follow my words one by one as if to catch their sense. "But," said she in a tone of voice which had in it something of bitter sweet, "I do not think the Empress will refuse to accept the Cross of St. Elizabeth if I offer it to her. General Junot is the bearer of a letter from the prince and one from me, in which we beg her acceptance of it. Should she accept it, you can have no reason for not wearing it." I replied that I had an earnest wish to wear the order, which in fact was true. I never had a stronger wish for anything than to possess a decoration. That of St. Elizabeth was beautiful. It was a white and red ribbon terminated by an enamelled portrait of the holy aunt of our Saviour. The decoration of Maria-Louisa, which is a white and violet ribbon, is less pretty, especially for a female. I cannot help remarking, as a singular

circumstance, the scruples which both Junot and I expressed to accept favours which in general are so eagerly sought after. For my part I wished with all my heart to wear the order; but it was different with Junot, he had an objection to the Order of Christ.

My conversation with the princess was long, and very condescending on her part. She talked to me with a sort of grace which reminded me of her mother. The Empress Josephine seemed to be a particular object of curiosity with both these princesses. They evidently wished that I should be very communicative on the subject; but I contrived to maintain that sort of reserve which for more reasons than one became me. I therefore only touched in a general way on the subjects of Malmaison, St. Cloud, and the very social mode of life led by the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Louis, the Prince Eugène, etc. As I spoke I observed that the countenance of the Princess of Brazil became more and more repulsive; a malicious expression seemed to overspread her singularly ugly features. She had that sort of disposition which becomes dreadful in its results when combined with a narrow and illiberal mind. Ever since the battle of Trafalgar she had stood in a humiliating situation at her own court. Her pride had been wounded, and though she could neither give her ill-humour vent nor accuse anybody for her misfortunes, yet she nevertheless longed to do so. I perceived her chagrin, whilst she innocently believed she was all amiability in my eyes. How she detested the Emperor!

Our conversation turned upon French fashions. I said that, with her permission, I would do myself the honour of sending her patterns of every elegant fashion prevailing in Paris, after my arrival there. "And will you not send me anything?" inquired the young princess when I approached her to take my leave. I understood sufficient Portuguese to comprehend this simple question, and I replied that I should have the honour of sending Her Royal Highness a finer doll than ever Prince Lutin conjured up with his magic rose. My audience was, as I

have stated, a very long one. The weather being bad, the princess could not go to hunt, and it became, therefore, necessary to kill time. I stayed with her a full half hour. A fortnight afterwards, when I was on the point of departing, I had another audience. This was very brief, but still of the same friendly description.

I frequently received letters from Paris and Germany communicating the events I have related. It may easily be conceived that I was much gratified by these communications, especially at a moment when the enemies of France were on the increase. I was much amused sometimes by the hypocritical compliments I received on the success of the French arms. One day when the Duc de Cadaval was dining with me, he said with an air of confidence: "Now I see how it is; come, tell me frankly, *Bonaparte* has bought over Mack, has he not?" I pretended not to understand him. "What do you say, Monsieur le Duc?" inquired I. He looked embarrassed. "I was saying," he stammered out, "that I thought the Emperor Napoleon had bribed General Mack." The idea was so stupid, and at the same time so malicious, that I could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter, which not a little disconcerted my politician. Thus it was that those great events, those splendid achievements of genius, were appreciated in Portugal in the year 1806!

CHAPTER XL.

Fête on board the *Topaze*—Superb appearance of the frigate—Festivities—Sham fight—Gaiety of the nuncio—Sacrifices to Bacchus—His humane interference on behalf of an old fortune-teller—My arrival at Madrid—Gloomy events at Madrid—Mysterious death of the Princess of the Asturias—Suspicion of poison—Alameda—Departure for Paris—Public opinion of France in favour of Napoleon—Death of Mr. Pitt—Napoleon's animosity towards him—Libels on both sides—Sensation produced in Spain and France by Mr. Pitt's death—Escape of a French prisoner from England—His statements reported to the Emperor—My return to Paris—Visit to the Empress—Her breakfasts—Stephanie de Beauharnais, her niece—Audience with Madame Mère—Receipt of an unexpected salary.

I WAS now on the point of leaving Lisbon to return to Paris; but Captain Baudin, who was still in the Tagus, where he had repaired his frigate, wished to give me an entertainment before I left. Every person connected with the diplomatic corps, and maintaining friendly relations with us, was invited to meet me, besides many Portuguese of distinction. The captain had invited M. d'Araujo; but in his rank of minister for foreign affairs he could not be present at an entertainment given in the port of Lisbon, and at which the health of the Emperor Napoleon would, of course, be drunk with enthusiasm. This was at all events the real reason of his declining the invitation; the pretended reason was the arrival of some despatches. The person who contributed most largely to the amusement of the company was Galeppi, the nuncio. He wore what in Italy is called a country costume,—that is, a sort of greatcoat of violet-coloured taffeta, trimmed with gold lace; and, as we were not on

terra firma, he conceived himself privileged to behave as he pleased. The *déjeûner* scene was singularly diverting, as we shall presently see.

I reached the quay of the Square of Commerce at eleven o'clock. There I found the captain's gig, with twelve rowers dressed in white trousers and blue jackets. I was accompanied by M. de Rayneval, my daughter, who was then four years old, her governess, and M. Magnien. On reaching the *Topaze*, which lay at anchor off the quay of Soudres, I was received by the captain and his officers. The Spanish ambassador and the nuncio were already arrived, and the gallant captain conducted us over his vessel. To me this was a curious and a novel sight. The captain's cabin was so elegantly fitted up that it might have served as the boudoir of a Parisian lady. It was wainscotted with Brazil and other woods, remarkable both for their rarity and fine odour, and every part of the furniture was in the most perfect taste. A magnificent *déjeûner* was prepared for the company. Captain Baudin managed everything with that courtesy which enhances the value of a reception. I have uniformly remarked that officers of the navy and army are ever more solicitous and attentive than other gentlemen when in the company of ladies. A fine band played while we sat at breakfast; but presently our ears were greeted with a different sort of harmony. Several toasts were drunk; first, the Pope, then the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of Brazil, and lastly the King of Holland. Each toast was succeeded by loud hurrahs, and the firing of five and twenty guns. The noise was so terrific that I almost fancied myself in the infernal regions. My ears, however, soon grew familiar with it, and it even pleased me. But this uproar was nothing to that which followed. As I had often wished to be enabled to form a good idea of a naval battle, Captain Baudin got up a sham fight for my amusement, and it was so admirably managed that the illusion was for a moment terrific; the frigate, in consequence of the damage she had sustained in her late engagements, had required

to be newly masted; the yards and topmasts were up; but not being completely rigged it was easy to make them fall as if broken by the enemy's balls. Almost all the population of Lisbon had assembled at the water-side, to view the spectacle. We thus had our revenge that day, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* compensated for the hurrahs that had been given for the battle of Trafalgar.

The nuncio contributed very largely to the amusement of the day. Monsignore was at first a little stunned by the guns which were fired in honour of the toasts. The Pope's health was the first toast, and the nuncio did full honour to it by drinking off three glasses of Madeira, probably to fortify his nerves. Then he drank port for the Emperor's health, Carcavello for the King of Spain's, Oyeras for the Prince of Brazil's, and so on, until from health to health he came to mine. This was the *coup de grace*, the nuncio's head began to betray symptoms not strictly apostolical. The frigate, though at anchor, nevertheless had that slight rocking which is always perceptible in a vessel when lying in rough water like the Tagus. To behold Monsignore Galeppi, that pink of finesse, that leader of the Machiavelian science of the Vatican, in the situation above alluded to, was a sight never to be forgotten. In plain terms Monsignore Galeppi was completely *tipsy;* he laughed, looked round with his little eyes, and blabbered things which greatly scandalised his official *attaché*, the Auditore. The latter behaved with all due propriety, but as to the nuncio, his tongue ran on beyond all bounds. "These dogs of English must all be annihilated," he exclaimed, filling up a bumper of wine; "they are a set of infidels. *Vive* His Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon, Emperor of France, and King of Italy!" He handed a glass of Madeira to me that I might drink the toast; I excused myself, being a rigid water drinker, but he nevertheless extended his violet taffeta sleeve, exclaiming: "*Vive Sa Majeste l'Empereur Napoleon!*" Then, with his husky voice, he attempted to sing.

He was a most original character; but, nevertheless, a very intelligent man, and free from priestly superstition

when he could act according to the dictates of his own understanding. A curious circumstance occurred while I was in Lisbon, which, thanks to Junot and Galeppi, was attended by no serious consequence. An old woman, who associated with her more regular calling of orange and pilchard selling that of a fortune-teller, was applied to by a drunken German soldier for the exercise of her divining skill. He had mortally wounded a rival in a fit of jealousy, and, apprehensive of the consequences, was anxious to consult his fate, thinking that by *being apprised of it beforehand* he might avert condign punishment by running away. The woman, perceiving his wretched state of intoxication, declined the consideration of his case until the following day. A crowd having collected, the soldier became greatly excited, and, accidentally stumbling, fell with some force on the ground and became insensible. On coming to himself he declared that on attempting to seize the old woman he saw the devil at her side, who felled him with a club. This was too good a *bonne-bouché* to escape the attention of the monks. Through their bribery, and probably their threats, the soldier persisted in the truth of his statement, and the unfortunate beldame was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was luckily rescued from further molestation by Junot, who was cordially assisted by Galeppi in the business, though he was somewhat afraid his interference should be known at Rome. To crown the absurdity, the soldier became a monk of one of the most austere convents in Lisbon.

On my departure from Lisbon I proceeded straight to Madrid, where I took up my residence at my old abode, Alphonso Pignatelli's pretty little house. Awful and ill-boding events were passing at this juncture within the palace of the Kings of Castile. Much has been said of the enmity borne by the Prince of the Asturias to Manuel Godoy. That enmity, if it had its origin in the ill-treatment to which the Prince of the Peace insolently subjected the son of the king, as well as a princess whose amiability rendered her admired and beloved; if, I repeat, the enmity

was grounded on this—it was entirely justifiable. Kings and princes are but mortals, and are, like other men, influenced by human passions.

The Princess of the Asturias was on her deathbed, expiring amidst tortures so frightful that, being one day at the Sitio, I could no longer endure the sound of her piercing shrieks. I was much attached to the princess, and should have liked to have paid a visit to her at this moment; but all my efforts to obtain permission were ineffectual. During my long sojourn at Madrid I frequently solicited leave to make this visit, not only from respect to the princess, but because I wished to see the Prince of the Asturias, whom I was sure of finding at his wife's bedside, which he never quitted day or night. I had, in fact, received from Paris some secret instructions, in which I was desired to do something which unfortunately I was unable to effect. This occasioned my protracted stay at Madrid, a circumstance which some persons have thought proper to attribute to my love of pleasure. This, indeed, would have more naturally hurried me back to Paris. The fact is, that reasons which I cannot divulge, but which were of the highest importance, with reference to the situation of the royal family of Spain detained me at Madrid.

Strange reports were circulated respecting the illness of the Princess of the Asturias. The affair was enveloped in mystery; but in confidential conversation the terrible word *poison* was mentioned by persons most attached to the queen. It was related that one day a courier, about to depart for Naples, was arrested and his despatches examined; they contained letters from the Princess of the Asturias to her mother. The unfortunate princess complained of the more than humiliating treatment which both she and the Prince of the Asturias received from the Prince of the Peace; and the letter concluded with affecting regrets for her removal from her native country, and apprehensions respecting her future fate. The queen smiled maliciously on perusing those touching complaints of a broken heart. "What shall we do?" said she to an

individual who was her counsellor, for as to Charles IV. he was a mere cipher. "Send off the letter," was the reply, "and then we shall see the answer; that will suggest to us what we had best do." The answer arrived, but too speedily. The reports then in circulation stated that it arrived on the 10th of August 1805; and five days after, viz., on St. Louis's Day, the resolution which had been adopted was put into execution. Such were the reports current among the very highest ranks of society in Madrid; in short, it was whispered fearfully that the Princess of the Asturias had been *poisoned*, and that this crime had been resolved upon in consequence of a line in the answer of the Queen of Naples. "My daughter," wrote the queen; "I can scarcely conceive how you endure what you described to me. . . . There is no throne that can be worth being purchased so dearly. . . . Rather leave Spain and come back to me. But if you cannot resolve to leave Ferdinand, from whom you derive the little share of happiness you enjoy in that country, then, my daughter, learn to be not a weak woman, but a great and courageous princess. Recollect the words of Catherine II.: '*It is better to kill the devil than to let the devil kill us!*'"

This last sentence, it is said, instigated the murder; such, at least, was the general report. Since the accession of Ferdinand VII. I have heard that the apothecary who administered the poison voluntarily confessed his guilt; but for this I cannot vouch, as I was not at that time in Spain. However, that the princess was poisoned was universally believed to be a fact. The Prince of the Asturias was in such a state of despair that it is supposed he would have put an end to his existence. He scarcely ever left the bedside of the princess, whose sufferings might well have moved her bitterest enemy. For the memory of the Princess of the Asturias I cherish the respect due to those talents and virtues which, had she lived, would have imparted conspicuous lustre to the throne of Spain. Her death might be regarded as a great misfortune to France. There can be no doubt that

the affairs of the Peninsula would have been treated very differently at Bayonne had the princess been there.

I remained in Madrid until the beginning of February. I frequently visited the amiable Comtesse d'Ega, the wife of the Portuguese ambassador at Madrid, who gave very agreeable music parties. The Duchesse d'Ossuna, too, gave a charming *fête* in honour of me at the Alameda, her country-house near Madrid. When King Joseph was in Spain I cannot imagine why he did not choose the Alameda as his residence instead of giving it to General Belliard. I would rather have lived there than in the Escurial.

I now received a letter from Junot, dated Vienna, in which he informed me that the Emperor had given him a mission to Italy; but that I was to return to Paris to enter upon my duty in the service of Madame Mère.

I quitted Madrid with regret, for I could not but be grateful for the perfect cordiality with which I had been received; but France recalled me, and if in the course of these Memoirs I have given any idea of the profound devotion I feel for my country, my readers may conceive my attraction towards her in this her hour of resplendent and almost magic glory. The man who had surrounded her with this immortal halo was receiving his recompense. We were not then the unjust and ungrateful people we have since become; we appreciated his laurels, and the unanimous voice of France proclaimed him the greatest amongst the great, and the most beloved of her sons. This sentiment particularly struck me in passing through Bayonne and Bordeaux. In these quarters public opinion was against Napoleon on account of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens and the expedition to St. Domingo. In justice to its citizens it must be acknowledged that the commerce of Bordeaux, violently shaken by these two events, could not be expected to repay its misfortunes with attachment. The people require that their interests should be considered, and in the struggle with England they were always forgotten. Yet, on my return through Bordeaux I was astonished at the difference which twelve

months had produced in that city; the second of the Empire for its population and commerce. Before quitting Spain I had learned a piece of news of immense importance to the politics of Europe—the death of Mr. Pitt. I knew the Emperor's manner of thinking of Mr. Pitt, and I felt persuaded that this event would affect him deeply. I will go further, and profess that he could not fail to rejoice in it.

As Napoleon's aversion for England was so well known, it may easily be supposed that he looked upon Mr. Pitt as his enemy. But it is not so generally known that a personal animosity subsisted between General Bonaparte and Mr. Pitt. It is nevertheless perfectly true. I know that, so early as his command in Italy and Egypt, General Bonaparte could not pardon the English Government for its publication of the entire correspondence of individuals. Then followed the affair of Saint Jean d'Acre and the treaty of El-Arish. Mr. Pitt was justly accused of the whole; his influence at that period was predominant, and instead of tending towards conciliation it served but to embroil everything. General Bonaparte, on attaining the Consulate, made some advances towards gaining Mr. Pitt; but his propositions, though too skilfully conducted to compromise him, were ill received, and the First Consul had to endure the humiliation of having received a check. He felt it, too much perhaps for a man of his mind, but I have already observed how sensitive he was to even puerile trifles. From that moment Mr. Pitt became to him an object of one of those decided antipathies which are not to be overcome; he instituted inquiries into all the details of his past life, and the French journals and English opposition papers teemed with diatribes in the worst possible taste. What was the consequence? That Mr. Pitt, in his turn, made a descent, not upon our coasts, but into the family of the First Consul; that the dearest and most sacred objects of his attachment were delivered up to all the scandal which a malevolent and sometimes witty pen could contrive for the amusement of the public, under cover of facts, some-

times invented and sometimes speciously true; and that the whole of Europe was occupied in reading the most scandalous biographies of the mother and sisters of the First Consul.

The first which fell into Napoleon's hands threw him into such a paroxysm of fury that on the arrival of the second none dared to translate the whole truth for him. It became, however, necessary to represent things as they were, and Jupiter's wrath was renewed. Just then matters stood with us in something like a Homeric attitude; when our Jupiter knit his brow the European world trembled. But, instead of attacking Mr. Pitt with cannon, Napoleon continued this warfare of abuse with such bitterness that presently the personalities returned by the enemy were of so outrageous a nature that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of Napoleon's rage on reading any of the thousand-and-one productions which the pamphleteers of London, while making their own fortunes and paying court to the minister, poured upon our coasts. It is well known that at the period of the peace of Amiens Mr. Pitt retired from the administration to avoid, as he said, signing the dishonour of England and finding himself in communication with a man whom he considered as *the enemy of human nature.* The hatred between these two men is the strongest, perhaps, that ever had existence. The Emperor saw but one real and redoubtable obstacle to his views, and that was Mr. Pitt. This man would have undermined all his operations. During the three and twenty years that Mr. Pitt had been in office, how great an influence had he exercised on the affairs of France! In vain did Napoleon repeatedly say of him: "As far as Dover, Pitt is a great minister; at Calais I fear him no longer." This was not true; Pitt was a clever statesman everywhere. And though Napoleon did not fear him, because he feared nothing, he hated him, and held him in that sort of apprehension we feel for a man of talent whom we know to be our enemy; nevertheless, Mr. Pitt was not a great man. "The fiscal financier, and the blue-bag tactician is not fortunate in offensive opera-

tions," he would often laughingly but justly remark. Mr. Pitt's death left England in a state of great anxiety, and Europe in an uncertainty which the Emperor made more fearful. And I think it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction even from his countrymen, that it was not the continuation of his political maxims which caused the fall of France and the momentary salvation of England, but the faults of his adversaries, of which men of such moderate abilities as the Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh knew how to take advantage. They had at least the talent to make the most of the good cards chance had dealt them.

Mr. Pitt's death created a great sensation in Spain. The state of hostility existing between England and that unfortunate kingdom was too violent and too terrible in its effects for the British minister to escape his full share of popular animosity. Mr. Pitt had expressed in parliament his opinion on the alliance of Spain with the French Republic in such unmeasured terms that he was blamed even in England. His death, then, was a kind of sacrifice to the manes of the sailors at Trafalgar. The house in which I lodged at Vittoria, belonging to the most considerable inhabitant of the town, had been completely illuminated, "In celebration," said my host, "of an event so fortunate for Spain." At Bordeaux and Bayonne also the death of Mr. Pitt had an important effect upon the public mind. It was hoped that a new order of things would result from it; and that the Emperor would be less inflexible in his demands upon another minister. At the hotel at which I lodged at Bordeaux I met a lady who had been formerly acquainted with my mother, coming from her estate, the *Château de Pierre-Fonds*, to embrace her son, who had miraculously escaped from an English prison. He was an ensign, and had been taken at Trafalgar. At first he had been well treated, I believe because he was a freemason, and whatever the fraternity could offer he had it in abundance. Then came the most rigorous orders, and the poor prisoner was closely confined; but as he had not given his *parole* he escaped under three different disguises. Here, at length, he was,

in France, joyfully treading his native soil, embracing his mother, and swearing eternal hatred to England, of which, however, he spoke as formidable and deserving of respect. "The number of vessels in commission," said he (it was in 1806), "amount to seven hundred and forty; of which one hundred and thirty are of the line, twenty from fifty to sixty guns, and above one hundred and forty frigates; and all these thoroughly rigged, fitted for sea, and manned with the full complement of able and well-disciplined seamen." When I repeated to the Emperor, who had for many days after my return put numerous questions to me relative to the minutest particulars of my journey, this history of the young heir of *Pierre-Fonds* and the remarks he made, the Emperor inquired his name and address, and two months afterwards I learned by letter from his mother that her son had been promoted. "Probably," she added, "to indemnify him for the evils of his captivity. I cannot otherwise understand to what he owes his good fortune." I mention this fact because it proves the Emperor's attention to the smallest circumstances.

I returned to Paris on Shrove Tuesday, which was the anniversary of my departure; and oh! how joyfully, France, my country,—how proud was I then of thy name! How did my heart beat when I found that name sufficient to bring honour and veneration to a feeble woman! But I was a Frenchwoman; I was the wife of one of my country's bravest soldiers. The next day I wrote to Madame de Fontanges, lady of honour to Madame Mère, to inquire when I should have the honour of presenting myself to Her Imperial Highness to pay my respects and take possession of my office as lady-in-waiting. The same evening Madame de Fontanges replied that Her Imperial Highness would receive me after mass on the following Sunday. On Friday morning I received a visit from a lady in no elevated situation in the Empress's household, who asked amongst other things whether I intended to wait till I had seen Madame before I paid my duty at the Tuileries. To this I replied that my notions of court etiquette compelled me to do so. But after my visitor's

departure I began to surmise that the interview was not wholly of her own proposition ; and knowing the terms of mother and daughter-in-law upon which these ladies lived, I determined that the minutiæ of etiquette,—of which, excepting the Empress herself, not one female of the imperial family had the most distant notion,—should not become a cause of offence, and immediately wrote to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to know when I might offer my duty to Her Majesty. She replied at once that by the Empress's command she was directed to invite me to breakfast the following morning, and to desire that I would bring with me her god-daughter, my little Josephine. My maternal pride was delighted with this goodness, for Josephine was a charming child, with large curls, as soft as silk, falling upon her rosy cheek, and all the graces and delicacy of infancy in her figure and manners. I took much more pains with her toilet than my own, and at half-past ten repaired with my child to the Tuileries.

The breakfasts of the Empress Josephine were a very interesting portion of the domestic arrangements of the Tuileries. They were in a wholly peculiar style, of which no other court offered any similar example, and the Empress knew how to invest them with fascination. Four or five persons usually composed these parties; the Empress seldom invited any but females, and her invitations were usually verbal. Something beyond the mere intention of obliging her certainly urged the Emperor to permit these familiar meetings in the very interior of the palace, and even, as it were, under his presidence. Already the unlucky system of fusion was in operation, and these breakfasts were extremely serviceable in forwarding it. Many ladies were invited to them who as yet did not make their appearance in the great circles at court, nor even at the theatres, but who at a later period flourished in the "*Almanach Impérial*," wholly at their own desire, and in consequence of repeated letters written to the great chamberlain. At the time, however, of which I am writing, they would only appear to associate with Madame de Beauharnais as with one of their own class. A par-

ticular circumstance has impressed upon my mind the recollection of the breakfast I am now speaking of. On entering the great yellow salon which follows that of Francis I., I met a young person whose grace, freshness, and charming countenance struck me with surprise. She advanced to me with a smile, though she did not know me, and stooping down to put herself on a level with Josephine, exclaimed: "Oh! what a charming little creature; will you come to me, my angel?" Then taking her in her arms she ran with her to the other end of the salon. Josephine, who was by no means unsociable, was very well pleased with this sort of reception, and replying to it in kind, a perfect intimacy was established between them in a very few minutes. I had not time to ask Madame d'Arberg who this very pleasing young person was when the Empress entered the room from her private apartment. She received me in her kindest and most amiable manner, and every one knows how much she excelled in the art of captivation when so disposed. She embraced me, and in the most gracious tone assured me of the satisfaction she felt at my return. "And where," said she, "is my god-daughter? Have you not brought her to see me?" Josephine, my daughter, encouraged by her godmother's condescension, and quite unconscious of any restraints of etiquette, ran forward at the first word. "Ah!" said she; "I perceive Stephanie has already undertaken to entertain Josephine," and then added in a lower tone, "You do not know my niece; look at her, and tell me if she is not charming?" Without fear of being suspected of court flattery, I replied that the Empress had good reason to think so; for, in fact, I have met with very few women to be compared for grace and beauty with what Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais was at that period. No woman could wish for greater advantages of person and manners than she possessed; at once pretty and engaging, she attracted the admiration of the men, and by her gracious attentions silenced the envy of the women. She was daughter to the senator M. de Beauharnais, cousin to the Empress's first husband,

and was affianced to the hereditary Prince of Baden. Her intended, whom I saw a few days afterwards, did not appear to me deserving of her—at least in personal attraction.

The Empress spoke at some length upon the subject of my journey to Portugal, and asked me a multitude of questions concerning the Queen of Spain and the Princess of Brazil. I could not help thinking, as I answered her, of the curiosity these princesses had expressed respecting the Empress, and repeating only the agreeable remarks the Queen of Spain had made about her. I was impenetrable upon the rest of Her Majesty's conversation,—which had been, in fact, more curious than amiable,—and prided myself on the skilful commencement I was making in diplomacy. The Empress then spoke of Madame. "I am very sorry that the Emperor did not place you in my household instead of that of my mother-in-law," said she. "You will certainly find that house very disagreeable. Every one about it is as old as if they had been determined to supply it from the court of Louis XV. So young and gay as you are, how will you be able to accommodate yourself to such a species of mausoleum?" Flattering as were these words, and gracious as was the Empress's manner, I knew very well that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether I belonged to Madame's household or not; and I made no reply to her remarks on the style of Madame's establishment,—which it was too much the custom to ridicule at court, and, as it always appeared to me, without any sufficient cause,—but merely answered the Empress that Madame had been kind to me from my infancy, and that I was assured she would extend to my youth that indulgence of which no doubt I should stand in need, though I trusted my conduct would always be irreproachable. I felt what I said, for I looked upon Madame as a second mother. I can never forget that when mine was dying, she and the Queen of Spain, then Madame Joseph Bonaparte, came to me in the belief that I was an orphan, and a tribute of gratitude is due to those from whom I received so much kindness.

On Sunday the 25th of February I proceeded to the hotel of Madame in the Rue St. Dominique, now the hotel of the minister of war. Madame Mère had not been elevated to the dignity of a princess of the imperial family so early as her daughters and her daughters-in-law, as I have previously observed, on account of her attachment to her proscribed son Lucien. Happily for himself, the Emperor resumed sentiments more worthy of his greatness, and Madame was recalled from Rome and placed in the rank which belonged to her as mother of the Emperor. At the period of my return from Portugal she had been some time in possession of her title and fortune, and it is but justice to say that she sustained the one as a worthy and noble matron, and honourably employed the other in the mode for which it was destined. Her income then amounted to 500,000 francs, one fifth of which was swallowed up by the appointments of her court of honour.[1]

On my arrival I was presented to her by name, by Madame de Fontanges. Madame Mère advancing from the fireside where she had been standing, approached me, saying: "You need not introduce Madame Junot to me; she is a child of mine, and I love her as much as my own daughter: I hope everything will be done to render her situation in the household of an old woman agreeable to her, for it is a serious affair for so young a person." It was agreed that I should come into waiting the following Sunday. Upon this I took leave, and Madame proceeded to dine with the Emperor, the regular arrangement for

[1] Certain journalists have liberally assigned millions to Madame Mère. The only period when her income amounted to a million francs per annum was when the King of Westphalia was at Cassel in 1807. All she afterwards possessed was perhaps only what she had saved out of that million, and that during five years. During the subsequent misfortunes of the Bonaparte family, if she denied herself those indulgences which are so essential in old age it was to secure the means of assisting her children, for whom she had made the greatest sacrifices. The conduct of Madame Mère entitled her to honour and respect, and should at least have screened her from false and unjust calumnies. It is natural that journals of a certain class should assign illusory wealth to the Bonaparte family to excuse the Bourbons for not having fulfilled any of the treaties they entered into with that family; for having detained their property, the crown diamonds, which were purchased with the Emperor's money; and for having turned on the wide world as exiles those whom they have reduced to beggary.

every Sunday unless superseded by some very important hindrance.

The next morning at ten o'clock M. Rollier, steward of the household to Madame, was announced. On receiving my appointment it had never occurred to me to inquire whether any income was attached to my place, and when M. Rollier informed me that he was come to bring me an entire year's salary I would have positively refused it had he not assured me that my doing so would offend Madame; upon this, though the sum was pretty large, I accepted it. I relate this trait, insignificant as it may seem, because it is directly opposed to the character ascribed to Madame. If she had been the miser—the word must be spoken out—which some persons have been pleased to represent her, she would have found here a very convenient opportunity of saving 6000 francs, to which I should certainly never have thought myself entitled.

CHAPTER XLI.

Portrait of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte—Her retired life—Coolness between her and Napoleon—Her household—The Maréchale Davoust—Madame de Fontanges—Madame de Fleurien—Madame de Bressieux—Madame de St. Pern—Madame Dupuis—Mlle. Delaunay—Comte de la Ville—M. de Beaumont—Monsieur and Madame de Brissac—Deafness of the latter—Absurd scene with the Emperor—M. de Cazes—Prince of Baden The court quadrille—Festive scenes encouraged by Napoleon—Naples occupied by the French—Death of Tronchet—Naval disasters—Capitulation of Rochambeau and massacre of the French at St. Domingo—General Lallemand and his wife—My interview with Napoleon—Junot writes to me to join him at Parma.

OF all the anecdotes which have been written of the Emperor's family none are so ridiculously false as those which concern Madame Mère.[1] I not only knew her during the period I belonged to her household, but long before, and may therefore be permitted to offer a correct portrait of her. Among the important figures who surrounded the Emperor, his mother ought to be known as she truly was.

At the time Madame was named *Madame Mère* she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters (except Madame Bacciochi) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been. Her stature was that most agreeable in woman, about five feet one inch; but as she grew older her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her

[1] I know not whether before his death Sir Walter Scott was undeceived upon his self-delusion of having written a history of Napoleon; but if he died in that opinion, it only proves that the most sensible minds may have strange aberrations.

feet were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty, the fore-finger did not bend in consequence of an ill-performed operation—the nerve had been cut; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period her teeth were still perfect, and, like all the Bonapartes, her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small and very black, but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children. Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and situation. She made, in short, a more respectable appearance than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her arose from her timidity and her want of fluency in the French language; she felt really nervous in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her. This was observable on the day that Madame de Chevreuse was presented to her in quality of lady of the palace,—an office, by the way, which she had been persuaded to accept against her inclination. Without knowing her connections and the sentiments professed by them, Madame detected in a moment the lurking dislike, if not even hatred, that this lady bore to all the Bonaparte family. The subsequent conduct of Madame de Chevreuse, which was punished, perhaps too severely, by her exile, proved the accurate penetration of Madame Lætitia. Madame led a very retired life; if it was wrong, the fault was not her own. The Emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude to putting herself

in contact either with the Empress or with any of the persons who surrounded the Emperor. The ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duc de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence, and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle. I was affectionately attached to Madame, and my feelings revolted against such treatment. I spoke of it sometimes to Duroc and Junot, and told them I was convinced that Madame suffered much from the neglected situation in which her son permitted her to remain. Duroc defended the Emperor, and referred to the circumstance of the quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, in which Madame took the part of the latter. Junot was of my opinion, and always treated Madame with the utmost respect.

Madame, on receiving the title of Imperial Highness, quitted the hotel she had shared with her brother Cardinal Fesch in the *Rue du Mont Blanc*, to take possession of the Hôtel de Brienne in the *Rue St. Dominique*. This hotel had belonged to Lucien, who had furnished it sumptuously; so that Madame had at once a mansion suitable to her new dignity.[1]

The Maréchale Davoust formed a member of the court of Madame Mère. But her pretensions were more elevated, and she was disappointed in not having been named a lady of honour to the Empress. She professed ill health, and gave in her resignation before my arrival at Paris. As this little court will naturally often appear in connection with these Memoirs, I shall give the names, with a slight sketch of the individuals composing it. We were four lady's companions, one lady of honour, and a reader; two chamberlains, two equerries, one chief equerry,

[1] It is still the same; and I sometimes think that Madame la Maréchale Soult cannot totally abjure all recollections of the Empire, in this very house, where she has so often attended to take her turn in the service of Madame Mère.—(*Note by Madame Junot to original edition.*)

a chief almoner, and a secretary. Madame de Fontanges, whom the Emperor had created a baroness, because it was his will that all persons attached to the different households should be titled, was the lady of honour. She was handsome and inoffensive, young, but without fortune: a Creole, I believe, and carrying in her person and in her actions that listlessness of the other hemisphere which is never entirely without its charm. She had not been presented at court before the Revolution, and was utterly ignorant of its etiquette. The nomination of this lady was the result of a mistake on the part of the Emperor: he intended to appoint the Marquise de Fontanges, a most amiable person.

The four lady's companions, after the retirement of the Maréchale Davoust, were Madame Soult; Madame de Fleurieu, wife of the minister of marine under Louis XVI.; Madame de Saint Pern; and myself. There was but one among us all who might be said to be completely in her place. Madame de Fleurieu seemed born to be the companion of an elderly princess, for she seemed never to have been young herself. She had never been handsome, nor even pretty, and she possessed all the characteristics of a plain and virtuous woman. I have seldom seen any person so directly the reverse of pleasing as Madame de Fleurieu; dancing with as melancholy an air as if she was begging at St. Roche, and holding her petticoat to the extent of her two arms, offering a good representation of an espalier tree. Having no pretension to grace, she aspired to be considered a *bel-esprit*. She had, however, two serious faults: the one was the mania, or rather the monomania of etiquette; a pretension which had dazzled the Emperor, who never imagined that any one could persist in talking for ever upon a particular subject without being perfectly well versed in it. Her second great fault was that of being an eternal talker; a spout of lukewarm water, always open and always running; the recollection of it is terrible even at this distance of time. To sum up, however, I should say with Brantôme: *She was a very respectable and very virtuous lady.*

Madame de Bressieux, the successor of Madame Saint Pern, is the Mademoiselle Colombier of whom Napoleon speaks in the Memorial of St. Helena. I had heard from Napoleon himself that in his very early youth, while he was at Valence, there had existed a project of marrying him to Mademoiselle Colombier; I had in consequence a strong desire to see her. I found her witty, agreeable, mild, and amiable. Without being decidedly pretty, she was very pleasing; extremely well formed, and her address remarkably engaging. I easily understood that the Emperor might have gathered cherries with her at six o'clock in the morning without any improper thought, and confining himself entirely to harmless chat. One peculiarity which struck me the first time I saw her was the interest with which she watched the Emperor's smallest movement, her eye following him with an attention which seemed to emanate from the soul.

To know Madame St. Pern was to love her. She was not pretty, but her figure and address was striking. Her character was charming. A Corsican by birth, and as unhappy as exile and domestic grievances could make any human being, she supported her misfortunes with affecting resignation. Madame Dupuis, our supernumerary, as we were in the habit of calling her, was singular without being amusing. Her countenance suited her mind; her figure might have been good, and she had beautiful black hair; yet with these advantages, and with a pretty hand and foot, two requisites even more indispensable in my opinion to a pretty woman than fine eyes,—with all these it never came into any one's head to maintain that Madame Dupuis was handsome. She was as good-natured as Creole indolence would permit her to be, and we know about how far that good nature extends; but she was wearisome to excess. Mademoiselle Delaunay, the reader, was an amiable and charming person, remarkable for her highly-cultivated talents. She was an excellent musician, vocal and instrumental, and painted in miniature so well that Madame employed her to paint all the portraits of herself which she gave as presents.

It will be seen by these sketches that something might be made of the ladies of Madame's household; but for the gentlemen, a more extraordinary choice of attendants upon a person of her taste and habits could scarcely have been made, with the exception of my excellent friend the Comte de la Ville, formerly belonging to the household of the King of Sardinia; he alone suited Madame. He united a thorough goodness of feeling with the most finished politeness of the courtier: he knew precisely the rank to allot to each individual, and the consistent arrangements of etiquette; points of which our lady of honour was as ignorant as the rest of the household, who, excepting M. de Beaumont, knew as much of these matters as if they had fallen asleep in the days of the patriarch Jacob, and awoke again under the dynasty of Clovis. M. de Brissac, M. d'Esterno, General d'Estrées, and M. de Beaumont, found their duties in Madame's household of a most wearisome nature, and threw back upon the circle their own *ennui*. I should not, however, class M. de Beaumont with the rest; if he was himself *ennuyé*, he certainly did not contribute to weary others, for he was very witty, and beyond measure amusing and full of mimicry. But for all that, I was always delighted to meet him, because we enjoyed those hearty laughs together which are so exhilarating. He was brother to M. de Beaumont, chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, but no relation of General Beaumont, aide-de-camp to Murat. M. de Brissac, though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable, and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the household, it is impossible to pass her over, as she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party, with M. Clement de Ris, M. Casabianca, M. Chollet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of animated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's salon looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock till eleven or even midnight. Madame de Brissac, with all her wit, for she had much, played

with these old-fashioned perukes with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman; she had never been pretty, her height being about four feet and a half, and her figure not quite straight; notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age; and for this very good reason, she was as much in love with her husband as a woman is supposed to be in the springtide of life. He had, however, been false to her. While still a child he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin —another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her. "Then how did you become his wife?" said I to her one day when she was relating to me the history of her love for M. de Brissac. "Only because I waited patiently, and the other died," she replied, with an air of triumphant simplicity and a truly comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget.

She was extremely deaf, and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her, and what she ought to answer. She was told that the Emperor almost always inquired what department a person came from, how old they were, and how many children they might have. Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her. The day of presentation arrived, Madame de Brissac made her three courtesies to the Emperor, who, having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her: "Is your husband brother to the Duke of Brissac who was killed on the 2d of September? and did he not inherit his estates?"

"Seine and Oise, Sire," was the answer, and though an odd one, not so very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at

her with some surprise as he continued: "I believe you have no children?"—"Fifty-two, Sire," said she, with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon by this time was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and without further observation continued his tour of the circle. With all her eccentricities she was a kind friend, a good mother, and an excellent woman.

Besides the gentlemen I have already mentioned as belonging to the household, there were M. de Quelen, brother to the Archbishop of Paris, equerry; the Bishop of ——, chief almoner; M. de Guien, secretary. The latter died soon after, and was replaced by M. Decazes, afterwards the minister of Louis XVIII.; he was then called the sweet-pea of the court. He had married Mademoiselle Muraire, but had become a widower.

Nothing surprised me so much on my return to Paris as the increase of that rage for place and favour which had begun to manifest itself before my departure, but which was now in its highest paroxysm. The tablets of the Grand Chamberlain, of the Master of the Cĕremonies, and Marshal Duroc, were daily filled with requisitions—nay, pressing petitions, for appointments, from persons who at a later period found it convenient to deny all connection with the imperial court.

The Hereditary Prince of Baden had arrived at Paris. He was the most disagreeable personage I had ever seen; he had the pouting air of a child in disgrace; but his humours were not followed by the clear sunshine of childhood. The first time I saw him I could not forbear casting my eyes upon the charming young person[1] who was about to become his property; she seemed to me more than usually lovely. She appeared in smiles at the *fêtes* given in celebration of her sacrifice, but her smile was melancholic — how could it have been otherwise! Among the *fêtes* which this first royal marriage in the Emperor's family produced was one distinguished from the rest by the introduction of a perfect novelty: this

[1] Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress.

was a quadrille—the first which had been seen at Paris since the Revolution. The idea of this truly royal amusement originated with the Princess Caroline, who had lately received the title of Grand Duchess of Cleves and Berg. The costume was a long time under consideration; and, as generally happens when twenty different advisers are consulted, an intolerably ugly one was adopted. The Emperor did not like Louis XIV., but he was determined that his new court should be constructed after the model of that monarch's. After my return from Portugal I gathered from the conversation of the Emperor his determination to render his court the most brilliant in Europe. He questioned me concerning the courts of Spain and Portugal, and seemed to take pleasure in dwelling upon the miserable condition of those sovereigns in the midst of their jewels and etiquette.

The performers in this memorable quadrille were to be distinguished by four different colours—white, green, red, and blue. The white ladies were to be adorned with diamonds; the red, with rubies; the green, with emeralds; the blue, with sapphires and turquoises. The costume was to be Spanish. The robe of white crape slashed with satin, of the colour of the quadrille, and the slashings trimmed with silver llama. The head-dress was to be a *toque* of black velvet with two white plumes. The equipment of the gentlemen was perfectly absurd. A coat of white velvet, made in what fashion I cannot describe, surmounted by a scarf the colour of the quadrille, tied in a bow at the side; and for head-dress, a *toque* of black velvet similar to ours. It was a long time before I could look with a serious face upon any one of the gentlemen of our set. Then the style in which this quadrille was danced was itself worth remembering: it was directed by Despréaux, my former dancing-master, and took place in the gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries.

Dancing was the order of the day in the spring of 1806; it was the Emperor's will that his court should be brilliant, and he knew that it could only be so through the medium of entertainments and pleasure. These forms

of pleasure did not, it is true, accord with his taste; he would have preferred a gallop of ten leagues to a *fête*. In taking violent exercise he could give the reins to important thoughts; whilst at a ball he was obliged to converse with men and women in set phrases, to prove that their sovereign interested himself in their affairs. But Napoleon, while he disliked this noisy kind of life, saw the necessity of it, and he was not the man to sacrifice a powerful interest to his personal convenience or inclination.

Europe was now about to become the theatre of the most important political events. The kingdom of Naples had just been taken possession of by one of our armies, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Masséna with him, whose two lieutenants were Gouvion Saint Cyr and Reignier. Much has been said about this occupation of the kingdom of Naples. But this event is not one of those arbitrary acts for which Napoleon can fairly be blamed. By the treaty of the 21st of September 1805 the King of Naples engaged to remain neutral in the war with Austria. But what happened? Ferdinand IV. forgot his pledged word, or rather remembered only to betray it. We are very tolerant at present, but, in the times I am writing of matters stood differently: if either insult or injury raised their heads the cannon was our answer. "The house of Naples has ceased to reign," said the Emperor in opening the legislative body in the year 1806; "it has irreparably forfeited its crown. The peninsula of Italy is reunited to the Great Empire. As supreme chief I have guaranteed the sovereigns and the constitutions which govern its different divisions. It is pleasing to me to declare here that my people have done their duty. In the heart of Moravia I have never ceased to receive testimonies of their love and enthusiasm. Frenchmen! this love is much more glorious even than the extent of your power and riches!" This discourse was pronounced by Napoleon on the 2d of March 1806, at the opening of the legislative body. About this period died that distinguished advocate Tronchet, who so nobly undertook

the defence of Louis XVI. The king, when on his trial, demanded the assistance of Target and Tronchet; the former declined, probably from conscientious scruples. Tronchet, though infirm, and almost a septuagenarian, accepted the noble commission. He was a man of great talent and probity. Napoleon, an acute judge of merit, sought his assistance, notwithstanding his great age (eighty-seven), in the compilation of the civil code.

This year, 1806, seemed to be as fatal to our navy as it had been favourable to our continental successes. A new defeat was announced to the Emperor. I had been witness of the satisfaction with which he received the news of the victory of Algesiras; an accident made me also the witness of his grief on learning the capture of Admiral Linois by the English on his return from India. He commanded a single ship of the line, and one frigate; the enemy had not only a superior force, but an entire squadron. The Emperor's agitation in the first moment of hearing the news must have been terrible; his countenance was greatly changed when he came soon after into the Empress's apartment where we then were, and his emotion was even then violent; a frightful oath escaped him. The Empress Josephine said a few words to him in a low voice; he answered, still passionately, and I heard the words: "And then poor Magon!" He recovered himself soon, and spoke of Admiral Linois in the most flattering terms, and such as this distinguished sailor merits. Alas! the battle which took place some weeks previously to this latter affair, between the English Admiral Duckworth and the French Rear-Admiral Leissègues in the Bay of St. Domingo, was the death-blow to our navy. It is true that it was our constant misfortune to encounter forces numerically superior. Thus, in the instance of the battle of St. Domingo, we were as usual in the minority;[1] the English had seven ships of the line, two frigates, and

[1] [The English reader will make some allowance for Madame Junot's nationality in thus attempting to palliate the naval disasters of the French; in making the above assertion she forgets that in the battle of Trafalgar she has herself admitted the combined French and Spanish fleet to consist of five ships more than the British.—*Eng. Ed.*]

two sloops, and their whole squadron mounted five hundred and eighteen guns; our force consisted only of five ships of the line, two frigates, and one corvette, mounting in the aggregate four hundred and twenty-six guns. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, with a fury exceeding all conception. A cousin of mine, then in the imperial navy, and serving in the corvette, assured me that all the knowledge we had of the disasters of Trafalgar could give no idea of the horror of this battle. At length, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of our seamen, three French vessels were taken, and two others burned after being wrecked.

Some time after these disastrous tidings others arrived from St. Domingo of a character suited to their author, Dessalines. This bloodthirsty tiger had sometime previously announced his atrocious projects in the proclamation[1] which he issued on taking possession of the island after the unfortunate capitulation of General Rochambeau—a capitulation to which the general was necessitated by the yellow fever which mowed down his troops, a burning climate, and the most sanguinary of wars; but, above all, by the total want of confidence which had resulted from the inexcusable artifices of General Leclerc, who had rendered the whites most obnoxious to the natives of the island.

I have already spoken of General Lallemand as a valued friend of my husband and myself. He went to America in 1802, where he honourably distinguished himself; but he displeased the general-in-chief, who did not like such men as Lallemand, and he returned to Europe almost in disgrace. One day he entered my drawing-room, accompanied by an exceedingly beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, and possessed that graceful pliancy of form for which the Creoles are remarkable.

[1] This sanguinary appeal to the revengeful feelings of the Haytians was couched in very subtle terms. It was translated into the Creole dialect and extensively circulated. Under the pretext of upholding *Liberty* and *Independence*, it advocated, too successfully, a war of extermination. How could England permit the massacre of Cape François? Surely it had the power to prevent it.

She had light-brown hair and soft blue eyes, a set of teeth as white as pearls, and an expression of countenance, the charms of which every one will acknowledge who has seen Madame Lallemand. Even on my first acquaintance with her I formed a high opinion of her understanding; but subsequent circumstances proved her to possess a mind of a most elevated order. She had come to France accompanied by her mother, the beautiful Madame de Lartigues, whose vast fortune enabled her to rival the splendour of the most wealthy Parisians. Her property in St. Domingo produced five hundred thousand livres per annum. All this property was lost in one day. She vainly endeavoured to recover some wrecks of it when the French army was at the Cape; but nothing was restored to her.

Junot was still at Parma, and I was continually receiving letters from him, in which he desired me to inquire of the Emperor whether I should not join him. It was an innocent *ruse*, which I very well understood, to learn whether he was likely to remain there long. But Napoleon was not a man to give an answer if it did not suit him. I consulted with the Princess Caroline, who recommended me to speak to the Emperor upon the subject the first time I should chance to meet him. "But take care," added she, "not to ask an audience for this purpose." She was right. At the first word I said to the Emperor upon the subject of my journey he asked with a sort of pique whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my letters of credence were perfectly regular. I took special care not to answer that I had Junot's instructions to ask an audience; but I said that of my own desire I took the liberty of asking him if I might not join my husband, and carry him his children, whom he had not seen for above six months.

I must here again remark how much Napoleon valued whatever tended to promote the internal repose and concord of families. To touch this cord was the sure means of securing his attention. He turned towards me, and slowly taking a pinch of snuff, as he always did when an

idea was not disagreeable to him, he said with a half smile: "It is you, then, who wish to join Junot! This is well, and would be better still if you had boys to take him, but you give him nothing but girls." He made me a gracious nod, and withdrew smiling. He wrote this little conversation to Junot, and his answer was a pressing desire for me to commence my journey forthwith. He wrote to me that the palace of the Dukes of Parma was admirably prepared for my reception; and, indeed, I might well be tempted to act the petty sovereign, from all he told me, not only of the palace but of his own situation there.

Junot wrote to me again to expedite my journey. He was getting weary of Parma, and was impatient to see me and the children once more. But just then I could not set out. My two daughters were both ill. The excellent M. Desgenettes, who attended them, cured them speedily, but not so effectually as to enable them, young as they were, to undertake a journey of four hundred leagues. I therefore wrote to Junot that I should set out about the end of May.

CHAPTER XLII.

Junot's success as Governor of Parma—Machinations of the Jesuits—Their suppression in Italy—Junot's kind offices to the Princess of Parma—Treaty with Prussia—Creation of sovereigns in Napoleon's family—The Emperor's conversation on the subject of my journey to Parma—The Empress's jealousy—Person and character of the Princess Caroline—The chamberlain M. d'Aligre—His firmness in refusing the Emperor's wish to marry his daughter to Caulaincourt—Character of the Princess Pauline—Her great beauty—The Emperor's brothers—Louis created King of Holland—Reception of the Dutch deputation—Character of Joseph and his wife—Talleyrand created Prince of Benevento—My journey countermanded—Conversation with the Emperor on the subject—Junot's arrival at Paris.

JUNOT had done wonders in his expedition to Parma, or rather to the Apennines. The insurgents were severely punished; it was necessary, though they were not perhaps the most guilty parties. But the people were, in that instance as usual, the instruments employed by others, often against their own interests. Austerlitz was recent, and the court of Rome also bore in mind the small result of its ultramontane journey. On Junot's arrival at Parma he found there a college of Jesuits directing the education of several students from various parts of Italy. Among them was a young man from Bastia, in Corsica, who was recommended to Junot's notice by Generals Casabianca and Sebastiani. Junot, in consequence, visited him at the college, spoke to the superior, and requested him to send the young man to dine with him every Sunday. The superior observed that it was against the rules for any scholar to go out alone; upon which Junot politely invited him to accompany his pupil. The following Sunday the

young Corsican came, according to appointment, attended by his confessor—a man of an austere countenance and manner, who seemed to be held in great awe by his companion. The student was thoughtful and melancholy; he scarcely answered the questions put to him, and ate little. He was pale and thin, and seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. In vain the aides-de-camp endeavoured to lure him out of his silence; he persevered during the whole time of dinner, and broke it only when Junot addressed him. This moody reserve was increased in his subsequent visit. At length Junot was informed that he was taken ill; he sent his physician to see the youth, but the reserved Fathers politely declined the offer. It soon became evident that some foul play was going on: whenever Junot called to see the young Corsican, the superior of the college contrived to find some obstacle. These subterfuges were at length unavailing; Junot peremptorily demanded to see the youth. A horrible spectacle presented itself—the poor fellow, reduced to a skeleton, and in a high state of fever and delirium, was confined in a dark chamber, scarcely provided with common necessaries. At the sight of Junot he burst into a fit of frenzy, uttering incoherently words of a threatening import to the Emperor. These expressions were accompanied by gestures indicating an attempt to commit assassination. Junot immediately caused him to be moved from the college by the soldiers who accompanied him. It appeared from undoubted evidence that the superior of the college was disposed to revenge the affront, which many of the clergy conceived the holy Father to have suffered from the Emperor, in not having obtained the restitution to the tiara of the three legations ceded at Tolentino; and in his journey beyond the Alps this man had cast his eyes upon the young Corsican who had been recommended to Junot, as an agent for his purpose. The witnesses deposed that he had been deprived of sleep, forced to watch whole nights at the foot of the cross, in the church, alone, and with no other light than that of the tabernacle; and to pass whole days without food. It was thus they were

treating him at the time of Junot's arrival at Parma. It was proved that the unhappy youth, whom the fanaticism of these monks had designed to become the messenger of death, had been tortured by them to put him in a condition to commit a crime which they represented to him as a virtue, which would procure him a crown of glory, and that his fragile nature could not resist all the means which had been employed.

The result of this investigation was that Junot received orders from the Emperor to banish the Jesuits from the states of Parma, and Piacenza in particular, and to forbid their being received in any part of the kingdom of Italy. Their unfortunate victim died some weeks after, without recovering his reason. The two physicians, to whose skill Junot had committed him, declared that the springs of life had been exhausted in the terrible trials his young imagination had been called upon to sustain.

While Junot was at Parma he was not employed only in punishing, but in performing acts of mercy and justice, on behalf of the Emperor. His predecessor, Moreau de St. Méry, thought it did not become a son of the Revolution to give any consideration to the fate of the Princess of Parma, daughter of the last duke, and nothing suitable to her rank and name had been assigned to her. Junot wrote immediately to the Emperor that the Princess of Parma was entitled to a certain establishment which she did not enjoy, and asked his orders upon the subject. The establishment was instantly granted.

Meanwhile the King of Prussia had signed a treaty ratifying, with some trifling modifications, the provisional convention of Vienna, and had issued a proclamation, thanking France for having abandoned to him the electorate of Hanover as an indemnity for Anspach, Cleves, Bareuth, and Neufchatel ; this latter was afterwards raised to a principality and given to Berthier. But all this Napoleon knew to be a forced demonstration ; he understood the real feelings of those kings who afterwards owed their crowns to him, and whose connection with him, beginning in perfidy ended in ingratitude.

Alas! at this moment a mania for royalty possessed his great mind. His brothers and sisters became kings and queens. Madame Murat was called Grand Duchess of Berg; and Joseph Bonaparte was taken from his peaceful and domestic pursuits to reign over the ancient Parthenope. "Leave me to be King of Mortefontaine," said he to his brother; "I am much happier in that domain, the boundary of which, it is true, I can see, but where I know myself to be diffusing happiness." His wife experienced the same regret on quitting her home; but Napoleon had spoken, and it was necessary to obey. He had said: "The house of Naples had ceased to reign, and a new king is given to the two Sicilies."

The Princess Eliza was the first of his family whom Napoleon preferred to the supreme dignity. He conferred on her the Republic of Lucca, which he erected into a principality. When the Princess Caroline saw her eldest sister wearing a sovereign crown she also must have her ivory forehead similarly decorated. She was made Grand Duchess of Berg; but whether it was that there was no Duc de Nemours in her duchy, or whether it was that one of her subjects, daughter of a shoemaker at Dusseldorf, but a very great lady notwithstanding at the imperial court, had spoken to her on terms of too much equality, she did not much like the lot that had fallen to her, and pleaded hard for a little kingdom. Then came the turn of the Princess Pauline. The Emperor had actual warfare to sustain on her account. At length she was created Duchess of Guastalla. It was no great thing, to be sure, but even a molehill seemed too much for her to govern. If there had been kingdoms in the air, as in the time of the sylphs, she might have been enveloped in a pink and blue cloud, nicely perfumed, and sent to reign in those fortunate regions where the sceptre of government is a sprig of flowers. This, however, did not suit her; her tears and her pretty airs amused her brother for some time; but as it was not in his nature to be patient he became angry at last. The Princess Eliza discovered that Lucca and Piombino were miserable principalities. She complained;

the Princess Caroline complained; the Princess Pauline complained; it was a chorus of grievances. "Ah, *çà!*" said the Emperor; "what does all this mean? Will these ladies never be content? One would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late king our father!"

One day I had accompanied Madame to St. Cloud, whither she went to dine with the Princess Borghèse, who then occupied the ground-floor of the palace; the Emperor came there in the evening, and on seeing me, said laughingly: "Well! Madame Junot, so you are not gone yet?"—"Sire, I am waiting till my daughters are perfectly recovered, and shall then immediately commence my journey."—"Do you know," said Madame, "that you ought to leave me my ladies; here is Madame Junot, who has been absent from her duties for a twelvemonth, and you are going to send her to Italy."—"It is not I who send her, it is her own pleasure to go; ask her yourself;" and looking at me with a smile, he made me a very significant sign. In such moments as these his countenance was charming. "Well! why do you not say that it is yourself who are positively determined to go to Parma?"—"But, Sire, I cannot say what is not true. I have not the smallest inclination to go thither."

He burst into a fit of laughter; a very rare thing with him; for though his smile was becoming, he scarcely ever laughed aloud, if at all. "And why is it not your pleasure to go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was pinched until it almost bled. "A good wife should always follow her husband; it is the gospel law."—"Sire, your Majesty will permit me to say that the gospel has nothing to do with this case; that I am not a good wife in this particular; and—that perhaps I might be a supernumerary at Parma."—"Ah! ah! these gossips have been putting mischief into your head! Why do you listen to them? Besides, the hen should be silent in the presence of the cock: if Junot amuses himself at Parma, what is that to you? Wives must not torment their husbands, or they may make them worse." This he said, not looking at me, but with his eyes turned covertly towards the

Empress, who, like a woman of sense, seemed not to understand him. Scenes of jealousy were becoming frequent; and, to say the truth, not without some cause.

I had opened not only my eyes, but my ears, to what the Emperor had said. I then knew nothing but what I afterwards learned; but the expression of my countenance as I looked at the Emperor had probably something in it extremely comic, for he again did me the honour of laughing at me. "Well! there you are quite stupefied about a trifle!—a trifle which you wives make a great concern when you know it, and which is of no consequence whatever when you do not. Now, shall I tell you all what you ought to say on such occasions? Do you wish to know?"—"I listen, Sire."—"Just nothing! but if, like the rest of your sex you cannot be silent, if you must speak, let it be to approve."—"Indeed!" cried Madame.—"Shocking!" said the Princess Borghèse. "I should like to see Prince Camille expecting me to approve such proceedings." And she turned round upon her sofa arranging the folds of her shawl.

The Empress said nothing; but she had tears in her eyes, and I am sure that a single word would have made her weep, which the Emperor did not like. The tears of a woman made a profound impression upon him, and this was why he dreaded them so much. The man who could not, without emotion, hear the sound of the evening bells,—and it is well known that he would frequently stop in his walk in the park of Malmaison to listen to the church bells of Reuil or Bougival,—the man who often avowed the particular charm he found in seeing a delicate female dressed in white and wandering among the trees, must needs have naturally possessed a susceptible heart; and no doubt he concealed his feelings under a rude and dry exterior till this rind became a part of his character.

The court was now very attentive to all the Emperor's proceedings. At the time of the coronation he was in love, as I then stated, and the love was real. During my absence some trouble had arisen about it. The Empress had been annoyed by the conduct of the

favourite lady, who, in consequence, had received a recommendation to retire to a watering-place. The Emperor in making this concession was out of humour about it, as the Empress had occasion to feel when any new cause of jealousy arose, which, as report said, was pretty frequently during the journey to Italy on account of the coronation; for the Emperor, though his heart had been really touched in one instance, never denied himself any gratification of the kind, and his wanderings were somewhat various.

Already the departure of the Princess Louis was whispered, and, although she was about to occupy a throne, her absence could not but be regretted in a court of which she was the life. She reminded me of Henrietta of England. Not so the Princess Caroline; of all the family she was perhaps the only one who had not learnt to become a princess; she could not leave off the satirical giggle and sneering of the schoolgirl, while her manners were undignified, and her walk the most ungraceful possible. But in self-sufficiency she was perfectly the sovereign lady; she spoke of herself and of her person with the highest consideration, and with a contemptuous ridicule of others, which imposed upon unthinking people. Her decisions upon all points were as inexhaustible as they were injudicious. With an incomparable freshness, and that profusion of lilies and roses which were enchanting when she shaded them with a fringe of embroidered tulle lined with pink satin, half enveloped in English point, and tied with ribbons of the same colour, as fresh and charming as her own complexion; with all this her beauty did not please. Her eyes were small; her hair, which in her infancy had been almost white, was now neither light nor dark; and her unfortunate sneer showed her teeth too much, because, though white, they had not the regularity of a string of pearls like those of the Emperor and the Princess Pauline. Her mind remained in its natural state, without any cultivation or instruction, and she never employed herself except in scrawling at random some pencil strokes upon white paper, which her flatterers called drawing;

as a child she had vivacity and an engaging manner; and as she began to grow into youth just as her brother, as general-in-chief of the army, was drawing worshippers to the star of his family, she had her full share of flatterers; and as some philosophy is required to weed out from the minds of children the seeds of vice and evil habits, hers flourished at their leisure, in spite of the goodwill of Madame Campan, with whom she was boarded for two years. Madame Campan, though a woman of very superior merits, had the great fault of never contradicting the daughters of rich and powerful families who were confided to her.

At this period the court became materially diminished by the departure of the princesses and the two brothers of the Emperor; and the Princess Borghèse being always an invalid, and occupied solely with the care of her health, though not a very elegant amusement, it was on the Princess Caroline alone, or the Grand Duchess of Berg, as she chose to be called, that all the hopes of court gaiety rested. She then occupied the beautiful palace of the Elysée, where she began to receive the court *en princesse*, notwithstanding her satirical vein, to which people were becoming accustomed.

M. d'Aligre was chamberlain to the princess. I have remarked that the Emperor had a sort of preference for, without however liking, the Faubourg St. Germain; and whoever was of consideration there he was desirous of attaching to the new court. The project of *fusion*, of which he was incessantly talking, was not to be accomplished by such means. How could he suppose that persons whose opinions, as he well knew, differed in all points from his system, should become attached to him by such insignificant bribery? M. d'Aligre, for example, possessor of a rental of 400,000 livres, was not likely to be much enchanted with the office of carrying the Princess Caroline's white slippers in his pocket, while he was in a condition to act the petty sovereign in his own domain. The Emperor had another object in calling M. d'Aligre to court; he proposed to marry his daughter to General

Caulaincourt; and M. d'Aligre's noble conduct in this affair amply redeemed the white slippers. The Emperor first had his desire or rather his will notified to him, and finding that the business did not advance, summoned him to his cabinet. Napoleon at this particular period was not only absolute master of all that surrounded him, but exercised a sort of fascination which made every eye drop under the eagle glance of his. But M. d'Aligre was a father, and justly looked upon the paternal authority as the highest of the two then in contact. He refused his daughter to M. de Caulaincourt. The motive was a terrible one, but he had courage enough to speak it out, and the marriage did not take place. The Emperor was very much dissatisfied with this resistance, and if Duroc had not opposed the plan he would have taken the young lady out of her father's hands, and commanded the nomination of a family council, conjointly with the imperial attorney-general, to dispose of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aligre, since her father, for reasons which reflected on the honour of the Government, refused a match in all respects suitable. The Emperor, sometimes in his first impressions, gave way to terrible explosions of passion; and so eccentric and unjust would his actions be under their influence, that his most faithful servants could not more beneficially display their attachment than in taking upon themselves to suspend proceedings commanded in a moment of passion. The most curious part of the business is that Caulaincourt was at this moment passionately in love with a beautiful woman, whose love was vastly more precious to him than Mademoiselle d'Aligre. Although the Emperor was angry that his authority was compromised between M. d'Aligre and him, M. de Caulaincourt was perfectly determined not to accept the hand which the Emperor was desirous of covering with the bridal glove. How many times during the years which the Empire lasted have I seen unions, formed under such auspices, become the fruitful sources of misfortune and discord!

The Princess Pauline was a complete mimic, which,

however, was not at all becoming to her. She would quiz a brown complexion, though it was neither generous nor in good taste, because her own was very fair. Another raillery to which she often condescended, and which had not common sense, particularly in an imperial princess, was mimicking the style of walking of all her female acquaintances. Thus, at the rehearsals of the quadrille, she had a full view of every new-comer from her station at the upper end of the gallery, and made her satirical remarks upon each. The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family, while their countenances were so similar, was very extraordinary. Their heads possessed the same type, the same features, the same eyes, the same expression (always excepting the Emperor); beyond this nothing could be more unlike. The Princess Borghèse was an elegant nymph. Her statue, by Canova, *moulded from herself*, is that of an enchanting being. It has been asserted that the artist corrected defects in the leg and bust. I have seen the legs of the princess, as I believe all have who were moderately intimate with her, and I have observed no such defects; indeed, the perfection of their make may be inferred from her walk. It was slow, because she was indisposed, but the grace of her movement showed that the members were happily formed. How finely her head was inclined, and how beautifully it turned upon her shoulders! The only imperfection of her person was that the ear wanted its curl.

The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill made; her bones were square and prominent, and her arms and legs seemed tacked to her body as if by chance. The Princess Caroline required a body at least two inches taller to be in proportion to her head. Her shoulders were certainly fat and fair, but so round and high that her throat was lost in them; and the motion of her head—that motion so graceful in a woman, and above all so important in a princess—became altogether disagreeable and almost vulgar. Her hands were white and mottled, and of that transparent fairness which has something ideal in it, and reminds one of

what we may have dreamed of the inhabitants of the air. Nevertheless, I preferred the hand of the Queen Hortense.

The brothers were equally dissimilar. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and the King of Holland, were all three perfectly well made, though small, while the persons of the Prince of Canino and the King of Westphalia were as much in contrast with them and with each other as their sisters. The King of Westphalia's head and shoulders resembled the Princess Caroline's; and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There was one point of general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame Mère, in which all her eight children might be recognised, not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each.

Prince Louis Bonaparte was recognised King of Holland on the 5th of June this year. Holland sent her ambassadors on the occasion; the court was at St. Cloud, where the Emperor received the deputation with great delight.[1] I believe he was more fond of Prince Louis than any of his brothers, except Joseph, and his affection for the Princess Louis and her children was paternal. So fine a kingdom as that of Holland was a noble proof of attachment to offer to his brother and sister-in-law. He did not very well understand a system of resistance to his will; he expected implicit obedience, and considered that his family should find their happiness in it. But he found in his brothers an obstinate resistance to his authority, founded upon honour and their consciences. The conduct of Louis in Holland is worthy of the highest eulogium; Holland still remembers it with gratitude.

[1] Napoleon presented his nephew, the young Prince Louis, to the deputation, and desired the child to show his regard to his future subjects. A prince of five years of age would naturally suppose that he could offer no better proof of his respect for his visitors than the recitation of his last task; he accordingly repeated for their edification the fable of *The Frogs asking Jupiter for a King*. So, at least, it was said at the time. Napoleon was greatly incensed at the jest; he did not like this sort of trifling with power.

Louis Bonaparte
Louis
LONDON. RICHARD BENTLEY & SON. 1884

I have not yet delineated the domestic circle of Joseph, then King of Naples; one who, as senior, would have been the head of the Bonaparte family if the great man had not displaced him. Joseph Bonaparte, like all his brothers, was born in Corsica, but spoke French with less of a foreign accent than any Corsican I ever knew. You would seldom see a better countenance; it was that of the Princess Borghèse, with the masculine strength and expression, and possessing a mild and intelligent smile. Entering upon life at a period when disorder was triumphant, and servility and impudence were alike the road to power, his first actions gave hopes of a disposition of humanity and beneficence which the subsequent course of his life fully confirmed. He was well-read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England, and his studies, always seriously pursued, were continued much beyond the term prescribed by custom. He loved poetry and the belles-lettres, and took pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. It has been said that his character was weak and false. He had goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment. These qualities, except the latter, could only be mischievous to him in a revolted country, over which he was called to govern by the aid of force and constraint. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain, was nevertheless admirable. The situation of Napoleon's brothers had always been painful as soon as they were placed upon a throne: he wished to make them sovereigns, but expected from them the submission of prefects. He met with a resistance from them which did them honour. King Joseph left France with great regret; he entreated his brother not to force a crown upon him; he preferred "to reign at Mortefontaine." He was a good father; even a good husband, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary; and a constant friend.

Among the indigent inhabitants of Paris the name of the Princess Joseph, Queen of Spain, was held in great respect; all such as were existing when she lived at Paris, and who reside there still, will not fail to remember the

virtues of this angel of benevolence. Without being handsome she was charming; she amply made amends for the want of beauty by being virtuous, charitable, and perfectly indulgent. Queen Julia, as she was called to distinguish her from the Queen of Charles IV., was conscious of the importance of the art of commanding; but rejecting all adventitious aids, she based it upon genuine modesty and dignity of sentiment. She disliked show, whether in her actions or her dress. Always simply attired, she wore jewels only when necessary for the proper display of her rank. The Emperor held her in high esteem, and was affectionately attached to her. Her husband venerated and loved her dearly. He had a somewhat chequered life, it is true, as a man of pleasure; but his natural goodness of heart always preserved him from exposures which might have given pain to his wife. He loved her as a friend and as the mother of his daughters. The Queen Julia's departure for Naples was a great grief to Madame Mère, who, since the death of Madame Lucien, loved her more than any of her other daughters-in-law. Madame did not love the Empress Josephine; though, to say the truth, the conduct of the Empress towards her had, since the coronation, been everything she could desire. Whether her own good fortune made her more affectionate towards her relatives, or whether the Emperor had commanded it, it is certain that a great improvement was then perceptible in the Empress's attentions to Madame.

Some time before Junot's return we had a foretaste of the Emperor's projects of nobility, not only by the creation of some orders of chivalry, but also by the almost feudal investiture of M. de Talleyrand. It was in the month of June 1806 that this man, whom Napoleon then believed devoted to himself and his dynasty,[1] was named by him Prince of Benevento.

I was one evening employed in giving orders for my departure, and about to commence my journey in two days, when General Bertrand, the aide-de-camp to the

[1] *All* our Governments have had good cause to be well pleased with him.

Emperor, was announced. As he had not previously visited me I was rather surprised to see him. This surprise was increased when he informed me it was the Emperor's command that I should abandon my journey to Parma; at the same time he expressed his own opinion that this measure boded no harm.

As my daughter Josephine, though recovered, was still only convalescent, I was rejoiced not to be obliged to expose her to the fatigue of so long a journey. It was the 7th of July, and the heat was oppressive.

My departure being indefinitely delayed, I resumed my duties, and took my turn the following week in waiting upon Madame. I accompanied her on Sunday to the family dinner at the Tuileries. We dined at a table at which the Empress's lady of honour presided, and afterwards repaired to the Emperor's salon in waiting. On this day the Emperor sent for me into the cabinet where the princesses were. He was standing before the chimney, though there was no fire, and was observing my curtsies of ceremony with an air of mockery, almost provoking. "Well! Madame Junot, people always improve by travelling; how gracefully you curtsy now! Does she not, Josephine?" and he turned towards the Empress. "Is she not elegant? No longer a little girl, but Madame l'Ambassadrice!—Madame ——," and he looked at me with an expression so sly, and almost subtle, that I blushed, without knowing why. "Well! what would you like to be called? I suppose you know that there are not many names worthy to supersede that of Madame l'Ambassadrice?"

In pronouncing these words he raised his voice; but he was evidently in high good-humour. Never perhaps, had I seen him so disposed to chat gaily. He still looked at me, and I smiled. He no doubt understood me, for he immediately said: "Oh! I know very well that you wish to learn why you are not upon your travels; is it not so?" —"It is true, Sire, and I even wish to ask your Majesty whether we poor women are also subject to military discipline? because, otherwise——" I cannot describe the

suddenness of his interruption. His look and his words were like lightning; all his gaiety of humour seemed to have disappeared in a second. "Well! what would you do then?"—"I should set out, Sire," I replied very tranquilly, for he never intimidated me to the extent of being unable to answer him. His good-humour returned immediately. "Faith, I have a great inclination to let you," said he, laughing; "but no, stay at home and take care of your children; they are ill, says the *Signora Letizia;* the Empress avers that my god-daughter is the prettiest little girl in Paris; now I deny that she is prettier than my niece Lætitia."

"You have not told me whether you are satisfied with Madame Junot, *Signora Letizia?* And are you very glad to be placed about my mother?" added he, addressing me. For answer, I took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my mother. The excellent woman drew me towards her and embraced me. "She is a good child," said she, "and I shall take pains to prevent her being wearied in my service."—"Yes, yes," said the Emperor, pinching my ear; "but be careful in particular that she does not go to sleep in overlooking your *eternal reversis, and in gazing till she is blind upon that picture of David's, which, however, is a speaking lesson to those who shed their blood in battles; it reminds us that all sovereigns are ungrateful.*"[1]

I was thunderstruck! I had said these very words only two evenings before, in a party of four persons only, whom I will not name. But I have always remarked that the Emperor never took offence unless he had the leisure, inclination, and opportunity to punish. At that time my words had no ill effect upon him; he only said with a serious and very affectionate expression of manner: "They are not all so." Madame, who was not always quite mistress of what was passing, owing to the difficulty in following the conversation in the French tongue, understood,

[1] Belisarius, purchased by Lucien, and left by him in the salon of the Hôtel de Brienne.

from the expressive countenance of her son, that something remarkable had been said, and she took up the conversation: "Ah!" said she, "Junot has no reason to fear being forgotten by us! I shall remember to the end of my life the day when he came weeping and kissing my hands to tell me that you were in prison. He wished to deliver you or to die with you. Oh, from that day I took him to my heart as a sixth son."—"Yes," said the Emperor, "Junot is a faithful and loyal friend, and a brave fellow! Adieu, Madame Junot, adieu;" and making a motion with his hand, he smiled affectionately on me as he withdrew to his private cabinet. In opening the door, he stopped again, and looking at me as I curtsied to him, he added: "But this court of Lisbon has made you quite a court lady, do you know that, Madame Junot?"

This scene made me reflect upon what several of my friends had been saying for some days past. It was whispered that Junot was appointed Governor of Paris; reports of war were also heard; but at this time all political news was so doubtful and so cautiously hinted, that nothing could be received as authentic till it was no longer a secret from any one. It was also said that the movements in Paris would have made no noise during the campaign if Junot had been at the head of its military government. The Emperor's confidence in his courage was equal to that which he reposed in his fidelity, and in fact such a choice would accord well with a probable military absence of the Emperor, when it was important that the place should be filled not only by a person devoted to him, but by one whose character being also well known to the Parisians would form a mutual guarantee to them and to Napoleon. A few days after this conversation I had gone to spend the evening with a friend, when a message was brought me announcing Junot's arrival. As it was very fine, and I had sent away my carriage, I immediately set out on foot to return home. In the Rue de Choiseul I met my husband, who, impatient to see me, had put himself into the carriage which was coming to fetch me. He asked me if I had any notions which could

lead him to guess the course he ought to take, as he was totally ignorant of the cause of his recall. I told him the few words that General Bertrand had said upon the subject, and we agreed that there could be nothing alarming in it. The next day Junot went to the Tuileries, and the Emperor received him with the most cordial kindness.

"Ah!" said he on his return home, as he had already said at Arras, "gladly would I give my life for that man." The Emperor, however, had said nothing; he had merely given him a gracious and affectionate welcome, and had infused into the interview the character of that amicable confidence which marked the happy days of the army of Italy. Many reports were afloat at the time, and every one had his own conjectures. Prince Louis had been recognised King of Holland; he was therefore no longer Governor of Paris; a sort of overture on this subject was made to Junot by the Princess Caroline; upon which he remarked to me, "Of all the favours the Emperor could grant me, to be Governor of Paris would be the highest point of my ambition." But still the Emperor said nothing. He treated Junot with the greatest kindness, but not one word escaped as to the reason of his being recalled from Parma, where he was still wanted. The Emperor, however, never saw him without closely questioning him about this insignificant corner of Italy.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Junot appointed Governor of Paris—Battle of Maida, and General Reignier—Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine—Gianni, the improvisatore—An excursion on donkeys—Journey with Madame de Brissac—Russian correspondence indiscreetly avowed—M. Millin—Death of Mr. Fox—Napoleon's protection of the Jews—Marmont's victory in Illyria—The Emperor leaves Paris—Napoleon and Henry IV.—Double character of Bonaparte—Cambacérès.

AT length the mystery of Junot's arrival was explained in a manner most triumphant to himself, gratifying to his friends, and heaping confusion on his enemies and detractors. He was appointed Governor of Paris on the 19th of July, 1806; the Emperor, on announcing this preferment to him, took him kindly by the hand and addressed him in these remarkable words: "Junot, you are Governor of Paris, which I wish to make the first city in the world. I have nominated you to this important post because I know you, and I know that under your administration my good Parisians will be treated as your children. They love and esteem you, and will, I am sure, be pleased to see the man to whom, on parting with him, they presented a sword bearing so striking an inscription as that which is engraved on its blade. My friend, you must deserve another such mark of their esteem."

The day after this appointment it was announced that Russia had signed the preliminaries of peace with France. The news made a great impression upon 'Change, and naturally, because it was manifest that, unsustained by Russia, Prussia could not take up arms; and, notwithstanding the position taken by the Confederation of the

Rhine, I heard it repeated on all sides that it was still very important that Europe should remain some time in peace. The case was different in the south; for the insurrection which the agents of King Ferdinand had been long preparing in Calabria had been the forerunner of the battle of St. Euphemia (Maida), one of the most painful strokes the Emperor had experienced. We lost five thousand men in the combat, and the English did not lose one thousand. General Reignier commanded our forces. "Reignier is always unfortunate," said the Emperor. Happily Masséna took Gaëta ten or twelve days afterwards.

I received, in the month of August, a letter from Madame de Fontanges, desiring me to join Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine, where she was passing the summer. It was not my turn to be in waiting, but Madame de St. Pern had been taken extremely ill at Pont, and according to appearance it would be long before she would be able to resume her attendance. I left Junot to be, in his turn, nurse to his daughters, for I would not take them with me, though Madame had offered me an apartment large enough to accommodate them; but I had heard observations upon this subject, and I knew that children are very troublesome to strangers. Besides, Junot had given himself a sprain, which would confine him to the sofa for the greater part of the time I should be with Madame, and I left him without fears either for him or for them. Madame Campan had procured me a young governess, an English Catholic, uniting, said Madame Campan, all the qualities desirable in an instructress, but I was not to see her, or to take her into my house, till the month of October. I therefore left my daughters under the care of Junot and of Fanchette the nurse, and took with me only a *femme-de-chambre* and a valet.

I cannot tell how such a *château* as that of Pont-sur-Seine came to be purchased for the mother of the sovereign of France. The building is handsome undoubtedly; but a fine heap of freestone does not of itself constitute an agreeable residence. It is near Brienne, that Brienne

where the Emperor passed the first years of his youth. Was it for the purpose of enabling her to return the attentions which Madame de Brienne had lavished upon the young Napoleon that Madame was placed there? I know not; but if so, the purpose was ill answered. Madame de Brienne was a petty sovereign in her demesne, the beauty of which was truly royal. Her harsh and disagreeable countenance was in accordance with her demi-royal air and uncourteous manners. Madame visited her the first and second years of her residence at Pont, and was received with great magnificence; but however well pleased she might appear to be while there, Madame always returned discontented from these visits. I thought I could guess the cause: the remembrance of former times, when Napoleon obtained an exhibition at Brienne, and when M. Bonaparte the father wrote to the minister of war to request a continuation of that exhibition for one of his younger sons, probably rose as a barrier against any familiarity between Madame and Madame de Brienne.

The days were passed at Pont in a monotonous and dull routine, which might have been thought wearisome to a person of my age. But I may be allowed to observe here that I have never in my life been subject to the inroads of *ennui*. We rose when it suited us, and breakfasted at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say, at noon, when all the society of the *château* assembled. These personages were M. and Madame de Brissac, M. Guieu the secretary, the Comte de la Ville, General Casabianca, and M. Campi,—the latter a man of capacity and honesty, a Republican of the old stock, and of almost Spartan austerity of manners; he drank nothing but water, and ate no animal food. Besides these were the Baronne de Fontanges and Mademoiselle Delaunay the reader, an agreeable inmate, whose talents were invaluable in this retreat, where we were almost lost to the world.

A piece of good fortune, which I was very far from expecting, befell us in the arrival of Gianni. I had heard of him as the cleverest *improvisatore* of Italy, and was very desirous of meeting him. "Take care of yourself

Madame Junot," said Madame, bending towards my ear, on the day of his arrival; "are you in the family way?" I made a sign that I was not. "That is lucky," she continued, "for you are about to see a sort of monster." And in fact the poet was prodigiously ugly. He was four feet high, with an enormous bust, swelling into a hump behind and a hump before; arms that would have enabled him to tie his shoes without stooping; and a face that was no disparagement to all this deformity.

Another person who came at the same time contributed much to the pleasure of our society by his extreme kindness and politeness; this was Cardinal Fesch. I have seldom met with a more amiable and inoffensive man, or one more desirous of doing good. The Emperor was unjust in not acknowledging the integrity of his motives in his defence of his rights. But whatever occurred at a later period, at Pont he was a charming auxiliary in finding agreeable occupation for hours that might have proved tedious.

After breakfast needlework was introduced, and sometimes, in very hot weather, Madame played at cards. Then we separated to our own apartments, or went to make visits. Then came the toilet and dinner-time; and afterwards, in long summer evenings, a ride in open carriages on the banks of the Seine or in the woods towards the Paraclete. This ancient abbey, which the names of Heloise and Abelard have rendered so celebrated, was at this time the property of a man whose manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, had not much in common with his predecessors; this was the author and actor Monvel.

Gianni, inspired by the memory of Heloise, proposed an excursion to the Paraclete; the assent was general. But as the distance was somewhat considerable it was necessary to contrive how it should be traversed. "On donkeys," said Gianni. It was agreed; and "Yes, on donkeys," was repeated in chorus. All the cabbage-carriers of the neighbourhood were put in requisition, and on the appointed day twenty donkeys, in most miser-

able plight, were assembled in the court of the *château.* I do not remember whether Madame de Brissac was of the party, but I shall never forget Gianni's hunch protruding between the ears of his ass. Madame was in an open carriage. It was a lovely day, and we set out on our peregrination in high spirits. My donkey, however, was not in the same case; he had been accustomed, I suppose, to carry manure to the kitchen garden, for no other road could he be persuaded to take, and made a most desperate resistance to all attempts at putting him in motion on the highway. At last the quarrel became so vehement that we parted company, the glory of the day being all on his side. Gianni was twenty paces from me; and the provoking man, instead of dismounting to my assistance, kept his seat upon his ass, looking at me a few seconds as I lay upon the ground, and exclaimed—

"Laura d'un asino in giù caddè
Perchè per gli asini LAURO non è."

We know that Petrarch often used the name of Laura for *alloro*, or *lauro.*

"Ho perduto il verde Lauro
Ch' er' al mio fianco alta colonna."

Though almost stunned by the fall I could not forbear laughing at this grotesque personage versifying from his ass, which, much better behaved than mine, did not stir a foot during the improvisation. I was, however, dreadfully shaken, and the traitor beast had bruised me all over. Madame, on reaching the theatre of my discomfiture, would not permit me to mount again, and I was bled, for my head had fallen upon a stone. She was all maternal kindness to me in this instance, as in every other, or at least if—which very rarely happened—she was otherwise, it was always my own fault.

At the expiration of my month's service I requested permission to return to Junot; my house required my presence. Since my husband had been Governor of Paris he had but once received company, and then without the

proper ceremonial; it was necessary I should preside. Madame understood all this admirably; and I set out the next day, taking with me Madame de Brissac, who, for the first time in her life, resolved upon a separation of a few days from her husband.

"Well! *Madame la Gouverneuse*" (the appellation by which he almost always addressed me), "so you let yourself be thrown by an ass?" said the Emperor, the first time I went to the Tuileries after my return. As he would not have taken the trouble of making particular inquiries into what concerned me personally, it was evident from this remark that he knew all the daily occurrences within his mother's family.

On arriving at Paris I heard an important piece of news—Madame made a rule that politics should never be spoken at Pont,—it was that Russia had refused to ratify the preliminaries of peace signed at Paris on the 20th of July. I was at that time in the habit of receiving frequent letters from Russia. The Emperor, who knew all that was passing to an extent that I can scarcely conceive, even now that I am acquainted with the wires which moved all his machines, sometimes asked me, jestingly, whether I had news from Petersburg or Moscow. "Will your Majesty permit me to tell you the very expressions of a letter received from Moscow only the day before yesterday?"—"Certainly."—"The Russians profess, Sire, that if the Emperor Alexander would only lead them to the Vistula they would be in Paris in two months." The Emperor, looking at me with an expression to which it is impossible to do justice, said slowly: "Have you really received a letter from Russia in which they write anything so absurd? You must be in correspondence with fools."—"By no means, Sire. The writer of the sentence I have had the honour to repeat to your Majesty is the Count Novosilzoff, correspondent of the Institute of France, and one of the most scientific men in Europe."

The next day General Duroc called, and asked me why I had made such a report to the Emperor. "Because such a letter has really arrived from Russia."—"I suppose so,

but certainly not to you, for I am quite sure you are not troubling yourself with politics, which would be tiresome to you and very displeasing to the Emperor."—"Political letters would be certainly tiresome to me; for if I liked politics I really do not see why my Russian correspondents should not write on that subject as well as about balls and *fêtes*. But to comfort you I will tell you that this alarming letter, though it did really come from Moscow, was not addressed to me but to my friend Millin. You know I have often spoken of this correspondence, partly scientific and partly political; I have read the letter, however, and the words are such as I have described." The result of my indiscretion was an inquiry extremely disagreeable to my poor friend Millin. A multitude of explanations were required of him which distressed him exceedingly, for he was one of the most discreet and peaceable of men.

Many changes took place soon after my return to Paris from Pont. A great event had just changed the face of affairs in Europe—Mr. Fox was dead.

As prime minister after the death of his rival (Mr. Pitt), he opened negotiations which proved his honest desire to re-establish amicable relations between France and England. His death broke them off, and the spirit of Mr. Pitt returned to the guidance of the British Cabinet. This was a great crisis for Europe.

It was at this moment that a fact of little importance in itself showed the extent of Napoleon's views, and of the measures by which he was likely to promote them. The principal rabbins of the Jewish people had held a meeting in the preceding July for the purpose of deciding upon the demands they should address to the Emperor; and they determined to request the admission of their whole nation to a free participation of civil and religious rights, with certain modifications. A great Sanhedrim was convoked, and Napoleon took under his especial protection this people, who, rejected by all other nations, were thus receiving from generation to generation the punishment of their crimes. The Emperor displayed his skilful

policy in thus granting them his support; he knew that in Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia, troops of this race were congregated, whose hearts, oppressed by persecution and misfortune, would open with ecstasy to an honourable futurity, and would salute with the name of Messiah the man who should offer it them. And these expectations were fulfilled. All the numerous disciples of the Law of Moses in Russia, Germany, and in Poland especially, became devoted to him, body and soul, and he thus possessed auxiliaries in quarters of which the most interested parties had no suspicion.

The horizon became daily more cloudy. One evening Junot returned from St. Cloud with an extraordinary expression of countenance. He had been invited to hunt with the Emperor; but the time they might have been killing rabbits had been spent in discussion upon the most effectual method of destroying men. Illyria was at the moment the theatre of combats. General Marmont had gained a victory near Ragusa over a corps of revolted Montenegrins, who had been joined, it was said, by some Russians. War was inevitable, and honourable as was his charge at Paris, Junot was inconsolable, because it would prevent his accompanying the Emperor in the approaching campaign.

The Emperor's departure was so sudden, particularly to persons who were not in the secrets of Government, that a general surprise was manifest, and in the south some discontent. The Emperor insisted on the strictest discipline being observed by the army on its march through the northern departments, which consequently were gainers by this prodigious passage of troops; but depopulation and increased taxation were the effects through which the war was felt in the south. All the letters which I received from Languedoc and Gascony complained loudly. Bordeaux especially, which had so lately hoped for a happy termination of the negotiations with England, saw itself thrown back into a state of stagnation which was destructive to its interests.

On the 25th of September Junot was invited to dine

at St. Cloud with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor was to set out in the night: he had observed the deep grief which Junot experienced in not being permitted to accompany him, and, to do him justice, he was all kindness to his old friend; the sovereign resumed the manners which had formerly so much charmed Junot in the companion of his walks in the Garden of Plants. Junot was affected, for it always seemed to inspire him with new life when the Emperor spoke to his heart. He told me his feelings on the following morning, saying: "It was Sully and Henry IV."—"Except," replied I, laughing, "that you are not quite so reasonable as the minister of the good king, and——"—"And what?"—"And though the Emperor is a greater man than Henry IV., it is by no means certain that he is as good."—"It is very extraordinary," said Junot angrily, "that you, my wife, should advance so absurd an opinion, and that to me."

Two separate and very distinct natures were always visible in Napoleon to the eye of intimacy. He possessed instinctively the desire of domination and conquest, and from his childhood felt himself destined to be master of the world. His thoughts were too expansive to permit access to those soft emotions which, though they may easily be associated with great and powerful inspirations, belong only to minds devoted to the worship of their household gods; yet Napoleon, though master of the world, and in a condition to gratify the vindictive passions, never displayed the sanguinary disposition of a Nero. I have spoken largely of the young Bonaparte; I have followed the general-in-chief of the army of Italy in his brilliant campaigns beyond the Alps and the Pyramids; I have endeavoured to exhibit him as I then saw him, great and immortal as his glory. I afterwards studied him as head of the state, First Consul, Chief of that Republic which he would perhaps have acted with more policy as well as more magnanimity in preserving pure and spotless as it arose in 1791, as it expired in 1793, as it might have revived in 1800. At the present moment I find him the same as a warrior, as a hero, but

no longer the same as a Frenchman; he is a sovereign, he is crowned; he now says, not *my fellow-citizens*, but *my people*. Circumstances have changed, not he.

In the absence of the Emperor his orders were to be transmitted to the Governor of Paris through the arch-chancellor.

Cambacérès was now the second person in the Empire, excepting the princes of the imperial family. Much has been said of him, because in France we must always laugh at the possessors of power, if we dare. The Emperor was moulded in too vast dimensions for ridicule; never even was a jest hazarded upon the preposterous points of his shoes; his look had the fascination of terror, and sometimes, when he deigned to smile, of enchantment, which banished all disposition to laughter. But with Cambacérès we were more on a level, and our satirical spirit took its revenge. But we were wrong: Cambacérès was not only a man of remarkable talent, a fact which will not be disputed, but he was perfectly and graciously agreeable, and most formally polite.

The Emperor did not like certain easy habits in which he indulged, notwithstanding his solemn bows; and undoubtedly the contrast between his promenades in the Palais-Royal, his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, his intercourse with Mademoiselle Cuizot, and his magisterial demeanour at his levees in the Hôtel d'Elbœuf, and afterwards in the Rue St. Dominique, were enough to make the Emperor angry and every one merry at his expense. But the arch-chancellor was equally deaf to remonstrance and ridicule; he walked not less gravely in the Palais-Royal, and indulged no less frequently in his saturnine laugh behind the wire network of his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which he hired by the year. Still he was invariably kind and scrupulously obliging to every one.

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